THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 18, '13 — 5c. THE COPY

Beginning
A New Series of

Potash and Perlmutter Stories—By Montague Glass

"There's the stuff—

"Prince Albert's the bulliest tobacco I ever smoked in this old jimmy pipe—after breakfast or whenever!

"Just sort of rings the bell every time you make fire with a match—it's so fragrant and fresh—and with a flavor that makes you realize you've finally hit the high spot.

"And listen—you can't dig a tongue-bite from a barrel of P. A.—*just isn't any*—because it's cut out in the patented process that stamps P. A. *my* brand and *your* brand!

"Smoke P. A. till the cows come home! Smoke it any old way, it can't even dry your mouth or parch your throat! Get that?

"Your cue is to switch onto the map with a jimmy pipe and get some of this sure enough pipe joy.

"Doesn't listen right any more to sing out: 'I can't smoke a pipe.' You *can*, you *will*, if you catch the spirit of this hunch and *go to it* with the old jimmy jammed with P. A.

"Today, everywhere men go a pipe's triple x form. They smoke their favorites in the big cafes. Walk into the clubs and you'll find the old jimmies doing great service. In the homes, on the street, in the offices, just get a line on pipe smoking—*and* the men who smoke Prince Albert!

"Prince Albert has made all this possible, because it's the brand that's all wool and ace high. It puts the jimmy pipe right on the firing line with *you*, with me, with every man who knows the joys of the real way to smoke tobacco. Say, get into the spirit of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Buy P. A. in the big cities, back in the bushes—in any neck of the woods you make camp. The tidy red tin 10c, the toppy red bag 5c, and also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Says "Hunch:"

"They ain't nothin' so soothin' as the corn cob for me, but the chap up top's been hitting that there same pet bent bulldog with an amber stem for nine years flat. Sez he: 'Hunch, here's *some* smoking, this real briar jimmy pipe jes' choked to the brim with P. A.' An' he knows!"

A Million People

Give These Stockings and Sox the Hardest Wear Hose Know. They Buy Them for Style

and Consider the Wear as Merely an Extra Advantage. Could any but the Best in a Product Gain such an Overwhelming Preference?

WE are making a wonderful hose in "Holeproof." Skate in them, walk in them, dance in them. They are soft as the softest, yet the six pairs last six months. Every stitch is guaranteed; not just heels and toes. You can have the gauziest, sheerest weights, if you want them, guaranteed just the same as the warmest and heaviest. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports, or give, in a ballroom, that "wear-but-one-evening" appearance. We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of *silk* Holeproof Hose for *three* months.

"How Do You Do It?"

There's but one question ever asked about "Holeproof." It is, "How do you do it?" Let this be the answer to the thousands who've *thought*, but not asked it—

Silk From Japan

We could buy common silk for the silk "Holeproof." But we send to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is grown as it is nowhere else.

Seventy-Four Cents Per Pound for Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. But ours is long fibre and three-ply. Such yarn is lighter in weight and softer, and still has greater strength. Hose made of short-fibre, two-ply yarn must be made heavier to last.

Our inspection department alone costs us $60,000 a year.

For the past thirteen years, since "Holeproof" were first made; 95% have outlasted the guarantee.

The Six-Pair Economy

Buying hose a pair or two at a time is a way to make hose wear out fast. The right way is to buy six pairs at a time, as you do when you purchase "Holeproof." Try it—buy six pairs of "Holeproof" today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

FAMOUS

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

SOLD IN YOUR TOWN—The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box; for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk "Holeproof," guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost $2 a box for men, and $3 a box for women. All colors.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(394)

Get health-bringing heat

The happiest hour of the day is the rising-time romp with the little folks, where the bedrooms, halls and breakfast-room are "warm as toast"—free from all drafts and "chill spots." It is then and under such conditions of genial, vital-giving warmth that the day starts joyously and the family is put in best mental tune to do the day's work. Household happiness like *this* is what we offer with

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do away with drudgery for the women-folks. The coal-hod kind of heating means back-straining lugging and lifting, flying ash-dust and soot, injurious coal-gases, destruction to the bloom and freshness of carpetings, upholstery, wall papers, etc., etc.

Women love cleanliness and are unhappy when they see their efforts wasted. No architect or manufacturer would now think of attempting to heat even a factory by grates, stoves or hot-air furnaces, yet men expect their wives to put up with such wasteful methods—merely because their mothers did.

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At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

IDEAL Boilers are made from an absolute knowledge of the utmost a pound of coal will do, and just how to burn it so that the total heat of which it is capable is delivered to the rooms above. Their heat-making capacity is planned and calculated by scientific men at our Testing Laboratories in America, Germany, England, France and Italy, and thoroughly proved out before placing them on the market. You buy a certainty in coal-saving features. And, IDEAL Boilers last!

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AMERICAN Radiators are equally well made. Impossible to wear or rust them out—good for a century. Besides they have a style, finish and ornamentation unequalled. Please let us tell you the full *why, how* and present *attractive prices*. Ask for book (free) "Ideal Heating."

We have also brought out the first genuinely practical, automatic, durable Vacuum Cleaner. ALL the dirt and trash are drawn from the rooms through small iron suction pipes leading to big, sealed dust-bucket in cellar. Attach hose to iron suction pipe opening in baseboard of any room, turn an electric button to start the machine in cellar, and with a few gentle strokes of the hollow, magical ARCO WAND, you instantly and thoroughly clean carpets, rugs, floors, walls, ceilings, draperies, moldings, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc. Put with ease into any old or new dwelling or building. Costs little monthly for electricity to run. Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner.

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No exclusive agents.

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SOMETHING ON THE SIDE

Potash & Perlmutter Change Foremen Again

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"I Find Out That On Account of This Here Referendum and Recall I Must Got to Put Up a Thousand Dollars More"

"AND this time, Mawruss," Abe Potash declared one unseasonably warm morning in October, "we would get a foreman which is only a foreman, Mawruss; because them foremen which they are real-estaters on the side, Mawruss, or else they got maybe a news-stand uptown, also on the side, Mawruss, is really and truly nothing but newsdealers and real-estaters *mit* a job as foreman on the side, Mawruss."

Abe's outburst was occasioned by the resignation that morning of the foreman who for some time past had been performing his duties in the wholly perfunctory and absent-minded fashion of a man engaged in negotiating the exchange of six vacant lots in Hudson County and a news-stand on Lenox Avenue for a half-interest in a delicatessen store in the Brownsville district.

"You couldn't blame Jake Flaks he is got idees to go in business for himself, Abe," Morris Perlmutter expostulated. "By us he ain't making no fortune exactly."

"I ain't saying I blame Flaks, Mawruss," Abe declared. "All I says is you ain't got no business to hire him in the first place."

"What d'ye mean I ain't got no business to hire him in the first place?" Morris demanded. "If I wouldn't jump in last year and hire somebody, Abe, while you was standing round trying to make up your mind, understand me, our whole fall business would been canceled on us."

"Is that so?" Abe retorted. "Well, what is the difference last fall *oder* this fall, Mawruss, when our customers is kicking left and right, Mawruss? B. Dannenblum, of the Planet Drygoods Store, is pretty near crazy we ain't shipped him them 3960's and them blue serges we promised him for last week already. Only two weeks ago we are spending thirty-five dollars on account his daughter gets engaged, understand me; and now we stand a pretty good show we should lose his account altogether just because we couldn't run our factory so goods is shipped on time. It's a disgrace—honest!"

"Dannenblum's goods was shipped a couple of hours ago," Morris insisted.

"Even so," Abe retorted, "the whole place is on sixes and sevens, Mawruss, only on account of Jake Flaks, which you jumped in and hired last fall, Mawruss. Jumping in is the easiest part, Mawruss. You jump in, Mawruss, and I got to pull you out every time."

Morris flushed angrily and was about to formulate a particularly telling rejoinder when the elevator door creaked open and there alighted a short, stout personage.

"*Nu!*" he roared. "What's the matter *mit* you people, Potash?"

"What d'ye mean what's the matter, Mr. Dannenblum?" Abe said mellifluously.

"You know damn well what I mean what's the matter!" B. Dannenblum retorted. "You are holding me up since ten days already on them 3960's and them blue serges, Potash; and, so sure as you are standing there, if I wouldn't got 'em in my place tomorrow sure, understand me, I would cancel my whole order on you."

"*Aber* one minute, Mr. Dannenblum," Abe pleaded as he drew forward a chair. "We are doing the best we can here on account our foreman quits us, and ——"

"What is it my business your foreman quits you?" Dannenblum exploded, while Morris came running with a box of cigars of so impeccable a brand that, at the mere sight of its scarlet-and-gold lid, Dannenblum's anger began to evaporate and he grew almost tearful. "You are holding me up on my goods, and I ——"

"*Aber* the goods was shipped this morning, Mr. Dannenblum," Morris interrupted as with his own gold cigar cutter he snipped the end from a satiny perfecto and thrust it at Dannenblum who grunted in acknowledgment and at once inserted it in his mouth.

"Then why didn't you told me so in the first place," he said, "instead you should get me all excited when you know I got enough to worry me as it is, *mit* Murray B. Pinower and all!"

"Murray B. Pinower?" Abe and Morris exclaimed with one voice.

"Sure!" Dannenblum replied. "My daughter's intended! I guess you know him, don't you?"

"I think we do!" Abe said with bitter emphasis as he reflected on the thirty-five dollars' worth of sterling silver. "What's more, Mr. Dannenblum, I says to Mawruss, so sure as you are sitting there, I says, 'Mawruss,' I says, '*mit* a feller like that there Murray B. Pinower,' I says, 'you couldn't tell what's going to happen at all!'"

Morris nodded gloomily.

"You got to be prepared for such things in this world, Mr. Dannenblum," he said.

"Sure, I know," Dannenblum agreed. "*Mit* a bright young lawyer like Murray, y'understand, everything is in his favor, *aber* I didn't think it would come so quick as all that; but when he comes to me and he says, 'Father,' he says—he already calls me Father, Abe, on account his own father is *gestorben* since he was a boy already—'Father,' he says, 'the organization,' he says, 'offers me the regular Republican nomination for municipal court judge for the Twentieth Judicial District,' he says, 'which I ain't got the money for the campaign expenses.'"

Abe shrugged his shoulders and made an eloquent gesture with his right hand.

"I seen it coming," he said, "so soon as you opened your mouth, Mr. Dannenblum. How much did you fall for?"

"Well, I tell you," Dannenblum explained: "always up to now the Twentieth Judicial District, which takes in all that part of the Bronix lying between the city line, Long Island Sound, and Ammerman Avenue and Three Hundred and Twentieth Street ——"

"Gilt-edge property!" Abe commented satirically.

"Was always considered a safe Republican territory," Dannenblum continued with a frown at the interruption. "So I willingly gave the boy fifteen hundred dollars—to be strictly on account of the dowry."

Abe began to wag his head from side to side and to utter the peculiar nasal sounds that on the East Side are supposed to imply sympathy.

"Nowadays, understand me," Dannenblum went on, "I find out that on account of this here referendum and recall, understand me, I must got to put up at the very least a thousand dollars more."

"A *Rosher!*" Abe exclaimed as he continued to wag his head over Pinower's injustice.

"I bet yer a *Rosher!*" Dannenblum cried. "A feller like that should run for president! It's a shame for the people, Abe. And only last night Murray says to me, 'Father,' he says to me, 'the country goes to the dawgs! The Socialists is everywhere,' he says; 'and what could you expect,' he says, 'when ——'"

Here Morris could contain himself no longer and he raked Abe with a savage glare.

"Murray is right, Mr. Dannenblum," he cried, frowning eloquently at Abe. "The boy is dead right! A smart feller like him knows the situation exactly, which you could take it from me, Mr. Dannenblum, the Socialists goes too far nowadays."

At last Abe comprehended his partner's wireless telegraphy, and he grew pale as he realized the narrowness of his escape.

"I bet yer they go too far!" he said hurriedly. "Former times what did they done, them Socialists? A couple times a year they marched from East Broadway to Union Square, understand me, *und fertig*. Now they got such a nerve they go even to Fifty-ninth Street before they turn round again."

"*Aber* a clever lawyer like Murray stands an elegant chance to be elected, Mr. Dannenblum," Morris broke in, "because the Republicans is very strong up there."

"That's what I always thought," Dannenblum said; "but nowadays the people gets fooled so easy with this here referendum and recall, which, though they don't understand a thing about it, understand me, they get carried away with the idee; and consequently Murray is got his work cut out for him there. We got to finance a lot of street meetings and hire halls, and so on, Mawruss; and there's plenty soreheads inside the organization itself which Murray is got to square himself with. You've no idee what it means this year in politics!"

"Any other year, neither, for that matter," Morris admitted candidly.

"Why, actually," Dannenblum said, "I got to go to work and put in my own store six girls as salesladies which I ain't got no more use for as you would got it, Mawruss, just because they are relations from election-district captains."

"I bet yer it costs you a whole lot more, Mr. Dannenblum, before you get through," Abe said.

"Except these here salesladies," Dannenblum declared, rising to his feet, "it wouldn't cost me nothing at all, Abe, because, as I told you before, the two thousand five hundred is strictly on account of my Annie's dowry."

"You ain't going so soon!" Abe exclaimed. "I thought so long as you was here I'd like to show you some of them three-quarter corduroy coats I left you a sample of the other day."

"Some other time, Abe," Dannenblum said as he put on his hat. "I got a date with Murray over to Republican headquarters and I guess I would got to be going."

"*Aber* you says, when I left that sample coat, you thought you could use a whole lot of 'em."

"When the weather gets colder, Abe," Dannenblum said as he shook hands—"and them black bengalines also."

Abe accompanied the drygoods dealer to the elevator, and when he returned to the showroom he found Morris sitting at a sample table making figures on the back of an envelope.

"Yes, Mawruss," Abe said as he entered, "it's a lucky thing for us we shipped them goods this morning. An account like B. Dannenblum's we couldn't afford to fool *mit* at all."

"I bet yer!" Morris agreed fervently. "And that's why I think we would better make it a hundred instead of fifty, Abe. At first I figured if he would take only the corduroys, understand me, fifty dollars would be plenty; but if he goes to work and orders them high-price bengalines we could easy afford to make it a hundred."

"Make what a hundred?" Abe asked in deceptively even tones.

"Our contribution," Morris replied without looking up, "which we would give to the Murray B. Pinower campaign expenses."

"Murray B. Pinower campaign expenses!" Abe almost shrieked. "Are you crazy, Mawruss, *oder* what?"

"A hundred dollars is little enough," Morris went on, "when you consider what a good customer B. Dannenblum is, Abe; so I guess I would send him our check right away."

For a moment Abe bubbled incoherently.

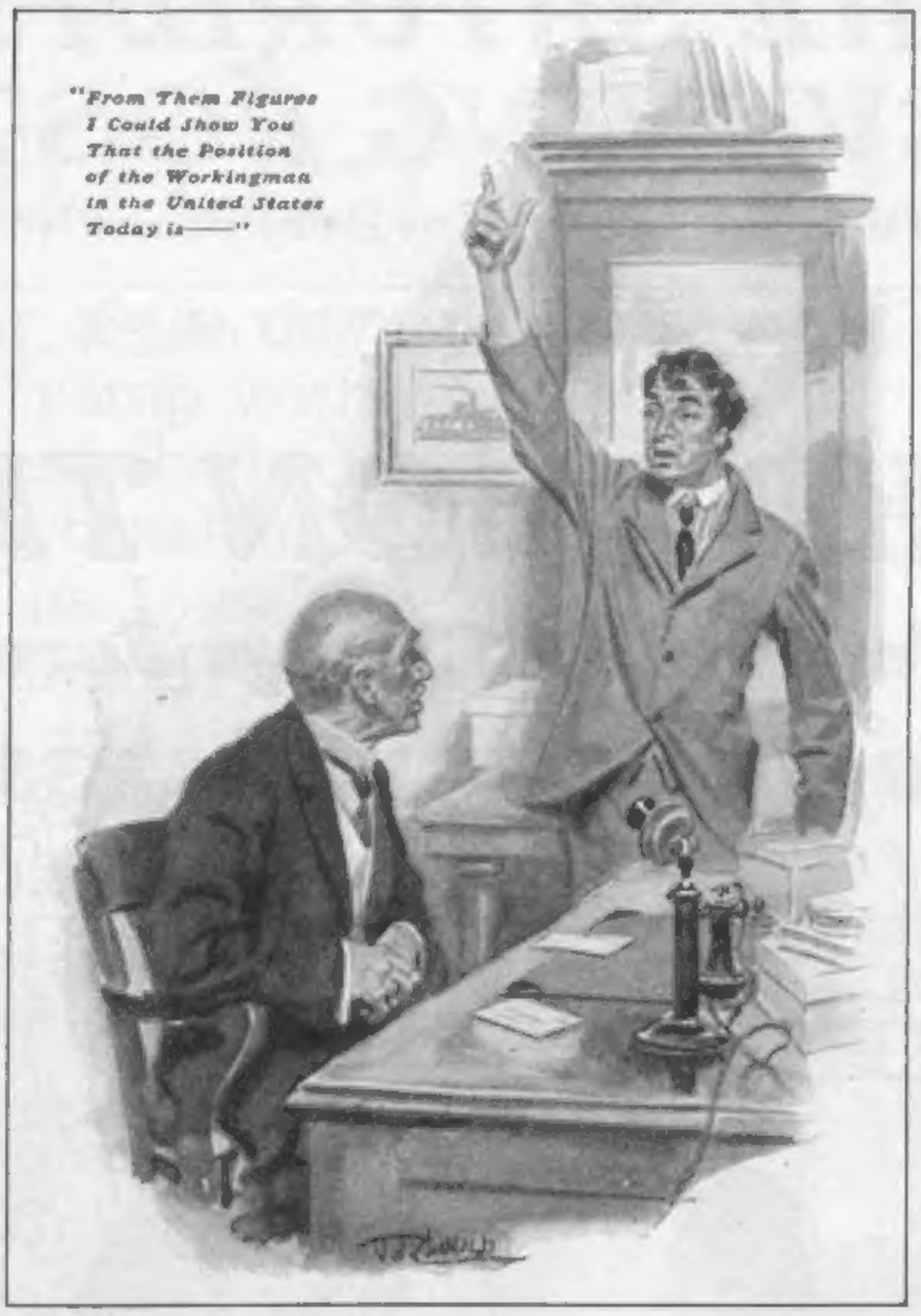
"You shouldn't do positively nothing of the kind!" he shouted fiercely. "What do we got to do *mit* Murray B. Pinower's campaign expenses?"

"We couldn't expect to be small about such things, Abe," Morris protested. "You got to remember the feller is running for a judge, Abe, and the expenses would be pretty high."

"I don't care if the feller would be running for a dog catcher and the expenses was ten dollars only," Abe declared positively. "I wouldn't contribute so much as a pants button, Mawruss, and that's all there is to it! Furthermore, Mawruss, if we would be getting a foreman, understand me, we should ought to do it right away."

"*Aber* listen one minute, Abe," Morris insisted. "Here is a young feller which is getting a nomination for——"

"'S'nough, Mawruss!" Abe roared. "I heard enough of your nonsense. We got plenty time we should got to give presents without we should actually try to find excuses we should give more of 'em. If we should go to work and give Dannenblum's daughter's intended a nomination present for municipal court judge, Mawruss, the first thing you know our other customers hears of it, understand me, and we would got to make operations presents for appendicitis and divorce presents for cruelty and desertion—and *Gott weiss was noch!* I wouldn't stand such a thing at all, Mawruss; so let's get busy on this here foreman proposition."



Morris shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"All right, Abe," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it, y'understand, I wouldn't say nothing more, Abe; so I'll go right away and put in an advertisement in the Daily Cloak and Suit Record, and ——"

"What are you talking nonsense—an advertisement?" Abe cried. "Honestly, Mawruss, I don't know what comes over you at all lately the way you are acting. Pinower gets a nomination—spend money for a present! We need to get a foreman—spend money on an advertisement! Couldn't you think up some other way we could spend money, Mawruss—a couple Oriental rugs in the showroom maybe, *oder* a phonygraft and moving pictures to entertain the customers?"

"For that matter, Abe, it wouldn't do no harm if we did got a couple Oriental rugs in the showroom," Morris retorted. "Other concerns has got such things, Abe, and they don't lose no business by it, neither, understand me. But anyhow, Abe, that ain't neither here nor there. If you got something a suggestion how we could hire a foreman—without advertising for one, understand me—go ahead and tell me about it."

"Sure, I would," Abe replied promptly. "I got a suggestion that instead we should turn round and hire somebody we don't know nothing about at all, Mawruss, let us go to work and promote one of our operators he should be foreman."

Morris flapped both hands disgustedly at his partner.

"*Schmooes*, Abe!" he exclaimed. "Promote one of our own operators! What influence would a foreman got it in a shop where he once used to was an operator? The simplest order he gives, understand me, them loafers would laugh him in his face yet."

"That's where you make a big mistake, Mawruss," Abe declared. "Aaron Pinsker is got a big influence over the operators, Mawruss."

"Aaron Pinsker!" Morris repeated.

"That's the feller I got in mind," Abe said calmly.

"*Aber* Aaron Pinsker is a rank Socialist, Abe."

"Sure, I know," Abe agreed calmly, "and so is all them other loafers in there, Mawruss, which at lunchtime and after six also they would sit and listen to Pinsker like he would be a big *Melammed* already. They got a great deal of respect for that feller, Mawruss."

"Do you mean to say, Abe, you would go to work and hire for a foreman a Socialist already?"

"Why not?" Abe asked. "Klinger & Klein got for years a cutter by the name Finkelstone, an elegant workman, Mawruss, till he broke his wrist last first of May falling off of a horse, understand me, when all them other suckers was walking—such a 'way-up Socialist he was already."

"Sure, I know," Morris said; "*aber* a cutter is one thing, Abe, and a foreman is something else again. What for a foreman is a Socialist, understand me, which them Socialists believes a day's work should be six hours already?"

"Let 'em believe what they want to, Mawruss, they must morning and evening got to punch our clock, anyhow," Abe said; "which you could take it from me, Mawruss, Socialists don't care so particular about a six-hour day. Most of 'em wouldn't kick at seven hours even, so long as they would get paid for ten."

At this juncture the telephone bell rang, and while Abe took the receiver off the hook Morris started for the workroom in the rear of the loft for the purpose of interviewing Pinsker.

"Hullo!" Abe said, and in answer a thin feminine voice came from the other end of the wire.

"Is this Mr. Potash?" it said, and Abe nodded vigorously and waited for further developments.

"Is this Mr. Potash?" the voice repeated, and again Abe nodded, whereat the voice reiterated its inquiry in a tone of marked annoyance.

"Say, lookyhere!" Abe bellowed. "I got some letters in my pocket addressed to myself, and a lodge card if you would want to give a look at it; otherwise I couldn't stand here all day!"

"One moment, please!" the voice said sharply.

"Acts so suspicious like a paying teller!" Abe mumbled; and the next moment he jumped a foot in the air as the indignant operator banged a plug into the switchboard at the other end of the wire.

"Hello, Abe!" cried a familiar voice. "This is Dannenblum."

"Dannenblum?" Abe asked.

"Sure!" Dannenblum replied. "B. Dannenblum, of the Planet Drygoods Store. I was just in your place, Abe."

"I know it," Abe said.

"I'm over at Republican headquarters with Murray," Dannenblum continued, "and he says for me to tell you if you ain't hired a foreman yet you shouldn't do nothing till you hear from us."

"Why not?" Abe exclaimed.

"Because we'll bring the feller over with us right away," said Dannenblum. "Goodby!"

II

WHEN Morris returned from the rear of the loft he discovered Abe seated at a sample table in silent contemplation of its green baize cover.

"Well, Abe," he said, "it's all right."

"What's all right?" asked Abe hoarsely.

"The feller would come to work by us as foreman at twenty-one dollars a week," Morris replied.

"What feller?" Abe inquired.

"What feller!" Morris exclaimed. "What feller d'ye suppose, Abraham Carnegie?"

Abe made no reply to this obviously ironical question, and Morris looked at his partner suspiciously before proceeding.

"I mean Aaron Pinsker, the feller we was talking about, Abe," he continued. "He would come to work by us as foreman for twenty-one dollars a week, Abe; and so I says to him we would try him for a week."

"Well," Abe said without looking up from the green baize, "you ain't got no business to say nothing of the kind, Mawruss."

"No?" Morris asked with calmness. "Why not?"

"Because, Mawruss, all I says is might we would promote Pinsker he should be our foreman maybe, and just so soon as my back is turned, Mawruss, you go to work and jump in and hire him. I suppose if I would—*Gott soll hüten!*—say drummers would some day be selling goods from an airyoplane, y'understand, you would right away ring up an airyoplane concern and give 'em an initial order for a dozen!"

"But you says yourself, Abe, that Aaron Pinsker is ——"

"*Koosh*, Mawruss!" Abe roared, taking immediate advantage of his partner's indecision. "What is the difference what I says? One partner ain't got no business to swaller everything what the other partner says. A partner should put up once in a while an argument, Mawruss, otherwise he ain't no partner at all. No, Mawruss, you take too much on yourself when you turn round and hire this here Pinsker just on a partner's say-so."

Morris passed his hand over his features and a dazed look came into his eyes.

"But, lookyhere, Abe," he began. "Not a quarter of an hour since, you told me ——"

"A quarter of an hour is a quarter of an hour, Mawruss," Abe interrupted again; "and I changed my mind about

this here feller Pinsker. I thought the matter over, Mawruss, and when you as my partner says this here Pinsker is a Socialist, understand me, naturally I got to think it over."

"*Aber* you says that Klinger & Klein got for a year a feller by the name Finkelstone, which he was a 'way-up Socialist already."

"Sure, I know," Abe retorted; "and right in their busy season, understand me, the feller breaks his wrist on 'em. That's the way it is *mit* Socialists, Mawruss. You couldn't depend on 'em at all, on account the least they do is they would sit up all hours of the night killing off grand dukes, understand me, till they are so full *mit* coffee *und Kuchen* they couldn't see straight the next day."

"But this here Pinsker ain't that kind at all," Morris protested.

"I don't care what kind he is," Abe said, slapping the table with his open hand. "I got somebody else in mind, Mawruss, so why should we hire this here Pinsker, which he is a rank Socialist, Mawruss, when we could get it a decent, respectable feller, which he is coming to us with good recommendations and everything?"

"Well, in that case," Morris demanded, "why ain't you said something about it to me before?"

"How could *I* say something about it before," Abe asked impatiently, "when Dannenblum only just telephoned me, Mawruss?"

"Dannenblum telephoned you!" Morris exclaimed.

"Sure he did, Mawruss," Abe continued; "and he says that he and Murray B. Pinower would come right over *mit* the feller."

"Murray B. Pinower!" Morris cried. "You mean to say that this here feller is somebody which we would got to hire as foreman on account he is a politics feller from Murray B. Pinower's nomination for municipal court judge?"

Abe nodded his head.

"Then all I could say is," Morris declared emphatically, "we wouldn't do nothing of the kind. What do we got to do *mit* Murray B. Pinower's nomination for municipal court judge? An idee!"

He snorted angrily, while Abe gazed at him and began slowly to nod his head.

"Well, if you ain't the limit, Mawruss!" he cried. "Half an hour ago you are insisting we should make a nomination present to Pinower for a hundred dollars, understand me, and the next minute you wouldn't even hire a foreman from him even! Honestly, I don't know what comes over you lately, Mawruss. You change your mind every five minutes."

"That ain't here nor there," Morris said. "We don't want no politics feller for a foreman, Abe—and that's all there is to it!"

Abe's voice became positively tearful as he began to expostulate with his partner.

"I'm surprised to hear you should pass such a remark, Mawruss," he said. "Here is a good customer from us like Dannenblum, understand me, which he hires already six saleswomen, and you are kicking yet we should take on only one foreman!"

"What do I care for Dannenblum?" Morris shouted. "The feller comes down here this morning and abuses us like pickpockets, Abe, and now he wants us we should hire some loafer for foreman just because he ——"

"Sssh!" Abe hissed as the elevator door creaked a warning and the next minute B. Dannenblum alighted and walked toward the showroom, followed by Murray B. Pinower and his henchman.

"Murray," B. Dannenblum said, "you know Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter."

The nominee for municipal court judge bowed and subjected each partner to a cuddling handshake.

"Glad to see you again, gentlemen," he said in the carefully melodious accents of a candidate for the judiciary. "This is my friend, Mr. Emanuel Seif."

Emanuel Seif grinned and nodded his head.

"Please to meet you," he murmured.

"All right," Abe said. "Come in and sit down, Mr. Pinower."

"Mr. Seif," Pinower continued after he was seated, "has had considerable experience as foreman in cloak-and-suit factories, and his brother-in-law is one of my most valued lieutenants."

"Used to was Shimko & Sammet, in the customer peddler business on East Broadway," Dannenblum explained. "Since Sammet's death Shimko is now in the furniture business. You knew Leon Sammet's cousin David, which got the kidney trouble, Abe? Leon is still good friends *mit* Henry, Mawruss, and he says to Henry he should bring Seif down to them and they would give him a job as assistant foreman as a favor to me and Murray also."

"But why should he go to Sammet Brothers' as assistant foreman, Mr. Dannenblum, when we could use him here as foreman already?" Abe inquired anxiously.

"That's what I told you—didn't I, Seif?" Dannenblum said; and Seif nodded again.

"The only thing is," Morris broke in, "we already made a kind of arrangement with a feller by the name Aaron Pinsker we should give him a trial for a week as foreman."

Abe scowled at his partner.

"You did, Mawruss," he said; "but me not! The feller is a rank Socialist, Mr. Pinower."

"A Socialist, hey?" Murray B. Pinower said with a faint smile. "Probably a dangerous feller to have round."

"I bet yer," Abe declared. "He's working here as operator, Mr. Pinower; and if you'd let him, understand me, he would talk from morning till night. At lunchtime, Mr. Pinower, you could hear Pinsker all over the place, understand me, filling the other operators' heads with a lot of *Machshoves* like six hours' work a day and the Government should run the cloak-and-suit business. Did you ever hear the like?"

Pinower nodded his head slowly.

"A good public speaker going to waste," he said. "The trouble with most people that hold such conservative ideas about social conditions, Mr. Potash, is that they always hold 'em. They don't know how to let go of 'em even before an audience of two, while the man with dangerous principles can express them in an interesting way before a couple of thousand people for hours on end."

He heaved a deep sigh as he rose to his feet.

"We ought to have some of these Pinskers in the Republican party," he said.

Once more he grasped Abe's hand and patted Morris on the shoulder.

"I wish you luck with your foreman," he said. "Are you coming, Father?"

A moment later Abe and Morris were left with their new foreman who alone of the trio seemed entirely unperturbed. Indeed he smiled on the partners in quite a patronizing way.

"You got a pretty nice place here," he said as he gazed critically about him. "Only thing is, the floor is a little bare; otherwise I never seen it a more *gemütlich* showroom."

"You got to do *mit* the shop, Seif," Abe said coldly, "not the showroom, understand me; so Mr. Perlmutter would take you back and let you look things over before you start in."

"I wouldn't do nothing of the kind!" Morris retorted angrily. "Always the dirty work you are trying to put on to me, Abe. If you want to take Seif in and tell Pinsker we changed our minds, understand me, you should leave me out of it."

"What's the matter, Mawruss?" Abe said. "Are you scared to face the feller?"

"I ain't scared of nothing, Abe," Morris rejoined. "I just wash myself of the whole thing—that's all."

"You couldn't blame Mr. Perlmutter if he don't want to stultify himself, Mr. Potash," Seif volunteered, and Morris snorted indignantly.

"If I want to stultify myself I would stultify myself, and I don't need to got no foreman which he ain't been in the place five minutes to tell me so neither," he said. "But I ain't going to make a monkey of myself for nobody, Abe—and that's all there is to it!"

"My partner is right, Seif," Abe said. "Where do you come in to pass such a remark, even if you would be working here five years yet?"

"What d'ye mean pass such a remark, Mr. Potash?" Seif exclaimed. "I didn't say nothing out of the way, Mr. Perlmutter, and if it's not agreeable to you you should see this feller Pinsker, understand me, just point him out to me and I would tell him myself."

Abe seized on this suggestion as a happy solution of the difficulty.

"What d'ye say, Mawruss?" he said.

"I don't say nothing," Morris grunted. "It's up to you, Abe—not me."

"All right," Abe cried cheerfully. "We only promised to give him a week's trial anyway; so go ahead, Seif, and fix it. That's the feller over there"—he pointed through the open doorway in the direction of the workroom—"the thin feller with the long hair," he concluded, and Seif immediately walked to the rear of the loft, while Morris rose and joined Abe in the doorway, where they both watched in silence for a violent outburst on the part of the disappointed Pinsker. Instead, however, after Seif had introduced himself they saw him hand a cigar to the Socialist, and immediately the two of them began an earnest conversation which lasted for over a quarter of an hour.

At its conclusion Seif took a number of cards from his pocket and scribbled a note on the back of one of them; and after Pinsker had placed it carefully in his waistcoat pocket he shook hands cordially with the new foreman. A moment later he put on his hat and coat and proceeded to the rear stairs, while Seif started back to the showroom. In front of the elevator he paused and stooped down to examine with interest two rubber mats. The more worn one he picked up and holding it by the corner continued on his way.

"I seen it the same thing with a concern by the name Pelkin & Schwarzman, Mr. Potash," he said, "which they got liability insurings and everything, understand me; and they found out it covers only the employees, whereas a button salesman steps from the elevator and tripped over the rubber mat. Costs 'em six hundred dollars, which the feller breaks only a collarbone, Mr. Potash; and I assure you the mat wasn't nearly in such rotten shape as this one here."

"Take it away, Seif!" Abe cried. "What d'ye bring that *schmutziger* thing in here for?"

"I done it in your own interest, Mr. Potash," Seif rejoined, "which ——"

"Never mind about that now," Morris interrupted. "How did you fix it *mit* Pinsker?"

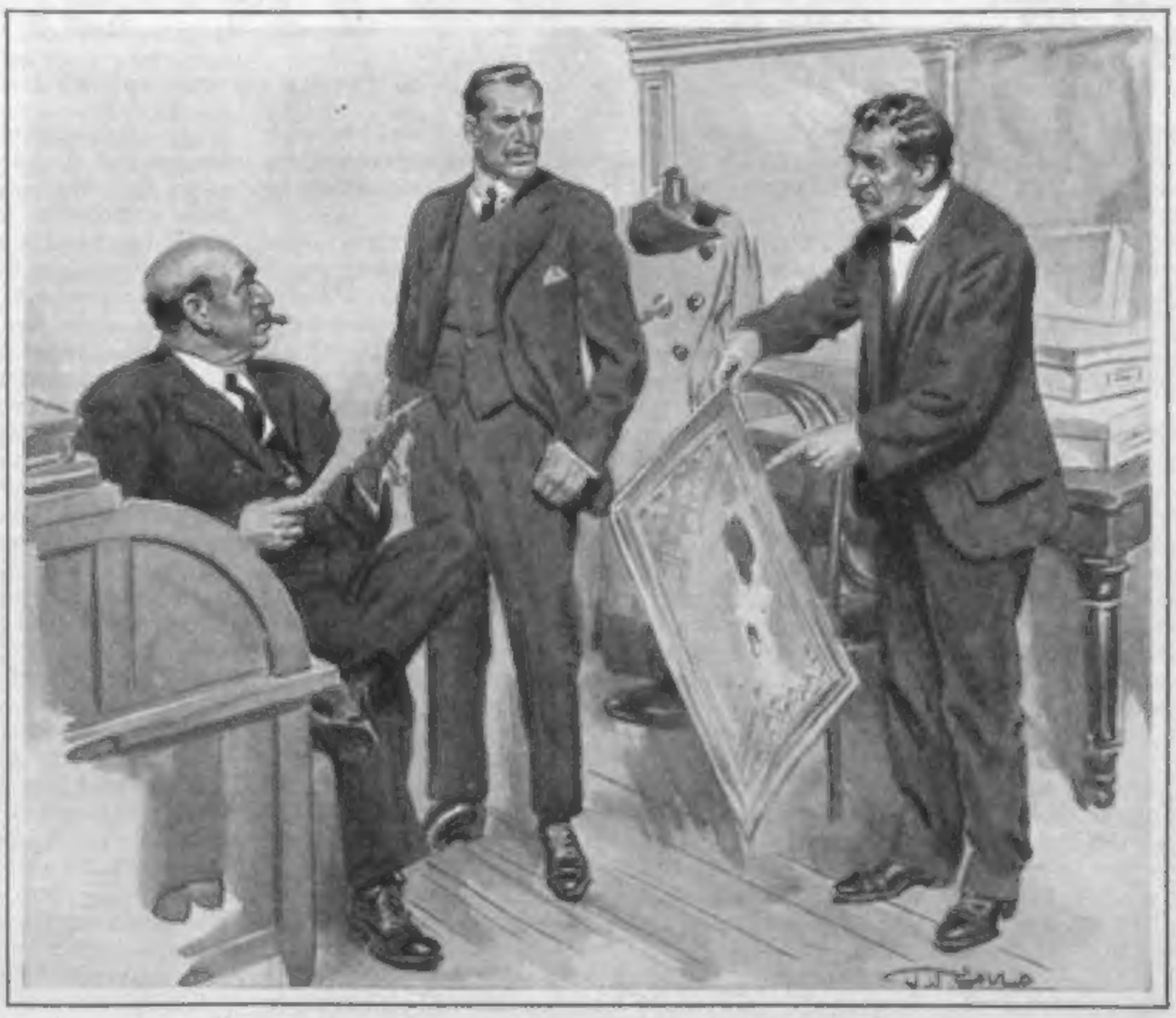
"That was nothing," Seif replied. "I simply got him to see reason, Mr. Perlmutter, which you only promised him a week's trial here, understand me; whereas I give him a card to a concern, a friend from my brother-in-law, which would give him a steady job, Mr. Perlmutter; which you could take it from me, Mr. Perlmutter, you got a whole lot more to worry about as that feller Pinsker."

He held up the rubber mat with one hand and poked the other through a ragged hole.

"For five dollars you could get another mat, Mr. Potash," he said, "which if some one trips over this one here it's liable to stand you in hundreds and thousands already."

"What are you talking about five dollars?" Abe exclaimed. "These mats costs only three dollars apiece."

"Sure, I know," Seif said. "Seconds, Mr. Potash—that's all they was. A mat of new rubber costs you the very least five



"If Some One Trips Over This One Here It's Liable to Stand You in Hundreds and Thousands Already"

dollars; which, if you say the word, Mr. Potash, I would send you in a couple tomorrow morning."

"You would send us in a couple!" Morris cried.

"Sure!" Seif replied. "And, mind you, I am giving you only wholesale prices, Mr. Perlmutter."

He thrust his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth the same sheaf of business cards.

"My brother-in-law runs the business," he said. "Me, I only got an interest in it on the side."

He smiled blandly and handed a card to Morris, who read it and passed it with an eloquent look to his partner. It was worded as follows:

HENRY SHIMKO — EMANUEL SEIF, SPECIAL

SHIMKO FURNITURE COMPANY

HOUSEHOLD AND OFFICE FURNITURE, CARPETS AND RUGS
HOUSE FURNISHINGS. JANITORS' SUPPLIES

2302 TO 2306 AMMERMAN AVENUE — NEW YORK

III

THERE was nothing about the personal appearance of Aaron Pinsker that indicated any special qualification for the position of assistant foreman, and Leon Sammet surveyed him doubtfully before rereading the card Pinsker had handed him. It ran as follows:

Dear Friend Leon: Mannie Seif gets already fixed up with a position; so I am sending you this man by the name Aaron Pinsker. By giving him said position it is a favor to B. Dannenblum and Pinower, the parties I was talking to you about, and oblige,

Your friend,
H. SHIMKO, per E.S.

"Do you got maybe experience as foreman?" Leon asked. Aaron passed a hand through his great shock of black hair as he looked earnestly at Leon through eyes that were bloodshot from violent carttail oratory.

"I am working for the last year under a foreman which got a real-estate business and a newsstand on the side, Mr. Sammet," he said, "and he leaves me I should practically run the shop, while he is attending to his real estate, whenever Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter is out."

"Potash & Perlmutter!" Leon Sammet exclaimed. "So you was working by Potash & Perlmutter?"

Aaron nodded.

"They didn't treat me right, Mr. Sammet," he said. "They already promised me the job as foreman, and then they go to work and hire another feller."

"And how long did you work there as assistant foreman by Potash & Perlmutter?" Leon asked.

"Two years," Aaron replied.

"Then I take it you should know something about their prices and styles—ain't it?"

"I got a pretty good idee about the prices," Aaron said, and his face grew stern with the histrionic earnestness of the Socialist orator. "One garment this year in particular I remember—a three-quarters corduroy coat, where the labor ought to represent twenty-five per cent of the cost of the finished product; and what does the laborer get for it?"

He held out both arms in an oratorical gesture; and thrusting his chin forward he stared wildly at Leon as though he were a cheering mob, two thousand strong.

"How should I know what they got for it?" Leon replied. "That's just the point, Pinsker. If I would take you on here as assistant foreman you must got to know just them things about Potash & Perlmutter's goods. Otherwise you are no use to me at all."

"Pretty Rich Effect—Ain't it, Mr. Perlmutter?"

Aaron immediately discarded his oratorial manner.

"I made it my business to find out prices, Mr. Sammet," he declared. "Selling prices and costs also. Potash & Perlmutter garments, which I seen it on sale in Twenty-Third Street windows on my way over here already, Mr. Sammet, I could point 'em out to you and every bit of labor on 'em, understand me. I could tell you what it cost just so well as the piece goods and findings also." Here he again became the street-corner orator. "From them figures I could show you that the position of the workingman in the United States today," he began, "is ——"

"Don't holler so," Leon interrupted. "I ain't deef, Pinsker. I could hear just so good as you can, Pinsker. So you should tell me again quiet about that now—three-quarter-length corduroy coat."

"Corduroy coat!" Pinsker exclaimed. "Why, they make up that corduroy coat to retail at thirty-five dollars, Mr. Sammet; while, the way I figure it, understand me, the labor represents two point four per cent of the entire cost of the garment, when the labor could well represent twenty-five per cent of the entire cost of the garment; and it could be sold to retail for thirty dollars, understand me, and still Potash & Perlmutter makes big money on it." He glared viciously at Sammet and struck the desk a resounding blow as he proceeded. "Think of it!" he bellowed. "In a case of this kind, when the manufacturer's profit is so great, the workman, understand me—the man who does the actual labor—receives a little better than nothing for his compensation. The crime of capital ——"

"Say!" Sammet cried, tapping Pinsker on the shoulder. "Do you know what I think? I think you're a Socialist—ain't it?" A faint smile began to spread over Pinsker's face, and he intended proudly to admit the impeachment, when Sammet forestalled him. "Which it wouldn't make no difference to me, Pinsker, if you know Potash & Perlmutter's business inside out," he continued. "When I hire an assistant foreman at twenty-five dollars a week, understand me, I ain't going to got no feller with funny idees hanging round my place. So if you would be a Socialist, understand me, you shouldn't fool away my time any longer."

At the words "twenty-five dollars a week" the proud smile faded from Pinsker's face and gave place to a dazed look, which in its turn was superseded by an elaborate show of indignation and disgust.

"Me a Socialist, Mr. Sammet!" he exclaimed. "I'm surprised to hear you you should say such an accusation already."

"Well, you talk like one anyhow," Leon declared.

(Continued on Page 35)

TRADE

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

ONE pleasant afternoon not very long ago I was sitting on our front porch enjoying the beauties of the sunset. We live in a highly restricted suburban community and our sunsets are particularly fine. If you had never made a scientific study of sunsets you would say that it was about a five-minute walk from our house to the place where the sun sets. In reality it is farther. It is a nine-minute walk to the station—a nine-minute walk if you run some—and the sun sinks to rest at a point considerably beyond the station. I am speaking now of the superficial aspect of the thing.

I wish to repeat, though, that our sunsets are excellent. When the agent for the real-estate company that owns the suburb where we live is selling a lot to anybody he always calls the attention of the buyer to the desirable sunsets. He somehow manages to convey the impression that these sunsets are practically an exclusive feature with us.

I recall how it was in my own case. When we were buying out here the agent, on one pretext or another, kept me hanging round until the sun was in the act of sinking to rest in the golden west, and then he took me by the hand and led me to a spot where we should have an uninterrupted view of it, and talked so entertainingly about the superiority of their sunsets that I forgot entirely to inquire regarding the train service and signed the papers on the spot. Sometimes now we feel that we would like to exchange a few high-grade sunsets for a train leaving the city at five-thirty. Under the present schedule we have to wait for the six-ten, which leaves at six-fifteen or six-eighteen. I am passionately fond of the beauties of Nature, but there have been times in my life when it seemed to me that even Nature was a trifle overdone.

Be that as it may, on the afternoon in question I was sitting on our front porch, at peace with the world, enjoying the beauties of the sunset, when I saw approaching a person whom I instinctively recognized as a book canvasser or agent. A subtle, intangible, indescribable something about his manner warned me that he had marked me for his prey.

Now I distinctly did not want to buy any more books. We have plenty of books. We had to move nearly everything out of the library, which is in weathered oak and opens off the living room, to make room for an encyclopedia in thirty volumes that I purchased some time back. This is a very handsome encyclopedia. It is impressively heavy too. The gentleman who sold it to me dwelt upon this attractive feature at the time. He said, as I recall, that each volume would weigh seven pounds and a half if bound in the half-morocco binding, or eight pounds in full calf.

However, the weight was not the main consideration that actuated me in making the deal. It was more what the man told me. He started out by explaining that he was not a regular book agent in the vulgar acceptation of the term. He was a high officer of the publishing company—the president, I think, or something of that general nature—and he was really not trying to sell the books. He was engaged in introducing them amongst a few prominent and widely known persons residing in homes of undoubted refinement and culture, in order to advertise the work and give it the right prestige. In this connection my name had been handed him, but before he had called on me he had made diligent inquiries to assure himself that I was entitled to share in this important and beneficial movement. Unless a person were really prominent in the community he would have absolutely no use for him—he told me so.

This argument appealed to me naturally. It was gratifying to think that in the leading publishing centers of the metropolis true worth was finally being recognized and that a desire had grown up to introduce this great work in thirty volumes amongst me; so I called my wife into conference and after some talk back and forth we took the entire set. We bought the full calf, which seemed to be more appropriate, buying it on the installment plan—so much down and so much a month until entirely paid for. If nothing happens that encyclopedia will be ours a year from this coming April.

So we signed up and I made the first payment; the president of the publishing company asked me who lived next door and went upon his way. In about ten days a van drove up to our house and two brawny men got out and unloaded our encyclopedias. They have caused the living room to sag down a little at one end, but that is more than compensated for by the highly refined tone they impart to the whole place. As soon as I can get round to it I expect to read the entire work, starting with volume one, which is entitled Ab to Byz. I figure this will keep me engaged in my leisure hours for some time to come, and I have felt that I did not need any more books—at least not for quite a spell.

Therefore when I became aware that this man, with the marks of the book agent about him, was stalking me I made up my mind that no matter how attractive his proposition might be I would not allow myself to become interested. I said to myself that under no consideration would I be tempted. I had already established my position in the literary field through buying my encyclopedia, and I could afford to sit back and let others, who were equally deserving, perhaps, but less known, have their chance. How often, though, one makes those high resolutions only to have them crumble into an impalpable dust before the arguments of a superior and highly trained mentality.

This person came up on the porch and shook hands with me warmly and took a chair and made some remarks of a complimentary nature in reference to the weather. His tone

implied that he regarded me as being largely responsible for the weather and that personally he wished to thank me for it and compliment me. Of course he did not come right out and say this in so many words, but I could gather from his general attitude what his feelings in the matter were. He had beautiful manners. He said he was engaged in presenting to the favorable attention of the discriminating reading public a work that belonged in every well-run household. No library, he said, however vast, could be called complete without it. I broke in on him there.

"We have a library," I said; "we have thirty volumes weighing on an average eight pounds a volume and ——"

"But," he demanded, "have you a copy of the invaluable work entitled Ten Thousand Priceless Facts and Secrets?"

He had me there. I had to confess that we did not. This statement seemed to give him mingled pleasure and pain. He reached back somewhere into the remote recesses of his person and produced the book in question. It was in one volume—dark red with green lettering. He hitched his chair up close, where he could put his arm round me without straining himself. I repeat that he had beautiful manners, but he was addicted to the raw-onion habit.

"In that case," he said, "you will want this book without delay—won't you? You need it in your everyday life—don't you?"

I saw I must be firm with this man. I began to fear his powers, began to realize that he had winning and persuasive ways about him, and that to win his point he would go far indeed. I saw I must be very firm.

"Perhaps so," I said; "but I do not wish to buy it at this time."

I do not know yet why I stuck that last part on—"at this time." I did not wish to buy it at this time or any other time, yet something in the searching and impelling look of his eye made me add those words.

"Conceded," he said—"conceded; but it cannot possibly do you any harm to look at it, can it now?"

That seemed fair enough and I felt impelled to agree with him that it could not do me any harm to look at it. Besides, the sun had finished sinking by now and it would be some little time yet before the boy got round with the morning papers. We get the morning papers in the evening out where I live, and the evening papers in the morning; so as I had nothing to do for the time being I thought I might as well employ it in looking at his book.

Priceless Secrets at Nominal Cost

"THIS work"—he began spreading it open across my knees, so I could not move my legs without seeming impolite, and at the same time holding me down with a firm yet friendly pressure of his free hand—"this work, as its name implies, contains ten thousand priceless facts and secrets. I will briefly enumerate some of its contents. It tells how to charm those whom you meet and make them love you. It tells how to make people at a distance think of you. It tells how to perform the Davenport Brothers' famous mysteries; how to make an egg stand on end; how to communicate with the spirit world; how to make a cheap galvanic battery; how to make writing appear upon the human arm in blood characters; how to make a candle burn all night; how to remove warts and superfluous hair; how to cure drunkenness; how to cure stammering; how to cure hams; how to cure diseases of the common barnyard or domestic fowl; also eight hundred other cures alphabetically arranged.

"It tells how to make butter yellow in the winter; how to make love powders; how to make the famous eggs of Pharaoh's serpent, from one of which when lighted, though but the size of a pea, there issues forth a coiling, hissing, writhing reptile similar to a genuine snake, affording excitement and pleasure to young and old alike."

He inhaled deeply and continued:

"It tells how to make sympathetic or secret writing ink; how to conduct flirtations with cards, postage stamps and the pocket handkerchief. It tells how to train bloodhounds to track criminals. It tells how to make a horse appear as though badly foundered when he is in reality quite unfoundered—how to make him appear lame; how to make him stand by his food without eating; how to put a young countenance on an old horse; how to cover up the heaves; how to make a true-pulling horse appear lame. It tells how ——"

I think it was just at this point that I made up my mind to invest in the book. Looking back on the transaction, I do not seem to be able to recall how it all came about. Mentally I appear to have been in a dazed state for the moment. Naturally it is worth while to have ten thousand priceless facts and secrets in one's possession—one then has subjects of conversation ready for almost any company. Yet really many of the topics touched on in this book were things that never vitally concerned me before; they are interesting, I concede you, but they have not entered into my life to any noticeable extent.

For example, take butter. I have never even thought about making butter yellow in the winter. Both winter and summer we buy our butter ready made from a person who is in that line of business, and if we could only keep it from smelling yellow I would not care what its color might be. The complexion of butter is a thing that does not appeal to me particularly, one way or the other.

They Finally Treed Their Quarry

I would like, of course, to make those who meet me love me and to be able to charm persons at a distance, though when you are already married I imagine even this may be embarrassing at times. But we have never owned a horse and if we did own one I could imagine nothing more distasteful to me than spending any considerable period of time trying to put a young countenance on a horse of mine. If the horse had a naturally youthful face very well and good; if not he would have to look elsewhere for his cosmetics. I realize I never would be a success as a beauty doctor to a horse. I lack the requisite sympathy that makes for success in any skilled calling. And why should I cover up his heaves? Let him cover up his own heaves or leave them out. A horse's heaves are no affair of mine.

My feelings have always been much the same in regard to training bloodhounds to run down criminals. I know something about bloodhounds. I was reared in a section where the authorities at one time put much dependence upon bloodhounds, and therefore I say never again will a bloodhound be able to impose upon me by his air of profound wisdom and his long, drooping ears.

"Mr. Zogbottom, You Don't Want Any Life Insurance—Do You?"

I Was Not Born to be a Seller; I Was Born to be Sold

It has been my experience that one is forever reading of the wonderful feats in tracking accomplished by bloodhounds; but those feats always take place at some remote point that one never heard of before and will probably never hear of again. You read in the paper a dispatch stating that an estimable lady, the wife of a presiding elder in the Southern Methodist Church, inadvertently took a drink out of a wayside spring in the dark and, after suffering severely for months, was discovered during the following summer to be full of sprightly green lizards. You read a reprinted clipping purporting to describe how the champion eater of Ossibawhaw County, while attending a street fair and carnival, ate three dozen raw eggs on a wager and immediately afterward, while riding on a steam merry-go-round, was scrambled to death in a distressing manner before medical assistance could reach him. And, still again, you read a spirited account telling how a pair of bloodhounds belonging to a sheriff trailed a fugitive four days and nights back and forth across land and water, crossing one creek so often they wore a path in it, and finally treed their exhausted quarry two hundred miles from the starting-point. But these startling things never seem to occur at places mentioned in the Postal Guide. You cannot find them on the map. If you desire confirmation of such reports you do not know to whom to write.

Eliza's Trained Bloodhounds

ON THE other hand, I have frequently seen bloodhounds engaging in their favorite pastime of tracking somebody and except once in a while, at an Uncle Tom's Cabin show, their work was invariably disappointing in the extreme. I never saw a bloodhound that I thought could track a Brie cheese across a pool table, without getting hopelessly lost in one of the side pockets. Even at that exciting moment when Eliza is crossing the ice I have an idea that, instead of a baby, she is really carrying a sirloin steak or an aniseed bag dressed up in a cap and long clothes. There must be some stage secret to account for the relentless way in which those baying bloodhounds pursue her; otherwise they would be morally sure to wind up in the orchestra or the box-office or somewhere. If I had lost a criminal I would let the bloodhounds start and then I would go in the opposite direction.

All these reflections came to me later; but at the time that the agent was sitting there on our porch I did not stop to reason them out. There was a kind of mental numbness that came stealing over me, and the faculty of argument had fled, leaving me in a helpless and unresisting state. I have a vague recollection of having a fountain pen pressed into my nerveless grasp, of signing along a dotted line, and of paying something on account—and the deed was done. I emerged from my trance, if you could call it that, to find our little home enriched with still another literary treasure of inestimable value; yet at the same time our library now undeniably has a lopsided and uneven appearance, due to the Ten Thousand Priceless Facts and Secrets not matching our thirty other volumes, they being larger and the color of a full calf.

The point I have been trying to bring out by reciting these incidents is that I personally have not that instinct which makes so many persons succeed in trade. To me the intricacies of this profession are a source of constant amazement. In me they rouse not only wonder but admiration and vain longings.

The power to sell people things they do not want, and at the same time make them think you are conferring a favor upon them by so doing, is indeed a wonderful power. I know I will never have it, and it is a cause of great sorrow to me. I am a natural-born buyer, but I am no seller. Daily I realize the truth of this more and more and I envy those who have the gift. I would like to be a promoter and interest investors in attractive mining propositions located in the states of the Far West. It seems such an easy way of earning a living. I notice after a few years the average promoter is able to retire to a handsome country estate near some large city and take things easy. To be sure, a few of them from time to time have retired to a couple of

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The Girl With the Red Feather

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MR. WEBSTER G. BURGESS, president of the White River National Bank, started slightly as he looked up from the letter he had been reading and found Hill, the Government detective, standing at the rail. Burgess dropped the letter into a drawer and said briskly:

"Hello, Hill—looking for me?"

"No; not yet!"

This was an established form of salutation between them and they both grinned. Burgess rose and leaned against the rail, while the detective summarized his latest counterfeiting adventure, which had to do with a clew furnished by a bad bill that had several weeks earlier got by one of the White River National tellers. Hill had bagged the maker of the bill, and he had just been satisfying himself that the teller would be ready to testify the next day before the Federal grand jury.

Hill visited the bank frequently and Burgess knew him well. The secret-service man was a veteran hunter of offenders against the peace and dignity of the United States, and, moreover, a capital story-teller. Burgess often asked him into his private office for an hour's talk. He had once given a dinner in Hill's honor, inviting a select coterie of friends who knew a good tale when they heard it and appreciated a shrewd, resourceful man when they saw him.

The White River National was one of the largest and strongest banks in the state, and Burgess was one of the richest men in his native city of Indianapolis; but these facts did not interfere with his enjoyment of life according to his lights, which were not unluminous. Having been born on top, he was not without his sympathetic interest in the unfortunates whose lot is cast near the burnt bottom crust, and his generous impulses sometimes betrayed him into doing things that carping critics thought not wholly in keeping with his responsibilities and station in life.

These further facts may be noted: Burgess was the best-dressed man in Indianapolis—he always wore a pink carnation; and on occasions when he motored home for luncheon he changed his necktie—a fact that did not go unremarked in the bank cages. He belonged to hunting and fishing clubs in Canada, Maine and North Carolina, and visited them at proper seasons. There was a drop of adventurous blood in him that made banking the least bit onerous at times; and when he felt the need of air he disappeared to catch salmon or tarpon, or to hunt grouse or moose. Before his father had unkindly died and left him the bank and other profitable embarrassments, he had been obsessed with a passion for mixing in a South American revolution; he had chafed when the Spanish War most deplorably synchronized with the year of his marriage, and he could think of no valid excuse for leaving the newly kindled fire on his domestic altar to pose for Spanish bullets. Twice since his marriage he had looked death in the eye: once when he tumbled off a crag of the Canadian Rockies—he was looking for a mountain sheep; and again when he had been whistled down the Virginia capes in a hurricane while yachting with a Boston friend. Every one admitted that he was a good banker. If he got stung occasionally he did not whimper; and every one knew that the White River National could stand a good deal of stinging without being obliged to hang crape on its front door.

Burgess had always felt that some day something would happen to relieve the monotony of his existence as the chief pilot of an institution which panics always passed by on the other side. His wife cultivated bishops, men of letters and highbrows generally; and he was always stumbling over them in his home, sometimes to his discomfiture. With that perversity of human nature that makes us all pine for what is not, he grew restive under the iron grip of convention and felt that he would like to disappear—either into the wilderness to play at being a savage, or into the shadowy underworld to taste danger and share the experiences of men who fight on the farther side of the barricade.

"You always seem to get 'em, Tom," he remarked to the detective in a familiar tone, bred of long acquaintance. "Just knowing you has made a better man of me. I'm bound to be good as long as you're on the job here; but don't you ever get tired of the game?"

"Well, when you're up against a real proposition and are putting your wits against a man who's as smart as you are, or smarter, it's some fun; but most of my cases lately have been too tame. It isn't what it was when I started. All the crooks are catalogued and photographed and dictagraphed these days; and when you go after 'em you merely send in your card and call a motor to joy-ride 'em to jail. It's been a long time since I was shot at—not since those bill-raisers down in the Orange County hills soaked me with buckshot. When they turn a man loose at Leavenworth we know just about where he will bring up and who's at home to welcome him; and you can usually calculate pretty well just when he will begin manufacturing and floating the queer again."

"You hang on to the petrified idea that once a crook, always a crook—no patience with the eminent thinkers who believe that 'while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.'"

"Yep—return to jail! Well, I don't say reform is impossible; and I've let a few get by who did keep straight. But it's my business to watch and wait. My best catches have been through luck as much as good management—but don't tell that on me; it would spoil my reputation."

He turned away, glanced across the room and swung round into his former position with his arm resting on the railing by Burgess' desk. He continued talking as before, but the banker saw that something had interested him.

"See that young woman at the paying-teller's cage—halfway down the line—slight, trim, with a red feather in her hat? Take a look."

It was nearing the closing hour and long lines had formed at all the windows. Burgess marked the red feather without difficulty. As the women patrons of the bank were accommodated at a window on the farther side of the lobby he surmised that the young woman was an office clerk on an errand for her employer. She was neatly dressed; there was nothing in her appearance to set her apart from a hundred office girls who visited the bank daily and stood—just as this young woman was standing—in the line of bookkeepers and messengers.

"Well," said the banker, "what about her?"

While looking at the girl the detective drew out a telegram which he scanned and thrust back into his pocket.

The Banker Resented the Detective's Implication That She Was the Daughter of a Crook

"Her mother runs a boarding house, and her father, Julius Murdock, is a crook—an old yegg—a little crippled by rheumatism now and out of the running. But some of the naughty boys passing this way stop there to rest. The place is—let me see—787 Vevay Street."

Burgess started slightly, carefully brushed a speck from his coatsleeve, then looked up indifferently.

"So? Hardly a fashionable neighborhood! Is that what is called a fence?"

"Well, I believe the police did rip up the boarding house a while back, but there was nothing doing. Murdock's able to make a front without visible means of support—may have planted enough stuff to retire on. He's a sort of financial agent and scout for other crooks. They've only been in town a few months. The old man must feel pretty safe or he wouldn't keep his money in a bank. Nellie, out there, is Murdock's daughter, and she's stenographer for the Brooks Lumber Company, over near where they live. When I came in she was at the receiving teller's window with the lumber company's deposit. She's probably waiting to draw a little money now for her daddy. He's one of the few fellows in his line of business who never goes quite broke. Just for fun, suppose you see what he has on the books. If I'm wrong I'll decline that cigar you're going to offer me from the box in your third left-hand drawer." The banker scribbled the name on a piece of paper and sent a boy with it to the head bookkeeper. "And I'd be amused to know how much Nellie is drawing for Julius, too, while you're about it," added the detective, who thereupon sat down in one of the visitors' chairs inside the railing and became absorbed in a newspaper.

Burgess strolled across the lobby, stopping to speak to acquaintances waiting before the several windows—a common practice of his at the busy hour. Just behind the girl in the red hat stood a man he knew well; and he shook hands and continued talking to him, keeping pace with his friend's progress toward the window. The girl turned round once and looked at him. He had a very good view of her face, and she was beyond question a very pretty girl, with strikingly fine gray eyes and the fresh color of youth. The banker's friend had been recounting an amusing story and Burgess was aware that the girl turned her head slightly to listen; he even caught a gleam of humor in her eyes. She wore a plain jacket, a year or two out of fashion, and the red feather in her cloth hat was not so crisp as it appeared at a distance. She held a check in her hand ready for presentation; her gloves showed signs of wear. There was nothing to suggest that she was other than a respectable young woman, and the banker resented the detective's implication that she was the daughter of a crook and lived in a house that harbored criminals. When she reached the window Burgess, still talking to the man behind her, heard her ask for ten ten-dollar bills.

She took the money and thrust it quickly into a leathern reticule that swung from her arm. The banker read the name of the Brooks Lumber Company on the passbook she held in her hand.

"Pardon me," said Burgess as she stepped away from the cage—"those are badly worn bills. Let me exchange them for you."

"Oh, thank you; but it doesn't matter," she said.

Without parleying he stepped to the exchange window, which was free at the moment, and spoke to one of the clerks. The girl opened her reticule and when he turned round she handed him the bills. While the clerk went for the new currency Burgess spoke of the weather and remarked upon the menace of worn bills to public health. They always meant to give women fresh bills, he said; and he wished she would insist upon having them. He was a master of the art of being agreeable, and in his view it was nothing against a woman that she had fine eyes and an engaging smile. Her voice was pleasant to hear and her cheeks dimpled charmingly when she smiled.

"All money looks good to me," she said, thrusting the new bills into her satchel; "but new money is certainly nicer. It always seems like more!"

"But you ought to count that," Burgess protested, not averse to prolonging the conversation. "There's always the possibility of a mistake."

"Well, if there is I'll come back. You'd remember ——"

"Oh, yes! I'd remember," replied Burgess with a smile, and then he added hastily: "In a bank it's our business to remember faces!"

"Oh!" said the girl, looking down at her reticule.

Her "Oh!" had in it the faintest, the obscurest hint of irony. He wondered whether she resented the idea that he would remember her merely because it was a bank's business to remember faces. Possibly—but no! As she smiled and dimpled he put from him the thought that she wished to give a flirtatious turn to this slight chance interview there in the open lobby of his own bank. Reassured by the smile, supported by the dimples, he said:

"I'm Mr. Burgess; I work here."

"Yes, of course—you're the president. My name is Nellie Murdock."

"You live in Vevay Street?" He dropped his voice. "I can't talk to you here, but I've been asked to see a young man named Drake at your house. Please tell him I'll be there at five-thirty today. You understand?"

"Yes, thank you. He hasn't come yet; but he expected to get in at five." Her lips quivered; she gave him a quick, searching glance, then nodded and walked rapidly out.

Burgess spoke to another customer in the line, with his eyes toward the street, so that he saw the red feather flash past the window and vanish; then he strolled back to where the detective sat. On the banker's desk, face down, lay the memorandum he had sent to the bookkeeper. He turned this up, glanced at it and handed it to Hill.

"Balance $178.18; Julius Murdock," Hill read. "How much did Nellie draw?"

"An even hundred. I stopped to speak to her a moment. Nice girl!"

"Gray eyes, fine teeth, nose slightly snub; laughs easily and shows dimples. Wears usually a gold chain with a gold heart-shaped locket—small diamond in center," said Hill, as though quoting.

"Locket—yes; I did notice the locket," frowned Burgess.

"And you didn't overlook the dimples," remarked the detective—"you can't exactly. By-the-way, you didn't change any money for her yourself?"

"What do you mean?" asked Burgess with a scowl. "Wait!" he added as the detective's meaning dawned upon him.

He went back into the cages. The clerk who had brought the new bills from the women's department found the old ones where they had been tossed aside by the teller. Burgess carried them to Hill without looking at them. He did not believe what he knew the detective suspected, that the girl was bold enough to try to palm off counterfeit money on a bank—on the president of a bank. He was surprised to find that he was really deeply annoyed by the detective's manner of speaking of Nellie Murdock. He threw the bills down on his desk a little spitefully.

"There you are! That girl took those identical bills out of her satchel and gave them to me to change for new ones. She had plenty of time to slip in a bad bill if she wanted to"

Hill turned round to the light, went over the bills quickly and handed them back to the banker with a grin.

"Good as wheat! I apologize. And I want you to know that I never said she wasn't a pretty girl. And the prettiest ones are often the smartest. It does happen that way sometimes."

"You make me tired, Hill. Everybody you see is crooked. With a man like you there's no such thing as presumption of innocence. 'Way down inside of you you probably think I'm a bit off color too."

"Oh, I wouldn't say just that!" said the detective, laughing and taking the cigar Burgess offered him from a box he produced from his desk. "I must be running along. You don't seem quite as cheerful as usual this morning. I'll come back tomorrow and see if I can't bring in a new story."

Burgess disposed of several people who were waiting to see him, and then took from his drawer the letter he had been reading when the detective interrupted him. It was from Ralph Gordon, a Chicago lawyer, who was widely known as an authority on penology. Burgess had several times contributed to the funds of a society of which Gordon was president, whose function it was to meet criminals on their discharge from prison and give them a helping hand upward.

The banker had been somewhat irritated today by Hill's manner of speaking of the criminals against whom he was pitted; and doubtless Hill's attitude toward the young woman he had pointed out as the daughter of a crook added to the sympathetic feeling with which Burgess took up his friend's letter for another reading. The letter ran:

Dear Old Man: You said last fall that you wished I'd put you in the way of knowing one of the poor fellows I constantly meet in the work of our society. I'm just now a good deal interested in a young fellow—Robert Drake by name—whose plight appeals to me particularly. He is the black sheep of a fine family I know slightly in New England. Drink was his undoing, and after an ugly scrap in college he went down fast—*facilis descensus;* the familiar story. The doors at home were closed to him, and after a year or two he fell in with one of the worst gangs of yeggs in the country. He was sent up for cracking a safe in a Southern Illinois post-office. The agent of our society at Leavenworth has had an eye on him; when he was discharged he came straight to me and I took him into my house until we could plan something for him. I appealed to his family and they've sent me money for his use. He wants to go to the Argentine Republic—thinks he can make a clean start down there. But there are difficulties. Unfortunately there's just now an epidemic of yegging in the Middle West and all suspects are being gathered in. Of course Drake isn't safe, having just done time for a similar offense. I've arranged with Saxby—Big Bill, the football halfback—you remember him—to ship Drake south on one of the Southern Cross steamers. Saxby is, as you know, manager of the company at New Orleans. I wanted to send Drake down direct but here's the rub: there's a girl in Indianapolis he wants to marry and take along with him. He got acquainted with her in the underworld, and her people, he confesses, are a shady lot. He insists that she is straight, and it's for her he wants to take a fresh grip and begin over again. So tomorrow—that's January twenty-third—he will be at her house in your city, 787 Vevay Street; and he means to marry her. It's better for him not to look you up; and will you, as the good fellow you are, go to see him and give him cash for the draft for five hundred dollars I'm inclosing? Another five hundred all this from his father—I'm sending to Saxby to give him in gold aboard the steamer. Drake believes that in a new country, with the girl to keep him up, he can make good.

Hoping this isn't taking advantage of an old and valued friendship, I am always, dear old man ——

Burgess put the letter in his pocket, signed his mail, entertained in the directors' room a committee of the Civic League, subscribed a thousand dollars to a hospital, said yes and no to a number of other propositions, and then his wife called him on the telephone, with an intimation that their regular dinner hour was seven. She reminded him of this almost daily, as Burgess sometimes forgot to tell her when he was to dine downtown.

"Anybody for dinner tonight?"

"Yes, Web," she answered in the meek tone she reserved for such moments as this. "Do I have to tell you again that this is the day Bishop Gladding is to be here? He said not to try to meet him, as he didn't know what train he'd take from Louisville, but he'd show up in time for dinner. He wrote he was coming a week ago, and you said not to ask anybody for dinner, as you liked to have him to yourself. You don't mean to tell me ——"

"No, Gertie; I'll be there!" and then, remembering that his too-ready acquiescence might establish a precedent that would rise up and smite him later, he added: "But these are busy days, if I should be late don't wait for me. That's the rule, you know."

"I should think, Web, when the bishop is an old friend, and saved your life that time you and Ralph Gordon were hunting Rocky Mountain sheep with him, and the bishop nearly died carrying you back to a doctor—I should think ——"

"Oh, I'll be there," said Burgess; "but there's a friend of Gordon's in town I'll have to look after a little. No; he hasn't time to come to the house. You know how it is, Gertie ——"

She said she knew how it was. These telephonic colloquies were not infrequent between the Burgesses, and Mrs. Burgess was not without her provocation. There were church and other dignitaries who had not saved his life and who bored him, and he was not above ducking a dull evening. He resolved to hurry and get through with Gordon's man, Drake, the newly freed convict seeking a better life, that he might not be late to dinner in his own house, which was to be enlivened by the presence of the young, vigorous missionary bishop, who was, moreover, a sportsman and in every sense a man's man.

He put on his ulster, made sure of the five hundred dollars he had obtained on Gordon's draft, and at five-thirty went out to his car, which had waited an hour.

II

A THAW had been in progress during the day and hints of rain were in the air. The moon tottered drunkenly among flying clouds. The bank watchman predicted snow before morning as he bade Burgess good night.

Burgess knew Vevay Street, for he owned a business block at its intersection with Senate Avenue. Beyond the avenue it deteriorated rapidly and was filled with tenements and cheap boarding houses. Several blocks west ran an old canal, lined with factories, elevators, lumber yards and the like, and on the nearer bank was a network of railroad switches.

He thought it best not to approach the Murdock house in his motor; so he left it at the drug-store corner and, bidding the chauffeur wait for him, walked down Vevay Street looking for 787. It was a forbidding thoroughfare and the banker resolved to complain to the Civic League; it was an outrage that such Stygian blackness should exist in a civilized city, and he meant to do something about it. When he found the number it proved to be half of a ramshackle two-story double house. The other half was vacant and plastered with For Rent signs. He struck a match and read a dingy card that announced rooms and boarding. The window shades were pulled halfway down, showing lights in the front room. Burgess knocked and in a moment the door was opened guardedly by a stocky, bearded man.

"Mr. Murdock?"

"Well, what do you want?" growled the man, widening the opening a trifle to allow the hall light behind him to fall on the visitor's face.

"Don't be alarmed. A friend of Robert Drake's in Chicago asked me to see him. My errand is friendly."

A woman's voice called from the rear of the hall:

"It's all right, dad; let the gentleman in."

Murdock slipped the bolt in the door and then scrutinized Burgess carefully with a pair of small, keen eyes. As he bent over the lock the banker noted his burly frame and the powerful arms below his rolled-up shirtsleeves.

"Just wait there," he said, pointing to the front room. He closed the hall door and Burgess heard his step on the stairs.

Immediately a Man Loomed Up Against the Sky Not Thirty Feet Away

An odor of stale cooking offended the banker's sensitive nostrils. The furniture was the kind he saw daily in the windows of furniture stores that sell on the installment plan; on one side was an upright piano, with its top littered with music. Now that he was in the house, he wondered whether this Murdock was after all a crook, and whether the girl with the red feather, with her candid eyes, could possibly be his daughter. His wrath against Hill rose again as he recalled his cynical tone—and on the thought the girl appeared from a door at the farther end of the room.

She bade him "Good evening!" and they shook hands. She had just come from her day's work at the lumber company's office, she explained. He found no reason for reversing his earlier judgment that she was a very pretty girl. Now that her head was free of the hat with the red feather, he saw that her hair, caught up in a becoming pompadour, was brown, with a golden glint in it. Her gray eyes seemed larger in the light of the single gas-burner than they had appeared by daylight at the bank. There was something poetic and dreamy about them. He liked her for not being afraid of him; she had not been at all disturbed when he accosted her in the bank and she took him as a matter of course now. Her age he placed at about half his own, but there was the wisdom of the centuries in those gray eyes of hers. He felt young before her.

"There was a detective in the bank when I was in there this morning. He knew me," she said at once.

"Yes; he spoke of you," said Burgess.

"And he knows—what does he know?"

The girl's manner was direct; he felt that she was entitled to a frank response.

"He told me your father had been—we will say suspected in times past; that he had only lately come here; but, unless he deceived me, I think he has no interest in him just now. The detective is a friend of mine. He visits the bank frequently. It was just by chance that he spoke of you."

"You didn't tell him that Mr. Gordon had asked you to come here?"

"No; Drake wasn't mentioned."

Nellie nodded; she seemed to be thinking deeply. Her prettiness was enhanced, he reflected, by the few freckles that clustered about her nose. And he was ready to defend the nose which the detective, reciting from his card catalogue, had called snub!

"Did your friend tell you Bob wants to be married before he leaves? I suppose you don't know that?"

She blushed, confirming his suspicion that it was she whom Drake was risking arrest to marry.

"Yes; and if I guess rightly that you're the girl I'd like to say that he's an extremely fortunate young man! You don't mind my saying that!"

He wondered whether all girls who have dimples blush to attract attention to them. The point interested Webster G. Burgess. The thought that Nellie Murdock meant to marry a freshly discharged convict, no matter how promising he might be, was distasteful to him; and yet her loyalty and devotion increased his admiration. There was romance here, and much money had not hardened the heart of Webster G. Burgess.

"It all seems too good to be true," she said happily, "that Bob and I can be married after all and go away into a new world where nobody knows us and he can start all over again." And then, coloring prettily: "We're all ready to go except getting married—and maybe you can help us find a minister."

"I've Told You Repeatedly, Hill, That I Don't Read Criminal News"

"Easily! But I'm detaining you. Better have Drake come in; I want to speak to him, and then we can make all the arrangements in a minute."

"I'm afraid he's been watched; it's brutal for them to do that when he's done his time and means to live straight! I wonder ——" She paused and the indignation that had flashed out in this speech passed quickly. "It's asking a great deal, Mr. Burgess, but would you let us leave the house with you? The quicker we go the better—and a man of your position wouldn't be stopped. But if you'd rather not ——"

"I was just going to propose that! Please believe that in every way I am at your service."

His spirits were high. It would give edge to the encounter to lend his own respectability to the flight. The idea of chaperoning Nellie Murdock and her convict lover through an imaginable police picket pleased him.

She went out and closed the door. Voices sounded in the hall; several people were talking earnestly. When the door opened a man dodged quickly into the room, the girl following. "This is Robert Drake, Mr. Burgess. Bob, this is the gentleman Mr. Gordon told you about."

Burgess experienced a distinct shock of repulsion as the man shuffled across the room to shake hands. A stubble of dark beard covered his face, his black hair was crumpled, and a long bang of it lying across his forehead seemed to point to his small, shifty blue eyes. His manner was anxious; he appeared decidedly ill at ease. Webster G. Burgess was fastidious and this fellow's gray suit was soiled and crumpled, and he kept fingering his collar and turning it up round a very dirty neck.

"Thank you, sir—thank you!" he repeated nervously.

A door slammed upstairs and the prospective bridegroom started perceptibly and glanced round. But Burgess' philosophy rallied to his support. This was the fate of things, one of life's grim ironies—that a girl like Nellie Murdock, born and reared in the underworld, should be linking herself to an outlaw. After all, it was not his affair. Pretty girls in his own world persisted in preposterous marriages. And Bob grinned cheerfully. Very likely with a shave and a bath and a new suit of clothes he would be quite presentable. The banker had begun to speak of the route to be taken to New Orleans when a variety of things happened so quickly that Burgess' wits were put to high tension to keep pace with them.

The door by the piano opened softly. A voice recognizable as that of Murdock spoke sharply in a low tone:

"Nellie, hit up the piano! Stranger, walk to the window—slow—and yank the shade! Bob, cut upstairs!"

These orders, given in the tone of one used to command, were quickly obeyed. It was in the banker's mind the moment he drew down the shade that by some singular transition he, Webster G. Burgess, had committed himself to the fortunes of this dubious household. If he walked out of the front door it would likely be into the arms of a policeman; and the fact of a man of his prominence being intercepted in flight from a house about to be raided would not look well in the newspapers. Nellie, at the piano, was playing Schubert's Serenade—and playing it, he thought, very well. The situation was not without its humor; and here, at last, was his chance to see an adventure through. He heard Bob take the stairs in three catlike jumps. Nellie, at the piano, said over her shoulder, with Schubert's melody in her eyes:

"This isn't funny; but they wouldn't dare touch you! You'd better camp right here."

"Not if I know myself!" said Burgess with decision, buttoning his ulster.

She seemed to accept his decision as a matter of course and, still playing, indicated the door, still ajar, through which the disconcerting orders had been spoken. Burgess stepped into a room where a table was partly set for supper.

"This ain't no place for you, stranger!" said Murdock harshly. "How you goin' to get away?"

"I'll follow Bob. If he makes it I can."

"Humph! This party's too big now. You ought to have kept out o' this."

There was a knock at the front door and Murdock pointed an accusing finger at Burgess.

"Either set down and play it out or skip!" He jerked his head toward the stairs. The music ceased at the knock. "Nellie, what's the answer?"

Murdock apparently deferred to Nellie in the crisis; and as the knock was repeated she said:

"I'll get Bob and this gentleman out. Don't try to hold the door—let 'em in."

He Struck a Match and Read a Dingy Card That Announced Rooms and Boarding

Before he knew what was happening, Burgess was at the top of the stairway, with the girl close at his heels. She opened a door into a dark room.

"Bob!" she called.

"All right!" whispered Drake huskily.

Near the floor Burgess marked Bob's position by a match the man struck noiselessly, shielding it in the curve of his hand at arm's length. It was visible for a second only. Nellie darted lightly here and there in the dark. A drawer closed softly; Burgess heard the swish of her jacket as she snatched it up and drew it on. The girl undoubtedly knew what she was about. Then a slim, cold hand clutched his in a reassuring clasp. Another person had entered the room and the doorkey clicked.

"Goodby, mother!" Burgess heard the girl whisper.

The atmosphere changed as the steps of the three refugees echoed hollowly in an empty room. A door closed behind them and there was a low rumble as a piece of furniture was rolled against it. Burgess was amazed to find how alert all his senses were. He heard below the faint booming of voices as Murdock entertained the police. In the pitch-dark he found himself visualizing the room into which they had passed and the back stairway down which they crept to the kitchen of the vacant half of the house. As they paused there to listen something passed between Drake and Nellie.

"Give it to me—quick! I gotta shake that guy!" Drake whispered hoarsely.

The girl answered:

"Take it, but keep still and I'll get you out o' this."

Burgess thought he had struck at her; but she made no sign. She took the lead and opened the kitchen door into a shed; then the air freshened and he felt rain on his face. They stood still for an instant. Some one, apparently at the Murdock kitchen door, struck three times on a tin pan.

"There are three of them!" whispered Nellie. "One's likely to be at the back gate. Take the side fence!" She was quickly over; and then began a rapid leaping of the partition fences of the narrow lots. At one point Burgess' ulster ripped on a nail; at another place he dropped upon a chicken coop, where a lone hen squawked her terror and indignation. It had been some time since Webster G. Burgess had jumped fences, and he was blowing hard when finally they reached a narrow alley. He hoped the hurdling was at an end, but a higher barricade confronted them than the low fences they had already negotiated. Nellie and Bob whispered together a moment; then Bob took the fence quickly and silently. Burgess jumped for the top, but failed to catch hold. A second try was luckier, but his feet thumped the fence furiously as he tried to mount.

"Cheese it on the drum!" said Nellie, and she gave his legs a push that flung him over and he tumbled into the void. "Bob mustn't bolt; he always goes crazy and wants to shoot the cops," he heard her saying, so close that he felt her breath on his cheek. "I had to give him that hundred ——"

A man ran through the alley they had just left. From the direction of Vevay Street came disturbing sounds as the Murdocks' neighbors left their supper tables for livelier entertainment outside.

"If it's cops they'll make a mess of it—I was afraid it was Hill," said the girl.

It already seemed a good deal of a mess to Burgess. He had got his bearings and knew they were in the huge yard of the Brooks Lumber Company. Great piles of lumber deepened the gloom. The scent of new pine was in the

moist air. Nellie was already leading the way down one of the long alleys between the lumber. A hinge creaked stridently behind them. The three stopped, huddled close together. The opaque darkness seemed now to be diminishing slightly as the moon and a few frightened stars shone out of the clouds. Then the blackness was complete again.

"They've struck the yard!" said Nellie. "That was the Wood Street gate."

"If they stop to open gates they're not much good," said the banker largely, in the tone of one who does not pause for gates.

The buttons had been snapped from his ulster at the second fence and this garment now hung loosely round him, a serious impediment to flight. He made a mental note to avoid ulsters in future. A nail had scraped his shin, and when he stopped to rub it he discovered an ugly rent in his trousers. Nellie kept moving. She seemed to know the ways of the yard and threaded the black lumber alleys with ease. They were close together, running rapidly, when she paused suddenly. Just ahead of them in a cross alley a lantern flashed. It was the lumber company's private watchman. He stopped uncertainly, swung his lantern into the lane where the trio waited, and hurried on.

They were halfway across the yard as near as Burgess could judge, hugging the lumber piles closely and stopping frequently to listen, when they were arrested by a sound behind. The moon had again swung free of clouds and its light flooded the yard. The distance of half a block behind a policeman stood in the alley they had just traversed. He loomed like a heroic statue in his uniform overcoat and helmet. His shout rang through the yard.

"Beat it!" cried Nellie.

III

NELLIE was off as she gave the word. They struck a well-beaten cross-alley—a main thoroughfare of the yard—and sprinted off at a lively gait. It was in Burgess' mind that it was of prime importance that Drake should escape—it was to aid the former convict that he had involved himself in this predicament; and even if the wedding had to be abandoned and the girl left behind it was better than for them all to be caught. He was keeping as close as possible to Bob, but the young man ran with incredible swiftness; and he now dodged into one of the narrower paths and vanished.

The yard seemed more intricate than ever with its network of paths, along which the lumber stacks rose fantastically. Looking over his shoulder, Burgess saw that the single policeman had been reenforced by other men. It was a real pursuit now—there was no belittling that fact. A revolver barked and a fusillade followed. Then the moon was obscured and the yard was black again. Burgess felt himself jammed in between two tall lumber piles.

"Climb! Get on top quick and lie down!"

Nellie was already mounting; he felt for the strips that are thrust between planks to keep them from rotting, grasped them and gained the top, with his hands well splintered. It was a solid pile and it lifted him twenty feet above the ground. He threw himself flat just as the pursuers rushed by; and when they were gone he sat up and nursed his knees. He marked Nellie's position by her low laugh. He was glad she laughed. He was glad she was there!

Fifty yards away a light flashed—a policeman had climbed upon a tall pile of lumber and was whipping about him with a dark lantern.

"It will take them all night to cover this yard that way," she whispered, edging closer. "They're pushing across the yard the way women do when they're trying to drive chickens into a coop. They won't find Bob unless they commit burglary."

"How's that?" asked Burgess, finding a broken cigar in his waistcoat pocket and chewing the end.

"Oh, I gave him the key to the office and told him to sit on the safe. It's a cinch they won't look for him there; and we've got all night to get him out."

Burgess was flattered by the plural. Her entire good humor was not without its effect on him. The daughter of the retired yeggman was a new kind of girl, and one he was glad to add to his collection of feminine types. He wished she would laugh oftener.

The president of the White River National Bank, perched on a pile of lumber on a wet January evening with a girl he knew only as his accomplice in an escapade that it would be very difficult to explain to a cynical world, reflected that at about this hour his wife, hardly a mile distant, in one of the handsomest houses in town, was dressing for dinner to be ready to greet a guest, who was the most valiant member of the sedate House of Bishops. And Webster G. Burgess assured himself that he was not a bit frightened; he had been pursued by detectives and police and shot at—and yet he was less annoyed than when the White River National lost an account, or an ignorant new member preempted his favorite seat in the University Club dining room. He had lost both the sense of fear and the sense of shame; and he marveled at his transformation and delighted in it.

"How long will it be before that begins to bore them, Nellie?" he remarked casually, as though he were speaking to a girl he had known always, in a cozy corner at a tea.

The answer was unexpected and it did not come from Nellie. He heard the scraping of feet, and immediately a man loomed against the sky not thirty feet away and began sweeping the neighboring stacks with an electric lamp; its rays struck Burgess smartly across the face. He hung and jumped; and as he let go the light flashed again and an automatic barked.

"Lord! It's Hill!" he gasped.

As he let loose he experienced a curious tingle on the left side of his head above the ear—it was as though a hot needle had been drawn across it. The detective yelled and fired another shot to attract attention. Nellie was already down and ready for flight. She grasped his arm

(Continued on Page 28)

ON THE UPGRADE

The Ingenuity Route—By Edward Mott Woolley

WHEN I was a boy of sixteen I was a Western Union messenger in New York, and I suppose I was very far from being mother's angel child. Yet one thing, at least, could have been said in my favor—my eyes were open to the truth that a thing can be done in more ways than one.

I was walking up lower Broadway one day with a bunch of telegrams when two women accosted me—one of them old, fat and wabbly.

"Boy," cried the younger one, "can you get us a cab in a hurry? The street cars are blocked and if we miss the next ferry we'll lose our train in Jersey City. We've been trying for ten minutes to find a cab, and there is not one in sight!"

"Yes, ma'am," said I; and running out into the street I waved my arms and flagged a butcher's wagon. "These ladies want to go to the ferry," said I to the driver. "Rush 'em there and I guess they'll give you a dollar."

Out he jumped and quick as a flash we boosted the women into the vehicle. The last I saw of them they were tearing off down Duane Street—and judging from the gait they were traveling they had time to spare at the ferryhouse.

Now those two women were like a good many men—they were tied to tradition. They could see only one way to reach their destination—ride in a cab. If it hadn't been for a bit of creative ability supplied from the outside they would have missed their train sure enough. In the same way men every day are missing the things they are after, because they lack ingenuity.

Being ingenious, I think, has been the principal factor in my steady climb up the grade since the days of my telegraph service. Today I am credit man for a mercantile house in New York. My salary is eight thousand dollars, my age thirty-one, and my prospects good for the vice-presidency of my firm. Indeed, I now own quite a bit of stock in the concern. Call me Burns if you choose.

Since I became a credit man my ingenuity has pertained largely to handling people and to securing information about them; yet, if I had been thrown into some other avenue of employment, I feel sure my inventive knack would have worked out just the same.

Of course I was ambitious to begin with; and then I had the benefit of my father's unfortunate experience in New York—father died when I was fourteen and left mother and three boys practically penniless. A few years before we had moved down to the metropolis from a small town in Massachusetts, father having secured an office position

I Cut Loose From My Desk and Spent a Lot of Time Getting Acquainted

with a manufacturing house. He lost this place subsequently, and after that there were discouraging intervals of idleness. "Dan," he said to me in his last illness, "whatever work you get into, make a skilled specialty of it. If you are going to win in New York you've got to rise so far above the ninety-nine fellows who are trying to get your job away from you that you'll really be the one man out of a hundred. Use your brains, Dan, where the other fellows use only their hands."

So, while I was a messenger boy, I began to study the concerns to whom I delivered telegrams, wondering what line of business I ought to select for my specialty. I felt an inclination toward the mercantile field. In that great division of human activity I knew there were many specialties from which to choose, once I got started in the main thing itself. Of course at that time I had not even heard of a credit man.

As my ambition began to crystallize, the lure of the road got into my veins; I determined to secure a job in some big wholesale house and work up to the eminence of a traveling salesman—that seemed the acme of attainment! To get out and ride round the country on the cars, and carry a grip, and register at the hotels as D. W. Burns, New York, would be worth working for!

And then I meant to develop into a crack salesman ultimately, and work only the big towns like Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco!

While I was trying to decide between groceries and hardware, something happened. A small merchant tailor to whom I carried a telegram one day offered me a job as store boy.

I did not accept the place on the spot, but told my mother about it that night. We were wretchedly poor, and two dollars a week more on my wages looked inviting. Mother said I'd better take the place by all means.

After I had gone to bed I shed some tears, big as I was. The disappointment was bitter—this sudden drop from my exalted selling dreams to a job in a mean little tailoring store! What could a tailor's shop offer me? I was sure it meant farewell to the road and all my aspirations. I rebelled against so cruel a fate; and I contemplated running away from home and following my bent anyway.

Next morning, however, I took up my burden with some courage, came downtown on the Third Avenue Elevated, and went to work as a tailor's boy. And that job, quite undreamed of at the time, held for me my big opportunity—an opportunity that really lay very close to my original plans.

Things happen just that way very often. Most opportunities, I think, are in disguise. We cannot always get to our goals in the way we have planned; but if we are ingenious we can usually find some sort of conveyance to take us there, despite delays and setbacks.

From store boy I became a salesman in the same tailoring store; and when I was nineteen an incident happened that I want to tell you about.

One of our customers was a man named Ingersoll, who lived in Brooklyn. He came into the store one afternoon to try on an overcoat, and after the fitting he said to me:

"I have always paid cash for the clothes I've bought here, but today I wasn't able to get to the bank for the currency. However, I imagine you know me well enough by this time so that you'll send the coat to my house, when it is finished, along with the bill. I'll remit promptly."

According to the rule of the store in such cases, I took Ingersoll to Tagg, our cashier. Tagg was not only cashier but an imitation credit man.

"Mr. Tagg," said I, "this gentleman would like his overcoat sent, with the bill."

The cashier got off his high stool and assumed a most important attitude back of his grating.

"Have you a charge account, Mr. Ingersoll?" he asked.

"No; I don't have any charge accounts anywhere. I pay as I go. This is an exceptional instance—all I ask is a trifling courtesy."

Tagg got down a big mercantile agency book and carefully ran his forefinger down the names under the letter I.

"I don't seem to find you," he observed. "It is not our custom to deliver goods before payment unless the customer has a charge account. We can send the coat out C. O. D."

Ingersoll flared up in a moment.

"I've been buying my clothes here for two years," he said, "and I have always paid for them in real money while they were still in your possession. If you don't know me it's time you did! You have a ten-dollar deposit on this overcoat and I owe you twenty dollars more on it. Do you mean to say that you are unwilling to deliver twenty dollars' worth of goods to me after having me so long as a cash customer?"

Tagg smiled patronizingly.

"We have so many cash customers that we can't know them all," he returned. "Now I'll take your references and look you up ——" And he pompously got out a credit blank, and poised a leadpencil over it.

I'll not repeat all the things Ingersoll said—they were too lurid. He refused to give any references; and as he was going out he turned with a parting shot:

"Either deliver that overcoat with the bill or I'll buy no more clothes at this fool store!"

When Ingersoll was gone Tagg shrugged his shoulders, voiced some remarks about crank customers, and entered Ingersoll's overcoat to be sent C. O. D.

The Neglected Cash Customer

THIS incident revolved in my mind for several days. It seemed to me that something was wrong with the store—not with Ingersoll. I looked up his purchases and found he had told the truth. He had been buying clothes of us for more than two years and had paid spot cash—I think there were four suits, an ulster and some other garments. Yet, simply because he had been a cash customer, he was utterly unknown to our credit man!

This, it seemed to me, was a most curious situation. Tagg knew all the slow-paying customers—many of them to the store's sorrow—but here was a good cash customer who had been handled with the sheerest stupidity!

So after a while I went to my employer.

"The cash customers are the very ones we ought to know," said I. "We shouldn't be glued so tightly to the charge accounts that the men with rolls of currency in their pockets have to take a club to us in the introduction. We ought to have known all about Ingersoll long ago. It's up to us to know who our good customers are."

"I Want to Put in Eight Thousand Dollars' Worth of Goods at the Start"

The upshot of this affair came when I got Tagg's job a few weeks later and set about seeing what a little ingenuity would do to our credit system. And during the next three years our tailoring business nearly doubled. We concentrated on the fellows with the ready money. Just the minute a stranger came into the store and paid cash for a suit we got out and learned all we could about him. Then, if his record proved good, we went out of our way to do him favors—we cultivated him; in fact, the whole credit system I built up was designed to surround the house with men of cash, rather than the old system of palavering to fellows who wanted three, six or twelve months in which to pay for their clothes. Tagg had not been able to break away from tradition. He lost his job because he had no ingenuity.

Just to illustrate, let me cite a customer named Bullfinch. His first purchase was a thirty-dollar suit, for which he paid cash. Our outside credit man quietly investigated and learned that Bullfinch always paid cash everywhere—to his grocer, butcher, furniture dealer, and so on. So I entered him on our credit records: "Good as gold for almost any favor he is likely to ask."

One day Bullfinch telephoned to the store that he had been called to Washington suddenly; he asked us to rush a suit that was being made and ship it to him at the Capital next day. He would pay when he got home, he said.

Under our former system Tagg would have demanded: "Do we know you?" But I already did know him; so we said over the 'phone: "We'll get that suit done tomorrow and send it to you if we have to work all night on it! Don't trouble yourself about the money."

I'll not take time now to tell you about all the ingenious ideas we worked out to get information about our cash customers and to become really acquainted with them; but our plan all through was quite the reverse of the traditional hidebound credit system, which idolizes the customers who want time and does not even say "Good morning!" to the men who have their pockets full of ten-dollar bills.

Well, one day the head of a wholesale specialty house sent for me. "I've heard that you have done some rather extraordinary things as credit man down at the place where you work," he said. "How much salary do you want to come here as assistant to our credit manager?"

I had been drawing only eighteen hundred dollars, but I screwed up my nerve and set my price at twenty-five hundred. He took me up on the spot. So you see it was ingenuity again that enabled me to step into a better job; and now at last I was getting close to the work I had dreamed about as a boy. At least, I had a lot of traveling men indirectly subject to my jurisdiction.

Our credit manager was a man with a long name; call it Dyker for short. In some respects he was a good executive, but he lacked the power to move out of a well-worn course. He was a desk man primarily and needed the broad outlook that comes from getting out among customers. For many years the house had been using the same set of stereotyped credit blanks, and much stress was laid on reports made by banks, lawyers, and the like. Of course these were all right so far as they went. The chief trouble lay in the fact that we did not really know our customers; our credit records showed the barest outline of the real, intimate lives of the men to whom we sold goods or to whom we wanted to sell. We had many customers we did not know any better than my former employer knew Ingersoll.

Now here was a chance for a lot of ingenuity; but during my first year with the house I encountered the difficulty of working under a man who had none of that quality himself and who could not see it in others. I proposed that he send me out on a long trip—incognito—to study the field; but he put his foot down hard, Dyker did. Such an expense, he declared, would be prohibitive. "Besides," he added, "if our customers want favors let them do the traveling." You see he could not get away from his idea that a credit department was based chiefly on favors to customers who wanted time.

By degrees, however, I worked in a lot of my own ideas; and by degrees Dyker worked himself out of a job. When he was fired he accused me bitterly of undermining him. The world is full of men who neglect their opportunities and then blame the men who get to the front.

My salary was raised to four thousand dollars when I became head of the credit department. It was then that I cut loose from my desk to a considerable extent and spent a lot of time getting acquainted with our territory. At first I went out on quiet trips of observation, using an assumed name sometimes and merely studying the situations from my own standpoint. I'll show you by one instance how this worked out.

A young man came into my office one day—call him Markham—and said to me:

By Injecting Some Compliments I Took the Edge Off My Mission

"I am going into a general merchandise business down at Crab Valley. I have been employed six years by the Valley Company's store in that town. I know the business and I have four thousand dollars cash. I am going out hard after trade, and I want to put in eight thousand dollars' worth of goods at the start."

Without asking a question, I stepped to my files and took out a lot of data I had gathered during a visit to the Crab Valley region.

"You've got a good district round you," said I, "but just now things are slow down there. Grain isn't much more than half a crop and hay has turned out badly. The factories along the river report the outlook for the season poor. If I were going into business in your town I should move with a good deal of caution."

A Line on Crab Valley

MY PREDECESSOR, Dyker, would have gone about the thing differently. He would have bristled up with offensive questions; and, instead of imparting information about the crops and the business situation in Crab Valley, he would have fired a volley of inquiries betraying his own ignorance.

Markham looked at me in some amazement.

"You seem to know something about Crab Valley!" he opined. "Do you think I'll get in wrong if I go into business there?"

"No," I returned—"not if you wait a few months; but even then don't make it too much of a credit proposition. And that reminds me, Mr. Markham—there's a splendid vacant corner in your town, just below the railroad station. I'd like to see some live merchant get hold of it."

Then I let drop a remark about a big red house on the hill and about a new grocery store above the townhall—a wretched location! I talked about the local merchants in Crab Valley, too, and tinged it all with a familiar and personal touch that caused Markham to regard me with some awe. This was the sort of information I had in my credit files—it is the sort I have today. I cannot get too much of it and I cannot be a first-class credit man without it. The more maps and charts and inside biographical matter, the better.

Well, Markham forgot for half an hour that he had come to get double the credit he had a right to expect; and by the time we got back to that specific proposition he was ready to revise his credit ideas in a radical way—and he didn't get mad about it either. I had removed the personal sting; in fact, Markham decided to wait a few months.

Today Markham & Company, at Crab Valley, are doing an annual business of more than half a million dollars; they have corralled the trade of a broad country district. They have far outstripped every other merchant in their territory. And, best of all, Markham has bought heavily of us all through his career.

Did you ever stop to think how much of a man's life is taken up in his contacts with other men, and how little ingenuity he displays, as a rule, in making these contacts count toward his own benefit? Since I have been in credit work I've watched people in all lines of endeavor, and it seems to me that wonderful opportunities go to waste continually in the lives of most men. Through the lack of discernment and planning, these personal contacts with their fellowmen are made in the most bungling and clumsy ways, lacking wholly the element of ingenuity.

We got hundreds of permanent customers by handling men ingeniously and by having at our disposal credit information gathered with just such an end in view. Likewise, we declined credit to a large number of other customers who were not desirable.

I don't mean to claim all the glory for my concern's success; I am merely telling you a little about my share in it. Yet I do say that my work and my influence on the sales

department had a rather large part in turning the tide of trade in our favor. Once it turned, our whole organization got its shoulder to the wheel.

During my early years as credit man in this establishment I was under the sales manager's jurisdiction. This executive was a man of considerable experience, and therefore it seemed strange to me that his knowledge of the firm's customers should be largely perfunctory and routine in its nature. I knew from my experience with the merchant-tailoring house how important it was to study customers intimately and to know them from the inside.

Since that time I have often observed sales managers like the one to whom I have just referred—not ingenious enough to utilize every factor for their firms' advancement. Doing things in a mere routine way is mediocrity.

So I began to utilize our traveling men in the task of building up a great fund of credit information and in keeping it up to date. I still continued my own trips over our territory and used numerous devices for getting facts about customers and local conditions; but most important of all, I believe, was the combined work of the sales force along the original lines I mapped out.

I found the average traveling salesman, however much of a worker he might be, deficient in the credit sense—especially in the constructive credit sense, which not only looks out for losses but lends itself to the development of good merchandising among customers, and thus builds future trade. The salesman who once begins to comprehend the factors that make one business grow and another fail is in a position to be of inestimable value to his house.

Therefore I determined to get all our traveling men into the credit scheme. Our salesmen, like others everywhere, had a lot of spare time—waiting for trains, sitting round hotels in the evening, and so on. I induced them to spend part of it for the credit department.

The most valuable help they gave me came from simple observation intelligently applied. They looked; they listened quietly; they read the local newspapers. And then they set down in the form of systematic reports all they learned or deduced.

I don't mean to go much into detail; I am not talking primarily as a credit man, but on the factors that advanced me as an employee. I merely wish to illustrate my points.

One day, for example, I received a report from a salesman that a merchant in a small city was dabbling in unsafe securities. Our books showed that his purchases had decreased heavily during the year and now I believed I saw the reason. That night I ran down to his town, several hundred miles away.

Next morning, in his store, he began to roast me almost before I had a chance to speak. I had been treating him shabbily, he said, in the matter of credit; he was thinking of passing up my firm in favor of some wholesaler who would be decently liberal.

What I said to him was something like this:

"Hobbs, you are a good merchant and there is only one reason I know of why you shouldn't get rich. You've got a great opportunity down in this town, and if you don't clean it up it'll be your own fault—not ours. I came down here for the express purpose of talking to you on the subject and showing you, if I can, why you ought to concentrate on merchandising and let stocks alone. Your great chance lies right here in this store—I wish I could convince you of that!"

He was dumfounded at my knowledge of his affairs and a little angry at first; but, as we discussed the great game of business and the history and methods of successful houses, he began to see that he did really have a most wonderful opportunity in his city. He cut out speculation and since then he has built up a large business. More than once he has thanked me for pointing the way. Thus there has grown up between his store and my house a personal and confidential relation that makes the work of our salesmen comparatively easy.

At another time a salesman sent in a report, one item of which was this: "Walker, at Blanktown, has two daughters in the Smith Boarding School."

This struck me as incongruous in view of the credit line Walker was asking. I wrote to the school and learned that the tuition for the two girls was twelve hundred dollars a year—not to mention dress and other outlay. Other confidential credit information concerning Walker, obtained by our salesman in the territory, showed that, though his home was mortgaged, he had made certain unnecessary and costly improvements. It was clear that he was living beyond his means.

My house quietly got out of the credit risk, and when Walker failed a year later we were clear of him. Several wholesalers were caught heavily; their credit men had not been ingenious enough to secure inside information.

One day a salesman for my house was taking an order from a general merchant when he observed a very dirty and ragged urchin come into the store and buy several dollars' worth of groceries, having the items entered in a greasy account book he carried. Now the average salesman would not have concerned himself with this incident, but this salesman, being imbued with my credit ideas, made a report of it to me, adding his own conclusion: "This boy had the appearance of being a member of a family that is not a desirable credit customer."

Now it doesn't take much of a straw to tell which way the wind blows. Yet all my reports on this merchant indicated him to be worth cultivating. The territory was one we were developing strongly.

(Concluded on Page 33)

LIBERTY

By RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FOR downright satisfaction with his hard lot in life the Nevada wild mustang beats a calf chewing a latigo strap. Everything he does indicates that the region of the United States most like hell with the plating worn off is the only Paradise he'd buck into if he could. He hates to sleep under a warm roof when it's snowing, hates to stand up to a mangerful of oats when he's hungry; and when once he has escaped from the rein and spur he'll go the plumb limit to keep from coming under them again. The wildest of all wild horses—and the wisest too—is one with a brand on his flank. You can talk about your Patrick Henrys and your George Washingtons; you can warble about your country "'tis of thee," the Star-Spangled Banner and your own red, white and blue; but the upright tail of a mustang that wore cinches for years and then got back to the great unfenced will continue to fan the atmosphere as the true banner of freedom that never does come down.

If Rabbit Sam, dragging his spurs across the floor of Jillson's one-room ranch store, had brought word that hereafter the Government was to handfeed every wild horse in the desert, he wouldn't have set off any more firecrackers than when he slanted an eye at Buck Strode and cut loose:

"Pal has come out of the mahoganies!"

Strode stopped in the middle of a cussword he was using to convince a drover from Ogden that his little bunch of roast beef was worth more than the market, and five other men rose from the nail kegs as though they'd struck a nail.

"Straight?" Buck asked the halfbreed.

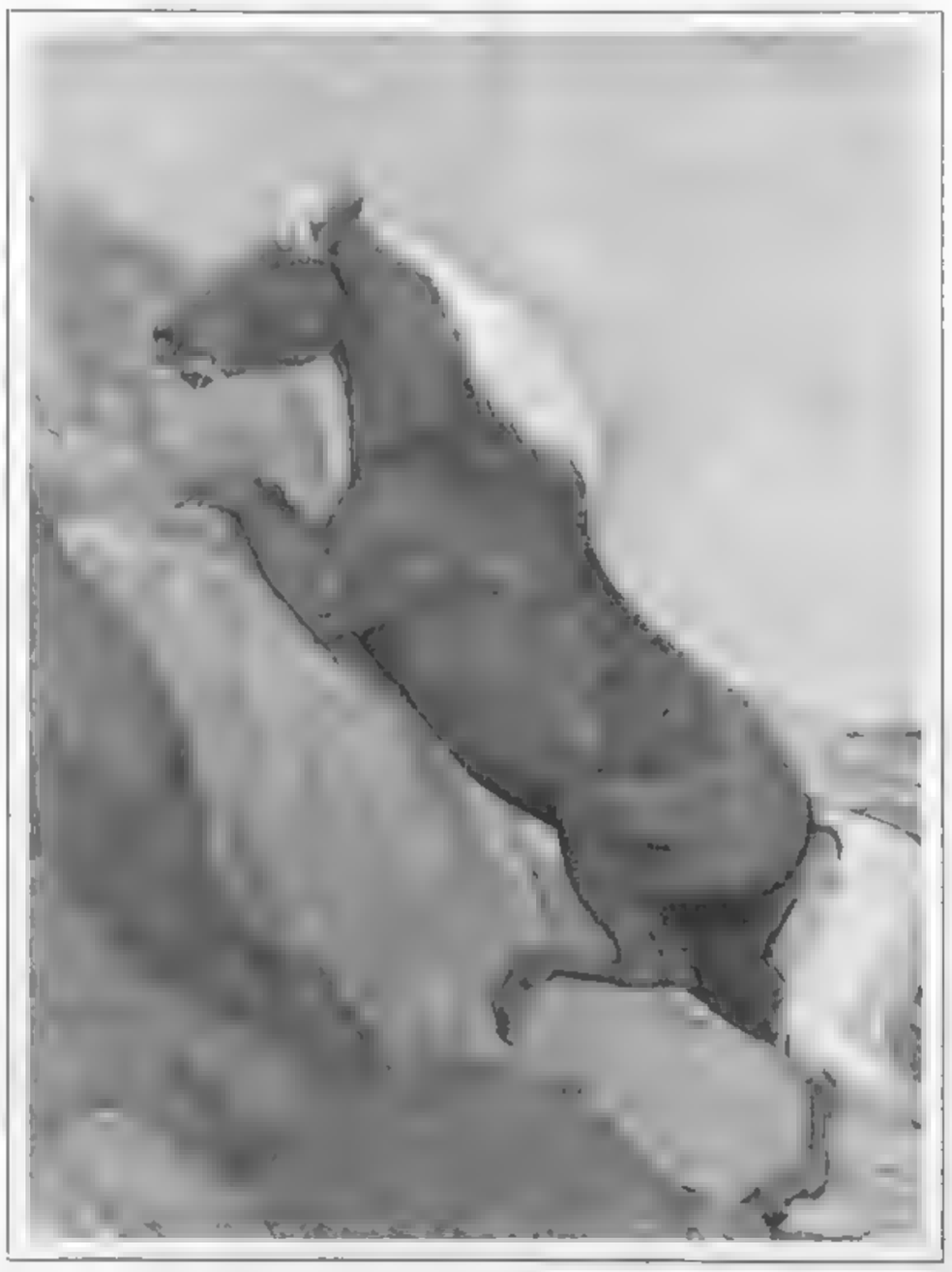
"Saw him leading his band in the middle of Dry Valley three hours ago," Rabbit Sam told him, "and he was fifteen miles away from his mountains."

"Then the hard winter has forced him down for grass."

"Best horse you ever owned, Buck," Johnnie Furniss said. "I remember the time he got over one hundred and five miles between suppertime and breakfast to fetch the doctor."

"Pal beat that," Buck explained. "Once he covered seventy in a forenoon; it was the time he was borrowed from the corral by one of the robbers of the Bridgewater Bank."

"If he is such a cracker why isn't he in your corral now?" the drover wanted to know, and everybody laughed. The drover was about the only man in the county who would have to be told. What he found out was that everybody chased the palomina stallion when he was four years old until Buck Strode fenced the only waterhole that hadn't dried up on him and his thirst-crazy mares and trapped them. Pal had the sense to submit when he saw the jig was up and he became a saddle animal for which a vaquero would give five hundred dollars and his soul.



Then He Reared and Pawed Until He Had Secured a Hold

"But the look a mustang gives you the first time he smells a man at ten feet never faded out of his eyes," Buck went on—"you always saw the whites. He would stand anywhere when he had the rigging on, but I never let him graze without hobbles. One night I was camped at Rock Springs in his own Dry Valley and the wild ones called him. When I heard the broken end of a hobble chain clipping through the rocks I knew it was no use crawling out of my blanket."

The drover said he supposed Buck tried to catch the stallion again and everybody hollered.

"Some," Buck told him; "I spent the rest of that summer and all last summer chasing that stallion, and when it got too hot for him he headed for Willow Creek Mountains and made his home in the devil's own country. I wind-broke six horses running him over the volcanic rocks through the mahoganies and cedars. Then I gave up; but he wears my brand and I swore that, if ever he came down into Dry Valley again, I'd never get off his trail until I had him."

Rabbit Sam was grinning now. Buck turned to Jillson. "Give Sam ten dollars' worth of stuff and do it quick. The biggest race Dry Valley ever saw begins at daylight tomorrow."

Buck Strode was going to run Pal until he broke the stallion's heart. He figured three grain-fed saddle animals could run the outlaw down and he wanted the best men he knew on the backs of the three. He and Johnnie Furniss and Rabbit Sam came to Dry Valley in the dark and made camp where the rocks would hide their fire. They were cinched and ready when the buttes began to flush up for the sunrise.

"Remember," Buck told them, "it can end only one way if we keep Pal away from the passes that will let him get back to the Willow Creek Mountains. Of course, if he should get by either of us to a pass, the idiot that let him must send up a column of smoke so the two others will know the show is over; but I don't believe the horse lives that can sit in on this game and beat us out."

Fifty miles Buck guessed the race would be. He took the first heat so he and his mount could be rested and fresh for the last relay. The cream-colored stallion was standing on a knoll three miles from camp, watching as if he knew something was up. The silver mane was blowing out like a silk fringe and he might have been signaling some other band with his silver tail, the way he kept it moving. You never would have guessed that gold statue of independence there above his dozen mares had worn a saddle three years.

Strode rode a tough old gray that could do ten miles like a locomotive. Before Pal and his band had gone half that far they were white with lather and then brown with dust. Pal had been stablemates with Buck's gray and maybe knew his limit, but if Pal expected a let-up he was making the mistake of his life. When the gray was losing speed, Johnnie Furniss on a longlegged bay came out of the coulée from which he had been watching the circus parade, swung in behind, and let Buck and the gray drop out.

Five miles more and Pal swerved from the valley floor and started to climb in the direction of one of the passes to Willow Creek. Furniss tried his best to reach the stallion's head and turn him, failed on the uphill path, checked his horse and dropped back. The band slowed to a trot. Johnnie, hidden by a low ridge, fought rocks for two miles, then sent his horse at top speed. When the palomina leader reached the steep foot of the pass there was a bay horse motionless in the gap and Johnnie Furniss was sitting on his back.

Pal swung about and raced down to the valley in a direction that would carry him far from where Rabbit Sam was holed in.

"Downhill this time!" sang out Johnnie. "I guess I can show Pal." Over jagged rocks and fallen timber, across gulches and through scrub pines and cedars he kept them jumping. A gray mare and a sorrel mare of Pal's band were showing distress. They fell out and ran to one side. Johnnie came down on them and forced them to rejoin their band. Pal was feeling the strain; Johnnie was able to turn him in the direction he wanted them to go.

David and Jonathan Disappear

TWENTY-TWO miles Pal had led his band when Rabbit Sam let out a yell and jumped his horse out of hiding to relieve Johnnie's staggering bay. Three miles and the gray and sorrel mares again dropped behind and switched their tails to show they were done. While Sam was gaining on the stallion and gradually forcing him in the direction that would lead back to Strode, two more mares raised their flags and quit. Then the band dwindled fast.

When Buck Strode took up the finish heat none but a wiry black mare kept the stallion company. She blew up in two miles—the twelfth to quit in such exhaustion that a boy could have roped them all. Pal, changed in color and half crazy with the strain, began to climb toward Emigrant Pass.

"I'll git you now!" Buck bellowed. He never knew a horse that could make that climb after running thirty-five miles ahead of a man on a fresh mount.

Below the pass was an open plateau. On both sides of the plateau the mountain wall was so steep and so covered with boulders that it seemed only a goat could get up. Buck planned to make his capture on the plateau. As he got his rope down he saw his own horse was suffering.

"You're mine now!" Buck yelled at Pal fifty yards ahead as he made his loop.

The palomina reached the plateau, but did not set foot on it. He skirted its edge until he came to the steep wall set with boulders—a wall up which no rider could go, no matter how mean he was with his spurs. Pal scrambled up to the first line of boulders. They would have made breastworks for a regiment to lie behind. Buck couldn't make Pal out. He was afraid the hard chase might have sent the horse loco; but the stallion didn't seem to have any doubt in his own mind. He looked round and down once and saw Buck's mount dragging himself out on the plateau; then he reared and pawed until he had hooked his forelegs over the rock and secured a hold. Pal's yellow body began to slide up and over the boulder. He dropped on the upper side, moved up to the next rocks, reared and caught hold above.

"Just like a panther with a bullet in his back!" Buck told his horse, as Pal went up and over the obstruction.

Buck slid down and made himself comfortable in the shade of a bush to watch. He fished out the makings, but he forgot to roll his cigarette.

In about an hour a wabbly yellow thing was outlined against the sky in a gap in the ridge a hundred yards above Emigrant Pass. In a minute the gap was empty; the thing had tumbled down the other side where nobody was going to chase it.

"He was just tasting a bit in his mouth again—that's how he could do it," Buck told his horse. Then he scraped up the tobacco that had spilled over his boot, got up and gathered dry stuff, lighted it and piled on green stuff to send a skinny column of smoke up into the still blue sky.

The man who says a gelding won't fight so hard and long for his freedom as a stallion doesn't know the story of David and Jonathan.

It Was Raining Horses

Pete Barham caught the roans when they were yearlings and turned them into geldings because he wanted a carriage span. When your wife has to drive forty miles to mail a letter and one hundred and fifty miles to see the train go by, good roadsters are worth their weight in plug cut. David and Jonathan were the handsomest steppers that ever spun a light vehicle over the dim roads of Indian Creek. When folks hadn't anything busier to do they speculated on whether the trotters were twins.

It was after the geldings had been driven regularly for four years that Pete Barham came home from Fish Creek Valley with his canvas corral trap, after an unlucky month at catching wild ones, to find his driving team had disappeared from their field. The two upper wires of the six-strand fence were down. Pete didn't believe the geldings did it alone. A mustang stallion, so old that his head was gray and his teeth mere stubs, with one ear bitten off and battlemarks all over him, had been seen in the neighborhood with his four mares. Pete guessed the old rogue worked the geldings up to making their break for the freedom they had known as colts and then helped them spoil the fence.

"We'll patch up our outfit and get back to work; there's better luck ahead," Pete told his crew. But they knew there wasn't a wild band on the range that the boss wouldn't let slip to pick up the trail of the missing geldings.

In a week Pete had found his roadsters—that is, he had sighted them. Through his glass he saw them prancing about the single-eared old veteran that had lured them off. Twenty years of fighting for his freedom—evading waterhole traps, relay riders, expert ropers, snares, and even the sort of traps used to take furbearing animals—had made the old stud so wary that he was off with his band before he could possibly have squinted the men; probably he sniffed them. He kept a cloud of dust hanging over the whole of Fish Creek Valley during the two days Pete's men tried to slip down from the hill at one point or another to surprise him. The geldings knew real wisdom when they saw it and stuck to the old rascal as close as any of his mares.

"Catching geldings is our real business from this time on," Pete told his men when the camp began to stir one morning. The spotted leader, however, didn't propose to let gelding-chasing be separated into a class by itself. When his band was pressed hard he led straight for other bands and kept mixing his herd up, so the pursuers found it impossible to run the original band off its feet.

"He keeps mixing the cards on us," Pete complained. "We'll just have to get what we want by sweeping in the whole deck."

The brown canvas corral trap was set up where it would show least, in one end of the valley, and the wings extended a full half mile on each side of the gate. Four men, with a relief of four more, set out to drive the whole valley. The first relay brought six bands containing fifty-seven head within two miles of the wings, when the second four spurred out of hiding and took up the chase. It was about the prettiest sight you ever saw. Fifty-seven mustangs of every horse color in the rainbow, every horse running hard, with head and tail out, made a moving field a quarter of a mile long and half a mile wide. With the geldings close behind him the old stud was tearing along in the lead, his one good ear pointing the course they were to take, his tail like a war plume that had been torn in many battles. They were right in the wings when the old villain stopped short on about the width of a ten-cent piece, gave the warning and had all those mustangs whirling and clattering back so quickly they almost knocked down the four riders in making the get-away. Eleven were beaten into the trap—two stallions and nine mares—but there was no gelding inside the twelve-foot canvas wall.

In the end, though, the geldings were corralled. Pete found the watertrail and set the trap in it in the night. In an early morning run the band took to the trail that had always proved safe. The old stallion forced his way round the end of one wing in spite of a quirt that laid open his battered nose; but the geldings were charging round inside the trap, and Pete Barham was at the closed gate wondering which of the methods he knew was best for getting his unwilling roadsters back to the home ranch and harness.

He might have bound up one foreleg at the knee and sent the geldings along on three feet, which does fairly well for walking, though not at all for running; but David and Jonathan were showing such opposition Pete feared that with one foot up they might throw and injure themselves. So he decided to allow them full foot-power, but to cut down their wind. He used a wire in the Spanish way and partly closed the nostrils of the horses; they could draw breath enough to go along, but not breath enough to break running records. Pete and Jack Longley set out to herd the prizes home.

The roans showed the stuff that was in them by going steadily for two days. You couldn't tell they were not getting wind enough to keep their machinery cool; merely they didn't run away.

Following the One-Eared Leader

THEN it snowed—snowed the evening the men were to get to Indian Creek. A squall hit them when they were four miles from the ranch, with snow and sleet in curtains. Those geldings seemed to take the storm as an act of Providence in their behalf and, instead of turning tail and huddling as mustangs do, they began to plan their get-away. They refused to drive and would run out of the trail, though the wires holding their nostrils made them cough like last-notch consumptives. Jack's horse put his foot in a badger hole and went useless. Pete couldn't follow both when the geldings decided to go in opposite directions. He chased David until a curtain shut him out of sight; then went back and found that Jack hadn't been able to hold Jonathan. The men had to make for camp to save themselves and Jack's suffering mount.

The storm was soon over. The thought of those geldings pegging along, with their noses fastened and swelling, kept Pete from sleeping. At daylight he and Jack headed back on fresh horses, hoping the light fall of snow had not wiped out the tracks.

They found hoofprints that told a miracle—told that, as soon as their captors gave them up, those geldings, heading off in opposite directions in sleet that wouldn't let them see ten feet, turned round and came straight to each other.

"This trail is plain enough to lead us to them," Pete told Jack; "and they won't be five miles off—not with their nostrils swollen down to quills."

Pete was wrong. When he and Jack had trailed ten miles the warm sun made a slush that hid the tracks, but it was plain the geldings were playing their full hand in a glorious effort to get back to the one-eared leader in Fish Creek. Twenty miles—thirty! The men began to wonder whether the horses hadn't turned off to one side and died.

When they came to the high walls at the entrance to Fish Creek Valley, Pete climbed up and squinted through his glass. Two roan specks were going down the valley like turtles.

When the men closed up the geldings just crawled a little to one side and came to a standstill. They were going so slow it was hard to say just when they stopped. The men didn't make them whoa!—the last drop of gasoline was gone out of the geldings. They spread out their legs like sawhorses to keep from falling over. They were conquered—all but the eyes where the spirit rides! They didn't move and they didn't make a sound except, of course, the wheezing at their red and dripping exhaust pipes.

"The breath of freedom must be sort of precious," Jack says, "when you're game to do fifty fast miles sniffing it through a straw."

Pete unfastened a pair of nippers from the end of his latigo strap and laid a hand gently on Jonathan's swollen nose. He snipped the wire out of the nostrils as deftly as a painless dentist. He did the same thing for David; then came back, climbed his mount and started off.

"Why, where you going?" hollers Jack, who has been looping two ropes the way they do to tie up a mustang's foreleg.

"To Indian Creek," Pete sings back. "I've got to tell the Missus buggies are out of fashion and it's much healthier for her to go after the mail in the saddle."

The Ways of the Blue Streak

THE Blue Streak didn't exactly go into captivity by any human hand. He hung the white man's burden on himself; but before he did it, he kept the Indian Creek mustangers' hearts knocking their Adam's apples for three winters. It was only in winter they were able to see him at all. A grassless January drove him and his band down from the highest mountains and after that they made a New Year's call on the lower country regularly.

His mares had sharp little hoofs that could stick to the side of a boulder. The stud was as blueblack as an eggplant, with white legs and a bald face; but it was the way he wore his beauty—the curvature was in the neck and the straight-edge in the spine, instead of the other way round, and a watchmaker couldn't have set the steel springs better in his thousand pounds of muscle—that made him a picture no horseman could look at without Saint Vitus' dance.

He had his own way of getting out of danger—he jumped out. The first time he lit up a plateau near the Terrill Ranch with his presence he was seen by Rube Terrill and two other ranchers—and the pursuit started. Often they got pretty close to him—close enough to have finished up a valley stud and his bunch—but the Blue Streak showed that any number of roads were open to him, because he could jump over and jump across in a way that made the mustangers gasp; and he had trained his mares to do the trick almost as neatly as he could. The third winter he came down—he was six years old then—twenty men made their different dates to get him and he fooled them all.

Rube Terrill said chasing the Blue Streak was getting to be as bad as booze or poker and he swore off on New Year's Day. On the first of March, Rube and two of his men rode over to Cockalorum Spring to get out a bunch of saddle-horses for the roundup.

"Are my eyes gone crazy?" Rube whispered when they came in sight of the field where the saddle animals were drinking at the spring.

"Yes; and so are mine!" one of the men answered him.

In the middle of the band of horses was the Blue Streak. They concluded he had been chased so hard he became separated from his mares, saw the gentle horses from a mountaintop and had come down to them. There was no break in the fence—the Blue Streak had jumped in. Off this field was a corral, with walls twelve feet high, sometimes used as a trap when all the springs but Cockalorum went dry. Rube got down and climbed into the field on foot. The Blue Streak had never seen a dismounted man. He looked at Rube in wonder. A handful of pebbles drove the whole bunch into the high corral and the gate bars banged into place. All over the county mustangers said forcibly they would be condemned.

The Blue Streak knew Waterloo when he met it and he surrendered with dignity, like the Napoleon he was. He submitted to the saddle so readily that Rube was disappointed. Terrill knew the shining blueblack horse would be a patient slave for ten days or for ten years; but when his moment came he would go through hell so that whatever of him didn't singe could be free again.

"Give you five hundred for him," a man hollered out one day, when Rube had ridden into the town of Minersville and was letting the black dance off his excitement at seeing more than six men in sight at one time. A stranger in town heard the remark and looked round. He was Abner Temple, a Salt Lake mining magnate, who had as quick an eye for horseflesh as he had for quartz.

"Seven hundred wouldn't touch this horse," Rube jolted out. The stranger had stepped into the street and the Blue Streak pranced up as though he would run him down. Instead of jumping out of the way, the man put his hand on the white nose and began to stroke it, and the Blue Streak let him.

"I guess a thousand might take him," Abner Temple said.

It was a good guess. The Blue Streak spent the afternoon making the acquaintance of a box car rigged up for his private use, and that night he went out on the branch railroad headed for Salt Lake City and high society.

In the big Mormon town the mustang stallion made a new sensation every time he appeared on the streets. Abner Temple swore he never had such an animal between his legs. In a week two efforts had been made to steal the horse. Padlocks went on every door and every window of the stable.

The locks held the Blue Streak safe for a month, and by that time his education had got along so that he could look at an automobile without jumping out of his skin. Then one night thieves got into the stable in some way and with sledge-hammers split out a section of the stable wall opposite the stallion's stall. Of course they made a tremendous noise that roused the whole place; but when the hostlers and the owner, in his pink silk nightshirt, reached the hole in the wall the thieves had skipped with their prize—at least, that was how the papers told the story. Abner Temple offered a thousand-dollar reward and no questions asked if the thieves would bring back the horse. Then he raised the offer. The police laughed at first, because they knew a thief would have a hard time getting away with an animal that could be recognized a mile off. There wasn't another shining blueblack stallion with white legs and bald face that carried himself as the Blue Streak did in Utah or anywhere else. However, nobody sent news that he had seen the thieves and their prize go by.

Finally a farmer near the Nevada line read the story in his weekly paper and sent word to Salt Lake that a black horse, which must have been hiding in a clump of willows all day, came out one moonlight night, tore a hole in a fence that happened to be in his way and disappeared. The farmer wanted five dollars to mend his fence.

The distracted owner of the Blue Streak sent for the blacksmith that had shod the horse. They laid a shoe such as the Blue Streak wore on the sledge marks on the stable wall that had been knocked out, and found that it fitted. They knew then the Blue Streak went away without any man's assistance.

The Black Ghost on the Bridge

ABNER TEMPLE set out in an automobile. He stopped at every house on the westward road and gradually he gathered news. The horse had traveled mostly at night, hiding in the daytime, had kept to the highways with fewest travelers and at times had followed along the railroad track. There were trestles no ordinary horse would think of tackling. They were in the Blue Streak's path and there could be no doubt that he crossed them. Near the Nevada line he was still following the railroad. Temple's hopes went up, for there was a river bridge that must stop even a horse trained to go wherever a mountain goat could.

Temple was right; the Blue Streak had not crossed the bridge—the bridgekeeper would take oath on that—yet no blueblack horse was to be seen standing on the bank. Then news appeared in a paper that a farmer, driving at night across a bridge twenty-five miles upstream from the railroad, had been nearly thrown into the river when his team took fright and ran away. The team had been startled by a black ghost that shot past while they were on the bridge.

Abner Temple sent his auto home and took train for Minersville, Nevada. From that town he was driven to Indian Creek. The neighborhood had not heard that the Blue Streak was no longer the pride of Salt Lake City. Rube Terrill, at Temple's request, organized a party of the best mustang trailers he knew, and took to the high mountains of the Indian Creek country where the stallion once made his home. They ran down many bands, without finding anything so blueblack as a crow. After a week's going in the most difficult region of all, they came to a place where the ground seemed to have been plowed up for a garden by some farmer with a crazy way of using his plow. Over at one edge lay a sorrel stallion, dead. About half of his bones were broken and the flesh was torn off his neck. That afternoon the men looked across a cañon and

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A Grassless January Drove Him and His Band Down

THE FARMER'S WORST ENEMY

By FORREST CRISSEY

WHAT is the grower's worst enemy? The whole round of the farmer's life is a running fight against enemies—seen and unseen. Every sowing, every planting, is an enlistment for sharp, active service against a horde of hostile forces; every profitable harvest is a victor's portion of the fruits of conquest.

Science has trained the microscope on some of the enemies and forced them into the open, and chemistry has followed up this coup by finding an effective firing range on these hostiles once ambushed in their own invisibility. After all, though, the microscope of the scientist and the retort of the chemist seem to have left this vital problem still unsolved. The big question -What is the farmer's worst enemy?—yet remains without a conclusive answer.

Recently I put this question to one of the shrewdest and most successful fruit-growers in America—and to draw him out I added:

"Is it frost, flood or drought? Is it weeds? Is it animal disease, plant disease or insect pests? Or, as some say, is it the oppressive middleman?"

"No," he answered after a reflective pause; "it isn't the codling moth or the chinchbug, the smut or the cutworm, the cattle tick or hog cholera, the untimely frost or the withering drought, or even the middleman that costs the farmer—at least my kind of farmer—the heaviest tolls in unrealized rewards. It isn't any kind of bug that can be spotted with a microscope or banished with a sprayer. The worst enemy of the farmers of America is the crooked farmer who puts out his product under false pretenses and thinks that his shortsighted tricks are putting him ahead in the game. He fouls the whole nest for himself and every man in his particular line of production."

A Reputation for Quality

"NEXT in rank to this man as an enemy to his kind is the farmer who is too ignorant of markets, of standards and of up-to-date business practice to put up a really honest pack of anything. Take apple-growing, for example. There are states in which this industry ought to be at its best because of superior natural advantages, but where it has been given a black eye, a knockout blow, by the crooked and the ignorant practices of growers who have been numerous and persistent enough to befoul that state's reputation in the big general market. Maybe this sounds sensational, but you keep your eyes open, dig down into the situation and see what you find. I know it's much more popular—especially at growers' conventions and farmers' institutes—to pound the commission merchant and the middleman and call them robbers. A good many of them are, and a great many more of them are the victims of a malformed and unstandardized selling system that makes exact honesty a mighty difficult practice. But dishonesty outside the ranks can never do quite the harm that crookedness right in one's own camp does. I offer this as a plain business observation, not as a moral text. The grower who puts up a crooked pack or the one who, from ignorance or shiftlessness, puts up a shoddy pack, is a more effectual enemy to the whole body of growers than the dishonest and greedy middleman. Personally I regard these men as really the worst enemies of the whole farming fraternity; but don't take my word for the damage these shortsighted growers do—just dig about a bit and satisfy yourself."

Because my personal sympathies had always been strongly with the grower and because I had knowledge of many and flagrant abuses of the grower's confidence on the part of middlemen, this statement seemed not only startling to me but decidedly hard to accept. Here was a big grower, with a national reputation and a trademark that sold his product at a fancy price, who was apparently telling tales out of school. Were the facts back of these charges? I accepted his challenge and kept a weather eye open for facts that would bear directly upon his indictment.

A little later, as I was about to pass one of the best retail fruit stores in Chicago, I was stopped by a striking display in its window—an overturned bushel basket, clean and white, spilling toward the street, upon the leaf-strewn floor of the window space, its load of Duchess apples. Instantly I knew where the fruit had been grown, for each apple bore upon its richly striped cheek the sun-stenciled trademark of the grower. Entering the store, I made a purchase and said to the proprietor: "That's a fine display of C——'s apples. Do you use a good many of them?"

"Yes," he answered; "they're fancy—always. Of course they cost a lot more than other Duchess apples from Michigan, but I've never found a disappointment in a single basket from that man. He's built up a brand that gets the money, all right. All I want to know is that his name is on the basket and he gets my money."

"I suppose you handle a great many Michigan apples," suggested his caller—"winter apples as well as this summer fruit?"

"Not on your life!" came the quick response. "And that isn't because they don't grow good apples in Michigan; in fact, it's hard to beat a Michigan apple for flavor anywhere in the United States. They're not far behind the best in size or color either. There isn't where the trouble comes in. Nature has done about her level best for the Michigan apple but some growers have done their level worst to an extent that makes the retail buyer having a high-class trade a little shy. I don't mean by this that all Michigan growers put up a crooked pack or shoddy pack—they don't—but I do mean that some of them have been doing one or the other for a long enough time, and consequently the careful buyer who caters to a fancy trade is apt to look with suspicion on anything with the Michigan trademark.

"There are carloads of Duchess just as fine as those in my window grown in Michigan—and I could buy them a whole lot cheaper than C——'s apples. But there are two reasons why I don't bother with them. I haven't time to sort large quantities of apples, in the first place; again, a customer often wants an unbroken package—just as it comes from the orchard. Either reason is sufficient to make me feel that I can't afford to fool with anything from over there, unless I know the individual grower and have positive proof that he will not let a box, a barrel or a basket of apples leave his packing-house if it is not up to grade in every particular. I came to handle this grower's stuff because fancy, early summer apples are hard to get and easy to sell. Then this man convinced me that he knew how to grade and pack his stuff, and that he knew it was worse than foolish to depart from that standard by a hair's breadth. After that he didn't need to convince me that he was honest; in fact, I didn't care whether he was honest or not—his pack was honest and he knew any other kind of a pack was business recklessness.

"Now I don't imagine that the proportion of dishonest apple-growers is any greater in Michigan than in Washington, Oregon or Idaho. Not for a minute! And I do know that, with most varieties, the Michigan apple is far-and-away the best in flavor of any grown west of the Alleghanies. But those growers out in the Northwest have learned that it pays to put only one kind of apple in a package and to identify a certain size and quality of apple by a certain grade. The crooked grower has to come up to that standard whether he wants to or not, because the better business sense of the intelligent leaders of the industry demands and enforces it. Why, if Michigan had followed the same practice from the start we retailers with a fancy trade would be looking for Michigan apples instead of dodging them. And Michigan isn't the only state where the shifty and shoddy practices of some of the growers have given such a reputation to the product that the whole industry of that state pays the penalty in a suspicious market. Illinois is just as bad. New England is very much in the same class. But in all the states there are progressive, intelligent and honest growers who are fighting to wipe out the stain upon the pack of their state, and educate the backward and the dishonest up to the standard."

Feeling that perhaps this retailer might have a warped viewpoint as to Michigan's packing methods, I went to a large orchardist who had once been a heavy wholesaler of apples.

"What this man tells you is all too true," he responded—"there's no dodging it. Of course it would be unjust and silly to say of Michigan orchardists: 'Oh, they're a crooked bunch!' That isn't the point. It doesn't take many growers who are either too ignorant or too crooked to put up a straight pack to give a district or even a whole state a bad name. In the big markets these things travel with the persistence and swiftness of a scandal in society. There is probably just as high a percentage of honest, conscientious growers in our state as in any other; but, instead of forcing their standards to dominate and fix the reputation of the state's output, they have allowed the other classes to do that. When a buyer gets stung good and hard he's sore and he doesn't hesitate to pass the word along to other dealers; and it travels far and fast—farther and faster than the news about a purchase or consignment that proves to be up to standard in every particular. Here is the sort of experience that gives a black eye to a district:

"One cold day I was loading apples in a small town in Western Michigan. My car lacked a few barrels of being full. Just then a farmer drove up with a load. He said they were all choice, that he himself had seen them packed, and would guarantee them from end to end. I opened up three barrels—the barrels, mind you, that were the handiest to get at on his load—and they appeared to be first-class Steel Reds. It was beginning to get a little dark and I was so cold and anxious to close up the car that I didn't make my investigation so thoroughly as I would ordinarily have made it."

Expert Scientific Honesty Is the Only Brand That Will Bring Top Price

An Embarrassed Farmer

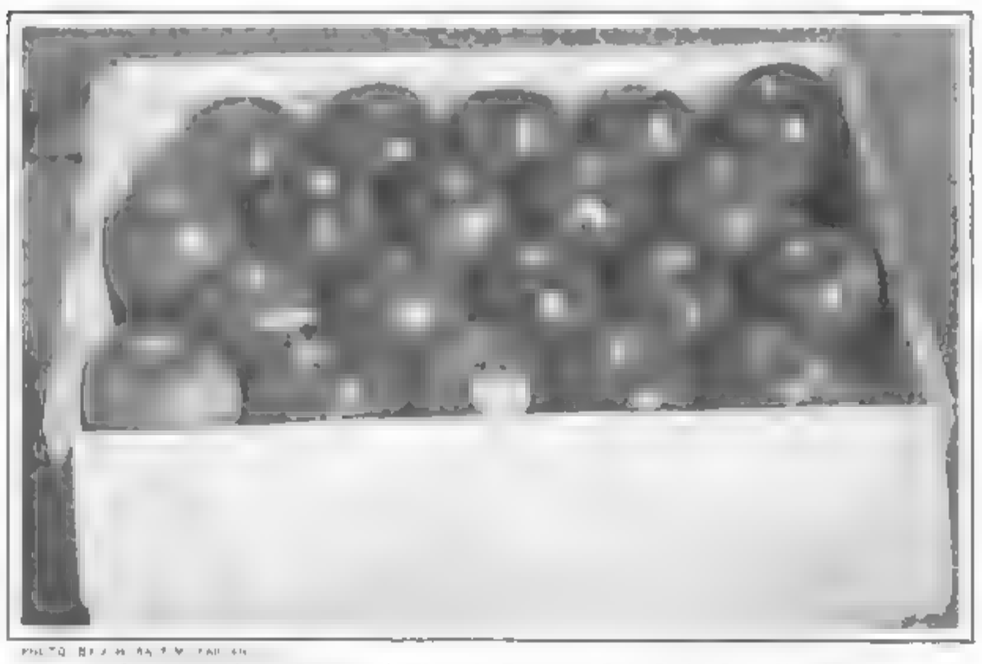
"WHEN his second load came we had considerable difficulty in getting the last two barrels into the car. In trying to work the last barrel up over the top tier, it slipped from our hands and was completely smashed. The apples out on the frozen earth were simply trash. There were just enough good ones to form one outside layer. The farmer certainly did some good acting. He appeared to be horrified. Somewhere, he protested, I should find on that barrel a mark showing they were seconds and had been put into the load by mistake. I told him I'd pay him just one-half the agreed amount for the apples and let them go along to the warehouse. There I would have every barrel opened and inspected. If all were like the broken barrel he would get no more money; but if they came up to his original representations the balance of the agreed price would be sent him. The inspection proved that every barrel in the lot had been very cleverly deaconed, as we call it. This was a case of outright crookedness. When a grower is intentionally honest but is careless and ignorant of right standards, his poor apples are scattered through the barrel without discrimination as to where they are placed; but the grower whose crookedness is a matter of malice aforethought faces the barrel with choice fruit after filling the interior with trash. I could repeat many of these experiences, but this one will serve as a type of the kind of practice that has done so much harm to Michigan and other states where apples of the finest flavor are grown.

"The whole point of the matter is this though: The entire apple-growing industry of the state is paying the penalty for these tricks; and it will keep on paying it until an honest pack becomes standardized. When that is done Michigan will take her rightful place as one of the best apple-producing states in the Union. Whether this will be done by legislative enactment or by the pressure brought to bear by the organizations of growers, no one can now say. But a standard package and a standard pack are the two things necessary to clear up the reputation of the state and put the Michigan apple farmer where the merit of his product gives him the right to stand—in the front rank.

"In all the associations of apple-growers in Michigan are groups of earnest men who are striving to secure these remedies, and are packing their own apples in a careful and intelligent way. I could name a dozen growers there who get a premium of about a dollar a barrel, because they have built up a reputation for a pack that is invariably right.

"Their example is doing much to help the cause along. Like the man who has made his Duchess apples famous, they are fighting for individual markets. Where they find one they make good and help to restore confidence, but it will be slow work until they are in position to make their own honest pack the standard of the state.

"The same sort of fight is going on in New England. A few big leaders headed by J. H. Hale are doing the pioneer work and are demonstrating that it pays to put up a right pack; but there, too, they will never come into their own until they can establish and standardize a pack. Until then the shifty, the careless, the ignorant and the shortsighted grower will hold the reputation of the region at his mercy and make the innocent and upright suffer for the sins of the guilty."



Growers Have Learned That It Pays to Put Only One Kind of Apple in a Package

A certain little town in Illinois, which I will call Egyptville, has the soil and the climate to grow delicious strawberries and get them into the Chicago market early, at the time when they are in sharp demand. The growers who started the strawberry business at this place were natural gardeners. They chose the right varieties and handled their plants cleverly. As a result they not only secured a heavy yield but a quality yield. The pacemakers in this infant industry were honest, and their honesty expressed itself in sending only the choice berries to the Chicago market and retaining the less attractive ones for home use.

The Downfall of Egyptville

WITHIN a surprisingly short number of seasons this little community had forced big Chicago to recognize its existence in a very flattering way. Buyers coming into South Water Street would ask:

"When are you going to get in berries from Egyptville? Best berries we ever handled—every box as good as every other box! I don't mind paying a premium for berries from that place."

Many buyers waited for the berries to make their appearance in the market before cutting loose for the season on strawberries; and when the first of the crop from Egyptville came into the market there was a scramble to secure them that sent the price to a fancy figure and made the little strawberry fields of that obscure downstate village decidedly profitable.

One day a man at Egyptville, who was shrewd enough to see that Chicago was always hungry for berries from that community, started in to buy at the fountainhead. He was just farsighted enough to know that berries from there always topped the Chicago market; but he didn't look a little beyond this and see what produced that condition. He wanted to hold the berry trade of Egyptville in the hollow of his hand and make Chicago pay for it; so he bought all the local berries in sight on the days when he was satisfied there would be a strong market when the fruit landed in the city. At the outset he made a killing. The local paper referred to him as the Strawberry King—and he neither stopped his subscription nor demanded a retraction! Yes; he was making Chicago pay for it.

Then, about as quietly as a strawberry ripens, something happened in the little strawberry Eden of Egyptville. Among the growers who had come into the game later was one that always winced when he had to throw out a small, misshapen or overripe berry. His shipments had always sagged a little below the standard of his neighbors' packs. Sometimes he had felt the penalty of this in a lower return—and sometimes, on a keen market, his berries brought as much as any from his town; but when the local buyer appeared this farmer decided it would be worth while trying to put one over on the Strawberry King. He had been aching for a long time to play a sharp trick of this sort. There was a deadly monotony about putting out an honest pack day after day that got on his nerves; so one day, soon after the buyer had got his business well under way, this farmer stacked the cards and took his load up to the Strawberry King. For an instant—when the buyer dipped down into the center of a crate and examined a box that had been hurriedly faced—the farmer thought his clever game was exploded. Then to his astonishment the buyer remarked:

"Not what they ought to be—but they're grown at Egyptville!"

He suffered no deduction in the price that was paid—and the next time was even less careful in his sorting. Another grower with a submerged yellow streak saw what was going on and hastened to fall into step with the pacemaker. Then one by one, in the order of their nearsightedness and their flexibility of conscience, other growers joined the retrograde procession.

The last to haul down the banner of a fixed standard were those who wanted to be honest—so long as it didn't allow their neighbors to get the advantage of them. These declared:

"What's the use of throwing away berries that others put in and are paid for at the top price? If he doesn't want 'em let him say so. He hasn't kicked, or docked the price on those other fellows yet; and they run in about everything that looks like a strawberry."

About the time these last recruits to the forces of disintegration were drawing their first money for a poor pack, Chicago woke up and changed her taste in strawberries. The Strawberry King had some returns that gave him a shudder. He couldn't understand why the market had taken such a fluke; but he would stick by his throne until the market righted itself. He stuck—but the market looked in other directions. Egyptville's halcyon days of strawberry supremacy were over; scandal had blackened her reputation, and the face of the buyer was turned away. As the price of her shame, Egyptville was wiped off the strawberry map.

"That experience," declared a leading South Water Street commission man, "was the neatest little moral drama you ever saw. That community has lost thousands of dollars—hundreds of thousands!—because it allowed a few men to break down its moral fiber and make it believe that crookedness and sharp practice would pay profits. Perhaps that rule will work in some games where there's an unlimited coinage of suckers to keep it going but no grower or bunch of growers can make it yield anything except disaster. The buyers in any big produce market are not suckers, and they know mighty quick when a community has been caught with the notion that it can play fast and loose with its product and still trade on the basis of its once unblemished reputation. The toughest part of that experience, though, was the fact that Egyptville had a bunch of growers who stuck fast to their original standard.

"They had to pay just as heavy an assessment for the moral fall of their little strawberry Eden as did the crooked stick that started the backward movement. The community asset of a high reputation for fancy strawberries simply melted away and every member bore a share of the loss.

"This is not a novel experience. Many other communities have gone through the same mill, but not perhaps in quite so dramatic a way. I've often wished that any farmer who is tempted to play smart and put one over on the buyer could see that little strawberry drama just as I saw it. All the points in it were so sharply drawn that you couldn't get away from it if you wanted."

In Southern California I was spending the evening with one of the largest truck and produce buyers on the Coast. The talk drifted to the Japanese and their racial traits.

"They are wizards in making stuff grow," he commented, "but they're artists in facing, coring and faking. A tourist doesn't have to travel far out here before he's told that the Jap is as crooked as a dog's hind leg, and it's repeated so often that he gets tired of hearing it. They laid the foundation of this reputation in the market-gardening business. I know that from experience! And they did a thorough job of it too. I wish you could go out with me early some morning and make an unexpected visit to the Jap gardens when the potato harvest is at its height and the cars are on the sidings receiving their loads. You'd see the choicest collection of stovepipes—in single lengths—that ever met your eye, each pipe sticking out of a sack.

"Of course the Japs are not the only farmers who appreciate the stovepipe as an agricultural implement. Even direct descendants of the Puritan Fathers have been known to acquire considerable facility in its field use. But when it comes to getting a stovepipe out of sight so quickly that you wonder whether you did actually see it an instant before sticking out of a sack of potatoes, then you must hand the blue ribbon to the little brown brother from Nippon. He can whisk it underground with the skill of a magician."

How the Stovepipe Artist Works

"IS THE practice of coring sacks of potatoes common? Why, it's a habit! Down among the Jap gardens, where the potato fields are operated in small patches, I've seen thirty to forty stovepipes sticking out of potato sacks in a single field. The instant the lookout spotted my approach every pipe disappeared as if by magic—whisked underground in a second and covered with loose soil.

"The only way to checkmate this trick is to be on hand at the car, take part in the loading and accidentally drop a sack from each man's load. Of course the sack breaks and the core of small potatoes is exposed. Then one sack after another is cut open and the man in charge of the hauling is obliged to re-sort the whole thing right under my eye. This means a lot of extra work and it isn't repeated—at least not immediately by the man who has been caught. The ease with which a bag of potatoes can be cored is one reason why so many try the trick. A few big potatoes are thrown into the bottom of the sack; the pipe is then inserted and the space round the pipe filled in with spuds that are up to standard. Next, the pipe itself is filled with the little potatoes and even clods of earth, and the pipe is withdrawn. Before the sack is tied it is topped with a layer of potatoes that are up to all requirements. This leaves a core of worthless stuff completely surrounded with good tubers. All this can be done in a few moments if the man on the job is an adept. I recall one case where I took out one hundred cored sacks.

"There's a lot of facing done with tomatoes. Here, too,

(Continued on Page 44)

Comparatively Little California Fruit—Especially Citrus Fruit—Is Packed by the Man Who Grew It

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

VII

By William Carleton

Author of One Way Out

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Don't Use a Silver Bell to Call This Bunch—You Use a Cowbell"

OUR plan was simple and to the point—first, to organize the village into a club on the simplest and broadest lines. It was to be called the Pioneers, and every taxpayer and the family of every taxpayer were to be eligible for membership. The membership fee was to be for men one dollar, for women fifty cents, for boys ten cents. We were to have a president, a secretary-treasurer and a board of five directors. The last were to pass on all disbursements, and had the privilege of remitting membership fees in any worthy case. Our constitution and by-laws were to be merely perfunctory and as free of red tape as was consistent with proper organization.

Holt undertook to secure the pledges for the thousand dollars; so that at the first meeting we might have something tangible to present. I headed the list with five hundred dollars; he came second with fifty; and Ed Barclay made up another fifty. Holt secured the rest in two days from the village merchants. Not a man refused to subscribe. On the face of it, the scheme appealed to them as worth a try anyhow. It took no argument to make them appreciate the fact that their business was dependent upon the prosperity of the community; but it impressed them as a distinct novelty to attempt anything to further the prosperity of that same community upon which they were dependent. They had always accepted conditions as fixed by forces over which they had no control. They were like farmers who, before the days of irrigation, accepted drought as a decree of God. The idea of doing anything to remedy natural conditions never occurred to them. This new plan was carrying matters even one step farther—it was an attempt not to remedy but actually to create. The argument I had used with Dick about the town being a big unused plant appealed to them. With a market waiting for us and plenty of labor we proposed to set the wheels a-going and create a business for them and for every citizen in the town.

Three days later, on January fifteenth, the following notice, prepared by Holt, appeared in the local paper spread over half the front page, in place of the usual stale Washington correspondence.

ATTENTION!

Next Wednesday evening, January nineteenth, a meeting will be held in the Opera House to discuss a plan for putting money into the pockets of every resident of this village.

WE ARE GOING TO WAKE UP

A committee of citizens has contributed the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, which will be divided among those who attend this meeting and fulfill the conditions.

WE ARE GOING TO WAKE UP

Come and bring the whole family. The Woodmen Band will furnish music.

WE SURE ARE GOING TO WAKE UP

This looked to me a little bit like circus advertising, and I wanted Holt to tone it down; but he shook his head.

"I'd put it in red ink if they had any in the shop, but they haven't. You don't use a tinkling silver bell when you want to call this bunch in the morning—you use a cowbell."

In addition to this we had the same call to arms printed in the form of a circular—Holt unearthed some green paper for this—and mailed a copy to every one in town. Those we had left over we tacked up in the stores and on telegraph poles. It's pretty certain no one missed seeing it. If any one did he had to be deaf not to hear about it, for there wasn't much of anything else talked about from the moment it appeared. We wanted to get all the people together for once, if we never did again, and we certainly succeeded.

An hour before the meeting was called to order the hall was packed jam full, and there were at least a hundred who couldn't get in. There is something contagious about the enthusiasm of people in just being together. Rubbing shoulders with one another in a bunch had its effect. They were on edge with excitement and began to show signs of waking up on the spot. The slightest incident was enough to send a laugh through the crowd, and it took nothing at all to start a cheer.

Holt was flying round like a hen with her head cut off, trying to make room for those outside, collecting chairs, and poking up the janitor to keep the hall warm. His face was flushed and his eyes bright with the excitement of it. I myself was fairly stagestruck when I looked out from behind the wings and saw the gathering. I found it difficult to catch my breath and heartily wished some one else was going to preside. I tried to persuade Holt to open the meeting, but he wouldn't.

"No, siree; you're the man. Where's that confounded band?"

He was off in a second to round them up and make out the program for the music. He had to make room for them on the stage, and a few minutes later they struck up the Star-Spangled Banner. After they had played it through once Holt, nodding toward them to repeat, stepped to the front. "Now," he said, "every one join in!"

He stood there like the leader of a chorus, beating time with his hands; and every man, every woman and every child responded. They sang the second verse with a vim that strained their throats. As I watched them my eyes grew blurry and my knees weak. I began to question all the hard things I had said about them, for if ever patriotism was expressed in music it was then. It seemed to me that a hundred years and more rolled back, revealing every man here as ready to shoulder a musket for his country as ever his ancestors had been.

When the singing ceased and it came time for me to step forward I felt worse than I did when, as a boy, I had to speak a piece on Friday afternoon. I was appointed temporary chairman by acclaim, and then started in to deliver the little speech I had prepared for the occasion.

I hadn't gone far, however, before I forgot it and took a new course. At first I had been self-conscious, like a bashful man among strangers; but when I was used to the many eyes staring at me I felt as though I was with my own family. A common country and a common cause seemed to unite us on the spot. I had wished to avoid the personal. Even in face of the publicity I have already given the little happenings of my own life, I can truthfully say I don't like it. I felt here, though, as I felt before when I wrote for print—that what a man can talk of from his own knowledge counts for a great deal more than his theories; so before I knew it I found myself telling briefly what I put down in One Way Out. I tried to impress upon the people the opportunities open to a man who tackles life in a pioneer spirit, and the fun of the fight. Then I rehearsed what their ancestors had done on these same acres upon which they now lived, and tried to make them understand that, if today there were more handicaps, there were also corresponding opportunities. I spoke of the big market awaiting their produce and, by my personal experiences in living in the big city, made them understand how hungry a market it was.

"If your great-grandfathers could come back here today," I said, "there wouldn't be a man of them who wouldn't build a fortune upon this land."

I was conscious of hearing cheering from time to time, but I didn't realize how deeply the folks were really moved until I had finished. Then once more I became conscious that I was on a platform facing them, and I saw them rise to their feet and cheer again and again. I had in some way introduced Holt; but before he stepped forward he motioned to the band and they struck up Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The leader didn't step lively enough for him and, amid more cheering and laughing, he took the leader's place and led off at a quickstep that made the whole crowd keep pace with pounding feet. Ruth was in the front row with Dick and I caught her eye. She smiled at me in a way that made me very proud.

Holt, taking advantage of the right feeling I had created in the audience, developed at once the practical side of the proposition.

"Have all the pioneers died or moved West?" he demanded.

"No! No!" came the reply from a group of the younger men.

"Right! Right!" he shouted. "What is more, we're going to prove it. We have a fine example here in Mr. Carleton, but we aren't going to allow him to be known for long as the only living specimen of a pioneer in captivity."

This, of course, raised a laugh; and then he told them something of what was being done in the Middle West and the South to encourage farming. He quoted from some of the reports recently made by the Government and by agricultural schools to show what the possibilities for farming are right in New England.

"Now," he said, "what we want to do is to get together and work together and fight together, and accomplish some of these things ourselves. The trouble with us is that it's been every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. The farmer must help the merchant and the merchant help the farmer. To this end it is proposed that we organize ourselves into a club to be known as the Pioneers."

This suggestion was greeted with a cheer, and then Holt outlined the plan as we had already outlined it among ourselves. It was greeted with a still noisier cheer; but when he mentioned the thousand dollars that had been raised as prize money the audience let itself loose.

Ruth Made It a Point to Get Acquainted With Every Farmer's Wife

"Now," he said in conclusion, "I move that we waste no further time in discussion, but adopt at once the constitution and by-laws for this organization, as here prepared."

The motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

"Now," said Holt, "I move that Mr. William Carleton be elected president of this club by a unanimous vote."

It was done.

I took the floor again and nominated Holt as secretary-treasurer. The nomination was seconded and Holt was elected.

Immediately afterward Holt, the three leading merchants and myself were elected a committee of five directors to prepare the further details. The meeting then adjourned until the following Wednesday.

Holt had ready, on the platform, paper and ink for those to sign who wished to become members, and no sooner was the meeting over than a rush for the stage began. Two hundred and sixty-three signatures were secured then and there; and, as nearly as I could judge, the only reason every one in the hall didn't sign was because only the hardy could reach the table.

Now no one could have asked for a more auspicious beginning than this; but I had seen enough of how men act in a group to know that the real test would come later, after each individual had cooled off and thought over the proposition for himself. Consequently, though I considered this evening's enthusiasm to be decidedly significant and boding well for the scheme, I expected a slump sooner or later. Holt, however, couldn't see even a speck in the clear sky; and I, for one, was glad of it. It's good to see a man that way.

"They jumped at it as a hungry trout does at a worm," he declared. "This is just the encouragement for which they've been waiting twenty-five years. Before next Wednesday I expect to have on that list the name of every one who can hold a pen."

Ruth was about as enthusiastic as Holt.

"It was fine, Billy!" she said. "You certainly kept your promise about waking them up."

In looking back over these last few pages, it strikes me that perhaps these things aren't very important; but my pen sort of ran away with me as I remembered that first meeting. Then again, maybe these details are significant as showing how easy it was to rouse these people as a whole, in contrast with how difficult it was to inspire them individually. If Holt and I had taken any one of these men into an office and given him the same talk, it would have gone in one ear and out the other without any effect.

During the next week the five of us worked hard on our list of prizes. We wanted the money to cover as much ground as possible, but we also wanted each prize to be substantial enough to be tempting. This is what we finally made ready to report to the next meeting:

1. For the best crop of hay on one acre of fresh-broken land, one hundred dollars.
2. For the best crop of hay on an acre of land already used as hay land, seventy-five dollars.
3. For the best crop of corn on an acre of land, one hundred dollars.
4. For the best house garden, seventy-five dollars.
5. For the best market garden, seventy-five dollars.
6. For the best flower garden, fifty dollars.
7. For the best potato crop to the acre, one hundred dollars.
8. For the largest return from chickens, according to capital invested, one hundred dollars.
9. For the largest return from cows, according to capital invested, one hundred dollars.
10. For the largest return from pigs, according to capital invested, one hundred dollars.
11. For the most notable improvement in an old orchard, one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

This seemed at the time, and it seems to me today, a pretty fair division. It gave every one a chance, whether the owner of one acre or fifty, and it was varied enough to interest every one. As the awards were to be made on the basis of capital invested it gave the poor man an equal chance with the well-to-do.

To some people the main prizes of a hundred dollars may seem small, but just remember this was a bonus over and above the regular profit a man was sure to make on his six months' work. Furthermore, a hundred dollars in the country means a good deal more than it does in the city. Furthermore, again, one hundred dollars in a lump sum is worth two hundred dollars in installments. Finally, one hundred dollars as a prize looks about as big as a thousand dollars. I've known men to spend a hundred dollars in a lottery, and consider their money well invested when they finally drew a prize of five dollars. In every newspaper contest you'll find more than one ablebodied man doing a hundred dollars' worth of work to get a chance at a ten-dollar prize.

The second meeting was almost as well attended as the first, and the committee's report was received with enthusiasm; but the thing which pleased me most was the fact that it was the young men who came early and crowded up into the front of the hall. Holt noticed this, and pointed out a goodly number of youngsters who never before had taken any interest in farming at all. It is doubtful whether they did now, except as a means for reaching the prizes. However that point didn't worry me. I knew that in order to win the money they must first of all make their land pay; and, once they got into their heads the fact that the soil would pay, half our object was attained.

This suggested a new idea; in fact, every step we took suggested further development. Our scheme grew by itself like a weed, which to my mind is the logical way for an enterprise of this sort to grow. After we had adjourned until the following Wednesday I called the attention of the board of directors to the fact that so many young men who had always affected to scorn farming showed an interest in our proposition.

"Now," I said, "it seems to me a pity to let them go at their work in haphazard fashion. The most any of them know probably is to plow and harrow the soil, put in their seed, and then wait for results."

"Well," said Moulton, "if they keep down the weeds it will keep them out of mischief anyhow."

"Only Wastin' Your Time! Them Trees Won't Never Do Nothin'"

"And get discouraged in a season if not sooner," I said. "No; we want to help them do more than that—we want them to get results. It won't mean anything to them or to you if they don't."

"Right!" agreed Holt. "Swanson, you're the farmer of the board. It's up to you to instruct them."

Swanson had a fifty-acre farm on which he raised hay with better results than some, simply because his land was better.

"They prob'ly think they know more'n I do now," he answered.

There wasn't much doubt about that, for no one ever has much faith in local authority. Still, I saw the old man was rather proud that the suggestion had been made and I didn't wish to hurt his feelings.

"Mr. Swanson is a busy man," I said. "What we want is some one who can come here and address the club as a club. I thought possibly the state agricultural school might help us out."

Swanson threw up his head at this, like an old warhorse scenting a battle.

"Huh!" he grunted. "What do them fellers know 'bout farmin'? Half of 'em never held a plowhandle!"

"Maybe you're right," I said; "but if it's true I'd like to have one of them down here and show him up."

"What they don't know 'bout farmin' would fill a book," he growled.

"We'll put you down in the audience and let you pop questions at them," I laughed. "Well, it ought to keep up the interest of the club until spring. No harm done anyway! I put the motion that I be instructed to write the school and see what can be done."

"Seconded," chirped in Holt.

Swanson didn't object; so the next day I sent off my letter. In it I told briefly what we had done and what we wished to do, and asked for advice. To my surprise, I received at once an enthusiastic letter from the president himself, asking for a personal interview.

VIII

IN CONVERSATION with a dozen or more of the better farmers of our town, in an endeavor to get at the most important features of what we needed in the way of instruction, I was surprised to find that suspicion of agricultural school methods was general. The farmers looked as much askance at these teachers as they did at college men. They thought them all steeped in book-learning and without practical experience. If they admitted that at the experiment stations these men produced fine results it was only to add: "But thet ain't runnin' a farm, by a long shot!" In some cases farmers had actually sent soil to be analyzed and had followed instructions about seeds and fertilizers—whether accurately or not I don't know, but certainly without gaining confidence in the new methods. This seemed to me a pity for the farmer if he was wrong, and a pity for the taxpayer who was furnishing funds to support these schools, if the farmer was right; so, though I didn't receive much encouragement for this new feature of our enterprise, I went to town to meet the president of the agricultural school, primed with a few opinions that I thought might wake him up, at any rate.

I will call him Dennison. I found him a gentle, scholarly looking man of sixty, with earnest eyes and with an air that impressed me at once of his sincerity. There was, however, about the mouth an expression of weary resignation, as of a man who has fought a long fight without particularly encouraging results. He was very cordial and wanted to hear at once just what our scheme was. I told him briefly how our ultimate hope was to arouse the pioneer spirit in the village, and of the very practical incentive we had given the men to till the soil.

"This prize system," I explained to him, "is only a quick method of getting the community started. It gives the men something tangible to work for. A possible five-hundred-dollar profit is vague and conditional, whereas a hundred dollars deposited in the bank is definite and concrete. They'll work for that."

"I don't know but what you're right," he said as though impressed by the new idea. "At any rate, the experiment is worth fostering. I'll send you down all the speakers you'll listen to."

"Thanks," I said; "but right here is where we must use some judgment. These people are queer and—well, I'll tell you frankly, they haven't much faith in you fellows."

He didn't take offense. He just smiled—a weary, patient kind of smile.

"That's the pity of it," he said.

"And what's the reason of it?"

"I take it you haven't lived long among them yourself," he answered.

"No, I haven't," I said; "but I expect to live among them from now on. I've taken pains to. I've seen a lot of them as it is, because I've taken pains to."

He nodded.

"And I'll give you my own theory first," I said. "What we want down our way is practical men. At this stage we don't want theoretical farmers. We don't want to learn just yet the chemistry of farming, but how to make the most out of our land with the materials at hand. We aren't looking for the best results, but the most practical results. I wish you could teach them how to raise potatoes, hay, corn and garden stuff, with the aid of plain old-fashioned manure, a plain old-fashioned plow, and plain old-fashioned sweat and elbow-grease. The other can come later."

Again he smiled.

"Are you a college man, Mr. Carleton?" he asked.

"No," I answered, wondering what that had to do with it.

Then he took from his bag a catalogue of the school and went over with me the details of the courses given. Though there was a background of considerable theory, I must admit the work also covered about every practical branch of farming of which I had ever heard.

"Don't you think a man who mastered those courses would know something about farming?" he asked.

"He ought to," I said. "It certainly makes me feel as though I'd like to go through the school myself."

"You ought to," he said.

"Well," I said, "you turn out about forty graduates a year at this school. What do most of the boys do?"

"Teach," he answered.

"Most of them come from farms?"

"Yes."

"Few of them go back to the farms?"

"Not many," he answered uneasily; "but some secure positions as farm managers."

"Managers of other people's farms?"

"Yes, of course. Most of the young men have limited means and are without the capital to buy farms of their own."

"But why don't they return to the farms they left before they came to school?"

"I suppose they feel the opportunities there aren't large enough for them."

"Exactly," I said. "Now, Mr. Dennison, I'm not a farmer; I'm a business man. I'm taking hold of the possibilities of this village where I live as a business enterprise. And I'm not a teacher. I'm not in a position to criticise your work here, except as a business man who wants to use some of it to help along his business enterprise; but right here I'd like to say frankly it doesn't seem to me it would pay to hire instruction that ends by making the employee discontented with his work."

"With equal frankness allow me to say I consider that a very narrow way of looking at it," he answered.

"Don't think I'm considering my own pocket," I said. "I'm only general manager for the group represented by the club. What I mean is that what we ourselves particularly want is instruction that will help every man to thrive and gain content on his own land, and won't leave him ambitious to neglect it for a larger enterprise somewhere else. That tendency is just what we're fighting. There's been too much of 'Go West, young man!' Our battlecry is: 'Stay at home, young man!' Honestly now—isn't that what New England needs?"

"Perhaps," he nodded.

"Inspiration to stay at home and compete with the Old World pioneers who are pushing him hard—that's what the native New Englander needs."

"Ah, those foreigners," he sighed—"if I had stuff like that to handle!"

"You might spoil it," I said, laughing in my turn.

"Perhaps you're right," he joined in. "After all there's no substitute for sheer industry."

Well, the upshot of our pleasant argument was that he offered to do all he could to help us in our project.

"In the end," he said, "there are only five essentials in good farming. The first is to determine by analysis what the land lacks—don't get frightened; we'll do that much for you. The second is to supply that lack by proper fertilization. The third is proper selection of seeds. The fourth is proper rotation of crops, so that one crop will put back what the previous crop has taken out. And the fifth is just hard work in keeping the land cultivated. I don't see why, in a general way, that ground couldn't be covered between now and spring. At any rate I'm willing to try it if you'll furnish the enthusiasm."

"I'll do that if I have to hire a brass band," I said.

I didn't need a brass band however. With that prize money in prospect there wasn't a man who dared stay away, for fear the other fellow might secure an advantage over him. We had two lectures a week, open only to members of the club. We tried to make them as informal as possible and at the conclusion of each talk threw the meeting open for questions. Holt took down each lecture in shorthand and I had half a dozen copies made at my own expense. We kept one of these for the club as a matter of record, but the others were at Holt's office, where any member was allowed to take one for not over three days, so that he might copy for himself anything he wished.

It was surprising how soon those typewritten copies became thumb-marked and dog-eared.

The speakers kept true to my requirements and followed substantially the outline laid out by Dennison at our first interview. The first speaker took up the matter of soil and had a difficult task on his hands to convince these men that not all dirt was soil, and that not all soils were the same.

"There's as much difference in land as there is in stock," he said; "and if you want the best returns from land you have to handle it just as tenderly and feed it just as properly as you do stock. The next time you plant a cornfield don't think of it as a field, but as a wellbred cow or horse. Groom it as you would groom your horse or cow, and feed it with the same care. Remember, too, that just as you don't expect your horse to give work or your cow to give milk without supplying the necessary material out of which to make work and make milk, you can't expect your field to give you back corn unless you supply it with the material for making corn. That sounds reasonable—doesn't it? The poor farmer is the only working man in the world except the Wall Street sucker who expects to get something for nothing. Nature supplies most of the elements free of charge, but whatever you take out you have to put back."

Then he went on to explain how different soils need different foods just as much as different kinds of stock need different foods.

"It all depends upon what you want to get back. If you want back eggs you use the food that will make eggs; if you want back fat you use the food that will make fat; if you want back milk you use the food that will make milk; and so on. Now some of your land is already adapted by Nature to supply certain things—corn, wheat, hay, potatoes, and what-not. When that is so use what is given you. If, however, the land hasn't those elements you must supply them, either by fertilizers or by planting a preparatory crop that will use what is already present and leave behind what you want for the final crop."

This likening of land to livestock was a fine idea. It impressed every man in the club. I know that in my own case I had always thought of land as about as fixed and abstract as a problem in geometry. This treating it as something living—as of course it really is—gave a man a new attitude toward it. It made plausible all the theories of care that followed. A man knows he has to feed and care for his livestock. If so, then why not for his land which is also a living thing?

The second man took up the matter of fertilization—the restoring to the land of such elements as had been used up by previous crops and given back to the farmer in the form of produce. It's an amazingly simple proposition when you stop to think about it. It's merely paying back money you've borrowed. If after doing that a profit isn't left you, you can't blame the money.

The third man covered the proper selection of seeds. Like the previous speakers he pleaded for the substitution of horse-sense and care in place of the present haphazard methods. No more than all dirt is land, are all kernels seeds. You must be sure that the seeds you plant are live seeds. The usual method is to plant them, and if you get a crop the seeds were surely alive; if you don't get a crop the seeds were surely dead. But there is no need of risking your season's work on such experiment. Take a sample of fifty from your seeds a month or so before planting time, place these in a box and cover with earth, keep moist and warm and count the number of seeds that sprout. There you have as accurate a method of determining their germinating value as any chemist could give. If the seeds don't come up in a decent percentage get some more. If they do you have insured your crop so far as the seeds are concerned. The whole scheme of modern farming is to eliminate from the beginning all elements of chance so far as possible, which is no more than every modern business man does.

The fourth speaker took up the rotation of crops, which is a somewhat more abstract proposition than the others. It seems that nearly every crop both takes from the land what it needs and gives back, to a certain extent, in its place something else. Nature is no hog and generally pays her way. The whole secret is to alternate your crops so as to take full advantage of this fact. The matter has been reduced to a science.

The fifth speaker dwelt upon the necessity for cultivation—of plowing deep and harrowing often. Here again was something within the understanding of the average man. Your soil and seeds need air and light as much as your livestock. You wouldn't expect a cow to thrive shut up in a dark stall with little air. When you harrow you do no more than throw open the barn windows and let in the sunshine.

I have run over, in this general way, the ground covered by the speakers merely to show how simply and reasonably this subject of businesslike farming can be presented when done right. It is neither an abstract nor a complex study, and the essentials can be brought home to the everyday farmer in a very few months.

Each speaker, moreover—at my suggestion—besides treating his special subject took occasion to talk on farming as a profession—and especially farming in New England. He emphasized the fact that farming was a big business proposition, an honorable calling, and not merely an effort to raise food supplies for the home. They all dwelt on the fact that New England always had been and still was a farming region. Modern conditions, instead of destroying its value as an agricultural country, had really increased that value by giving a larger market. But—they emphasized again and again—hard work is required, concentrated intelligent effort, in order to bring results. This is true of every business. The days of fifty years ago when almost any slipshod method was bound to bring a profit have passed. Farming has been the last business to accept modern business conditions, but the time has now come when it must. Waste can no longer be tolerated here any more than in other forms of business. A man to succeed must husband every resource and use every by-product. As one man said:

"So keen is competition today, so slight a margin of profit is there between competing houses, that very often the man who shows a profit is the man ingenious enough to make it from the by-products which twenty-five years ago were spurned."

One speaker spoke of the Chinese, the tender care they bestow upon a few hundred square feet of land, and the results secured from this.

"Our ancestors were both hard workers and thrifty," said he; "and we must get back to their standards. We in the East have been spoiled as well as despoiled by the West. We have listened to stories of thousand-acre farms, steamplows and million-bushel crops until our own opportunities seem petty by comparison. We have heard of Oregon fruit farms until our own fruit doesn't seem worth cultivating; but that's all wrong. You ought to realize it when, in spite of the million-dollar crops, you find yourselves paying more and more every year for your flour. You ought to realize it whenever you go to the grain mill and pay out your good money for corn that you might as well raise yourselves. As for Oregon apples—don't let them frighten you. If Nature gives them size and color she makes them pay for that in juice and flavor. They look well in boxes, those apples, but the world is learning to buy New England apples to eat. There isn't a better apple country on the globe than New England."

Good, straight talk that, and it had its effect! You could see the audience straighten up and hold themselves the better for it. Every meeting was well attended and there was never the slightest sign of restlessness in the audience, though sometimes the talks lasted nearly two hours.

Meanwhile Ruth in her quiet way was doing as much as the rest of us to keep up interest in the undertaking. She made it a

(Continued on Page 40)

"What They Don't Know 'Bout Farmin' Would Fill a Book"

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XII

WITHIN a week Mr. Madison's illness was a settled institution in the household; the presence of the nurse lost novelty, even to Hedrick, and became a part of life; the day was measured by the three regular visits of the doctor. To the younger members of the family it seemed already that their father had always been sick and that he always would be—indeed, to Cora and Hedrick he had become only a weak and querulous voice beyond a closed door. Doctor Sloane was serious but reassuring, his daily announcement being that his patient was in "no immediate danger."

Mrs. Madison did not share her children's sanguine adaptability; and, of the three, Cora was the greatest solace to the mother's troubled heart, though Mrs. Madison never recognized this without a sense of injustice to Laura, for Laura now was housewife and housekeeper—that is, she did all the work except the cooking; and on washday she did that. But Cora's help was to the very spirit itself, for she was sprightly in these hours of trial—with indomitable gayety she cheered her mother, inspiring in her a firmer confidence; and, most stimulating of all, Cora steadfastly refused to consider her father's condition as serious or its outcome as doubtful. Old Sloane exaggerated, she said; and she made fun of his gravity, his clothes and his walk, which she mimicked till she drew a reluctant and protesting laugh from even her mother. Mrs. Madison was sure she "couldn't get through" this experience, save for Cora who was indeed the light of the house.

Strange perversities of this world—Cora's gayety, the most steadying thing in the threatened house, was almost unbearable to her brother. Not because he thought it either unfeeling or out of place under the circumstances—an aspect he failed to consider—but because years of warfare had so frequently made him connect cheerfulness on her part with some unworthily won triumph over himself that habit prevailed, and he could not be a witness of her high spirits without a strong sense of injury. Additionally, he was subject to a deeply implanted suspicion of any appearance of unusual happiness in her as having source, if not in his own defeat, then in something vaguely "soft" and wholly distasteful. She grated upon him; he chafed, and his sufferings reached the surface. Finally, in a reckless moment one evening at dinner, he broke out with a shout and hurled a newly devised couplet concerning "luv-a-ly slush" at his sister's head. The nurse was present; Cora left the table, and Hedrick later received a serious warning from Laura. She suggested that it might become expedient to place him in Cora's power.

"Cora knows perfectly well that something peculiar happened to you," she advised him. "And she knows that I know what it was; and she says it isn't very sisterly of me not to tell her. Now, Hedrick, there was no secret about it; you didn't confide your—your trouble to me, and it would be perfectly honorable of me to tell it. I won't unless you make me; but if you can't be polite and keep peace with Cora—at least while papa is sick—I think it may be necessary. I believe," she finished with imperfect gravity, "that it—it would keep things quieter."

The thoughts of a boy may be long, long thoughts, but he cannot persistently remember to fear a threatened catastrophe. Youth is too quickly intimate with peril. Hedrick had become familiar with his own, had grown so accustomed to it he was in danger of forgetting it altogether; therefore it was out of perspective. The episode of Lolita had begun to appear as a thing of the distant and clouded past—time is so long at thirteen. Added to this his late immaculate deportment had been, as Laura suggested, a severe strain; the machinery of his nature was out of adjustment and demanded a violent reaction before it could get to running again at average speed. Also, it is evident that his destruction had been planned on high, for he was mad enough to answer flippantly:

"Tell her! Go on and tell her—I give you leaf! *That* wasn't anything anyway—just helped you get a little idiot girl home! What is there to that? I never saw her before; never saw her again; didn't have half as much to do with her as you did yourself. She was a lot more *your* friend than mine; I didn't even know her. I guess you'll have to get something better on me than that before you try to boss *this* ranch, Laura Madison!"

"You Keep Away From That Little Girl!"

That night, in bed, he wondered if he had not been perhaps a trifle rash; but the day was bright when he awoke and no apprehension shadowed his morning face as he appeared at the breakfast table. On the contrary, a great weight had been lifted from him; clearly his defiance had been the proper thing; he had shown Laura that her power over him was but imaginary. Hypnotized by his own words to her, he believed them; and his previous terrors became gossamer—nay, they were now merely laughable. His own remorse and shame were wholly blotted from memory, and he could not understand what on earth he had been afraid of, or why he had felt it so necessary to placate Laura.

She looked very meek this morning. *That* showed! The strong hand was the right policy in dealing with women. He was tempted to insane daring—the rash, unfortunate child waltzed on the lip of the crater.

"Told Cora yet?" he asked with scornful laughter.

"Told me what?" Cora looked quickly up from her plate.

"Oh, nothing about this Corliss," he returned scathingly. "Don't get excited!"

"Hedrick!" remonstrated his mother, out of habit.

"She never thinks of anything else these days," he retorted. "Rides with him every evening in his pe-rin-sley hired machine—doesn't she?"

"Really, you should be more careful about the way you handle a spoon, Hedrick," said Cora languidly and with at least a foundation of fact. "It is not the proper implement for decorating the cheeks. We all need nourishment, but it is so difficult when one sees a deposit of breakfast food in the ear of one's vis-à-vis."

Hedrick too impulsively felt of his ears and was but the worse stung to find them immaculate and the latter half of the indictment unjustified.

"Spoon!" he cried. "I wouldn't talk about spoons if I were you, Cora-lee! After what I saw in the library the other night—believe *me!*—you're the one of this family that better be careful how you handle a spoon!"

Cora had a moment of panic. She let the cup she was lifting drop noisily upon its saucer and gazed whitely at the boy, her mouth opening wide.

"Oh, no!" he went on with a dreadful laugh. "I didn't hear you asking this Corliss to kiss you! Oh, no!"

At this, though her mother and Laura both started, a faint, odd relief showed itself in Cora's expression. She recovered herself.

"You little liar!" she flashed, and with a single quick look at her mother, as of one too proud to appeal, left the room.

"Hedrick, Hedrick, Hedrick!" wailed Mrs. Madison. "And she told me you drove her from the table last night, too, right before Miss Peirce!" Miss Peirce was the nurse, fortunately at this moment in the sick-room.

"I *did* hear her ask him that," he insisted sullenly. "Don't you believe it?"

"Certainly not!"

Burning with outrage, he also left his meal unfinished and departed in high dignity. He passed through the kitchen, however, on his way out of the house; but, finding an unusual politeness to the cook nothing except its own reward, went on his way with a bitter perception of the emptiness of the world and other places.

"Your father managed to talk more last night," said Mrs. Madison pathetically to Laura. "He made me understand that he was fretting about how little we'd been able to give our children—so few advantages; it's always troubled him terribly. But sometimes I wonder if we've done right—we've neither of us ever exercised any discipline. We just couldn't bear to. You see, not having any money, or the things money could buy, to give, I think we've instinctively tried to make up for it by indulgence in other ways; and perhaps it's been a bad thing. But," she added hastily—"not that you aren't all three the best children any mother and father ever had! *He* said so. He said the only trouble was that our children were too good for us." She shook her head remorsefully throughout Laura's natural reply to this—was silent a while; then as she rose she said timidly, and not looking at her daughter: "Of course Hedrick didn't mean to tell an outright lie. They were just talking, and perhaps he—perhaps he heard something that made him think what he *did*. People are so often mistaken in what they hear, even when they're talking right to each other; and ——"

"Isn't it more likely," said Laura gravely, "that Cora was telling some story or incident, and that Hedrick overheard that part of it and thought she was speaking directly to Mr. Corliss?"

"Of course!" cried the mother with instant and buoyant relief; and when the three ladies convened a little later Cora—unquestioned—not only confirmed this explanation but repeated in detail the story she had related to Mr. Corliss. Laura had been quick.

Hedrick passed a variegated morning among comrades; he obtained prestige as having a father like to die; but another boy turned up who had learned to chew tobacco. Then Hedrick was pronounced inferior to others in turning cartwheels, but succeeded in a wrestling match for an apple which he needed. Later he was chased empty-handed from the rear of an ice-wagon, but greatly admired for his retorts to the vociferous chaser; the other boys rightly considered that what he said to the iceman was much more horrible than what the iceman said to him. The iceman had a fair vocabulary, but it lacked pliancy—seemed stiff and fastidious compared with the flexible Saxon in which Hedrick sketched a family tree lacking, perhaps, some plausibility as having produced even an iceman, but curiously interesting zoölogically.

He came home at noon with the flush of this victory new upon his brow. He felt equal to anything, and upon

Cora's appearing at lunch with a blithe, bright air and a new arrangement of her hair, he opened a fresh campaign with ill-omened bravado.

"Earmuffs in style for September—are they?" he inquired in allusion to a symmetrical and becoming undulation upon each side of her head. "Too bad Ray Vilas can't come any more; he'd like those—I know he would."

Cora, who was talking jauntily to her mother, went on without heeding. She affected her enunciation at times with a slight lisp; spoke precisely and over-exquisitely, purposely mincing the letter R, at the same time assuming a manner of artificial distinction and conscious elegance which never failed to produce in her brother the last stage of exasperation. She did this now.

"Charming woman, that dear Mrs. Villard!" she prattled. "I met her downtown this morning. Dear mamma, you should but have seen her delight when she saw me! She was but just returned from Bar Harbor ——"

"'Baw-hawbaw!'" Poor Hedrick was successfully infuriated immediately. "What in thunder is Baw-hawbaw? Mrs. Villawd! Baw-hawbaw! Oh, maw!"

"She had no idea she should find *me* in town, she said," Cora ran on happily. "She came back early on account of the children having to be sent to school. She has such adorable children—beautiful, dimpled babes ——"

"Slush! Slush! Luv-a-ly slush!"

"And her dear son, Egerton Villard, he's grown to be such a comely lad; and he has the most charming, courtly manners—he helped his mother out of her carriage with all the air of a man of the world, and bowed to me as to a duchess. I think he might be a great influence for good if the dear Villards would but sometimes let him associate a little with our unfortunate Hedrick. Egerton Villard is really *distingué*—he has a beautiful head; and if he could be induced to let Hedrick follow him about but a little——"

"I'll beat his beautiful head off for him if he but butts in on me but a little!" Hedrick promised earnestly. "Idiot!"

Cora turned toward him innocently.

"What did you say, Hedrick?"

"I said 'Idiot!'"

"You mean Egerton Villard?"

"Both of you!"

"You think I'm an idiot, Hedrick?" Her tone was calm, merely inquisitive.

"Yes, I do!"

"Oh, no," she said pleasantly. "Don't you think if I were *really* an idiot I'd be even fonder of you than I am?"

It took his breath. In a panic he sat awaiting he knew not what, but Cora blandly resumed her interrupted remarks to her mother, beginning a description of Mrs. Villard's dress; Laura was talking unconcernedly to Miss Peirce—no one appeared to be aware that anything unusual had been said. His breath came back, and summoning his presence of mind he found himself able to consider his position with some degree of assurance. Perhaps, after all, Cora's retort had been merely a coincidence. He went over and over it in his mind, making a pretense meanwhile to be busy with his plate. "If I were *really* an idiot!" . . . It was the "*really*" that troubled him. But for that one word he could have decided that her remark was a coincidence; but "*really*" was ominous—had a sinister ring. "If I were *really* an idiot!" Suddenly the pleasant clouds that had obscured his memory of the fatal evening were swept away as by a monstrous hand—it all came back to him with sickening clearness. So is it always with the sinner with his sin and its threatened discovery. Again, in his miserable mind, he sat beside Lolita on the fence, with the moon shining through her hair; and he knew—for he had often read it—that a man could be punished his whole life through for a single moment's weakness. A man might become rich, great, honored and have a large family; but his one soft sin would follow him, hunt him out and pull him down at last. "*Really* an idiot!" Did that relentless Comanche, Cora, know this thing? He shuddered. Then he fell back upon his faith in Providence.

It *could* not be that she knew! Ah, no! Heaven would not let the world be as bad as that! And yet it did sometimes become negligent—he remembered the case of a baby-girl cousin who fell into the bathtub and was drowned. Providence had allowed that. What assurance had he that it would not go a step farther?

"Why, Hedrick," said Cora, turning toward him cheerfully, "you're not really eating anything; you're only pretending to." His heart sank with apprehension. Was it coming? "You really must eat," she went on. "School begins so soon, you must be strong, you know. How we shall miss you here at home during your hours of work!"

With that the burden fell from his shoulders; his increasing terrors took wing. If Laura had told his ghastly secret to Cora the latter would not have had recourse to such weak satire as this. Cora was not the kind of person to try a popgun on an enemy when she had a thirteen-inch gun at her disposal—so he reasoned; and in the gush of his relief and happiness he responded:

"You're a little too cocky lately, Cora-lee! I wish you were *my* daughter—just about five minutes!"

Cora looked upon him fondly.

"What would you do to me," she inquired with a terrible sweetness, "darling little boy?"

Hedrick's head swam. The blow was square in the face; it jarred every bone; the world seemed to topple. His mother, rising from her chair, choked slightly and hurried to join the nurse who was already on her way upstairs. Cora sent an affectionate laugh across the table to her stunned antagonist.

"You wouldn't beat me, would you, dear?" she murmured. "I'm almost sure you wouldn't—not if I asked you to kiss me some *more!*"

All doubt was gone, the last hope fled! The worst had arrived. A vision of the awful future flamed across his staggered mind. The doors to the arena were flung open—the wild beasts howled for hunger of him; the spectators waited.

Cora began lightly to sing: "'. . . *Dear,*

Would thou wert near
To hear me tell how fair thou art!
Since thou art gone, I mourn all alone,
Oh, my Lolita ——"

She broke off to explain: "It's one of those passionate little Spanish serenades, Hedrick. I'll sing it for your boy friends next time they come to play in the yard. I think they'd like it. When they know why you like it so much I'm sure they will. Of course you *do* like it—you roguish little lover!" A spasm rewarded this demoniacal phrase. "Darling little boy, the serenade goes on like this:

"Oh, my Lolita, come to my heart!
Oh, come, beloved, love, let me press thee,
While I caress thee
In one long kiss, Lolita!
Lolita, come! Let me ——"

Hedrick sprang to his feet with a yell of agony.

"Laura Madison, you tattle-tale," he bellowed, "I'll never forgive you so long as I live! I'll get even with you if it takes a thousand years!"

With that, and pausing merely to kick a rung out of a chair which happened to be in his way, he rushed from the room. His sisters had risen to go, and Cora flung her arms round Laura in ecstasy.

"You mean old viper!" she cried. "You could have told me days ago! It's almost too good to be true! It's the first time in my life I've felt safe from the Pest!"

Laura shook her head.

"My conscience troubles me. It did seem as if I ought to tell you—and mamma thought so too. I gave him warning; but now that I have done it it seems rather mean; and ——"

"No!" exclaimed Cora. "You just gave me a chance to protect myself for once, thank Heaven!" And she picked up her skirts and danced her way into the front hall.

"I'm afraid," said Laura, following, "I shouldn't have done it."

"Oh, Laura," cried the younger girl, "I *am* having the best time these days! This just caps it!" She lowered her voice, but her eyes grew even brighter. "I think I've shown a certain gentleman a few things!"

"Who, dear?"

"Val," returned Cora lightly—"Valentine Corliss. I think he knows a little more about women than he did when he first came here."

"You've had a difference with him?" asked Laura with eager hopefulness. "You've broken with him?"

"Oh, Lord, no! Nothing like that." Cora leaned to her confidentially. "He told me once he'd be at the feet of any woman that could help put through an affair like his oil scheme, and I decided I'd just show him what I could do. He'd talk about it to me; then he'd laugh at me. That very Sunday that I got papa to go in ——"

"He didn't though," said Laura helplessly. "He only said he'd try to—when he gets well."

"It's all the same—and it'll be a great thing for him too," said Cora gayly. "Well, that very afternoon, before Val left, he practically told me I was no good. Of course he didn't use just those words—that isn't his way—but he laughed at me. And haven't I shown him! I sent Richard a note that very night saying papa had consented to be secretary of the company, and Richard had said he'd go in if papa did that; and he couldn't break his word ——"

"I know," said Laura, sighing. "I know."

"Laura"—Cora spoke with sudden gravity—"did you ever know anybody like me? I'm almost getting superstitious about it, because it seems to me I *always* get just what I set out to get. I believe I could have anything in the world if I tried for it!"

"I hope so—if you tried for something good for you," said Laura sadly. "Cora, dear, you will—you will be a little easy on Hedrick, won't you?"

Cora leaned against the newel and laughed until she was exhausted.

XIII

MR. TRUMBLE'S offices were heralded by a neat blazon upon the principal door, "Wade J. Trumble, Mortgages and Loans"; and the gentleman thus comfortably proclaimed, emerging from that door upon a September noontide, burlesqued a start of surprise at sight of a figure unlocking an opposite door which exhibited the name "Ray Vilas," and below it the cryptic phrase "Probate Law."

"Water!" murmured Mr. Trumble, affecting to faint. "You ain't going in *there*—are you, Ray?" He followed the other into the office and stood leaning against a bookcase, his hands in his pockets, while Vilas raised the two windows which were obscured by a film of smoke deposit—there was a thin coat of fine, sifted dust over everything. "Better not sit down, Ray," continued Trumble warningly. "You'll spoil your clothes and you might get a client. That word 'Probate' on the door ain't going to keep 'em out forever. You recognize the old place, I s'pose? You must have been here at least twice since you moved in. What's the matter? Dick Lindley hasn't missionaried you into any idea of *working*, has he? Oh, no *I* see; the Richfield Hotel bar has closed—you've managed to drink it all at last!"

"Have you heard how Old Man Madison is today?" asked Ray, dusting his fingers with a handkerchief.

"Somebody told me yesterday he was about the same. He's not going to get well."

"How do you know?" Ray spoke quickly.

"Stroke too severe. People never recover ——"

"Oh, yes, they do too," said the other.

Trumble began hotly:

"I beg to dif ——" But he checked himself, manifesting a slight confusion. "That is, I know they don't. Old Madison may live a while, if you call that getting well; but he'll never be the same man he was. Doctor Sloane says it was a bad stroke. Says it was induced by heat prostration and excitement. Excitement!" he repeated with a sour laugh. "Yep; I expect a man could get all the excitement he wanted in *that* house, especially if he was her daddy. Poor old man, I don't believe he's got five thousand dollars in the world—and look how she dresses!"

Ray opened a compartment beneath one of the bookcases and found a bottle and some glasses.

"Aha!" he muttered, "our janitor doesn't drink, I perceive. Join me?" Mr. Trumble accepted, and Ray explained cheerfully: "Richard Lindley's got me so cowed I'm afraid to go near any of my old joints. You see he trails me—the scoundrel has kept me sober for whole days at a time, and I've been mortified having old friends see me in that condition; so I have to sneak up here to my own office to drink to Cora now and then. You mustn't tell him. What's she been doing to *you* lately?"

The little man addressed grew red with the sharp, resentful memory.

"Oh, nothing! Just struck me in the face with her parasol on the public street—that's all!" He gave an account of his walk to church with Cora. "I'm through with that girl!" he exclaimed vindictively in conclusion. "It was the damnedest thing you ever saw in your life—right in broad daylight in front of the church! And she laughed when she did it; you'd have thought she was knocking a puppy out of her way. She can't do that to me twice, I tell you! What the devil do you see to laugh at?"

"You'll be round," returned his companion, refilling the glasses, "asking for more the first chance she gives you. Here's her health!"

"I don't drink it!" cried Mr. Trumble angrily. "And I'm through with her for good, I tell you! I'm not your kind; I don't let a girl like that upset me till I can't think of anything else, and go making such an ass of myself that the whole town gabbles about it. Cora Madison's seen the last of *me*, I'll thank you to notice. She's never been half decent to me; cut dances with me all last winter; kept me hanging round the outskirts of every crowd she was in; stuck me with Laura and her mother every time she had a chance; then has the nerve to try to use me so's she can make a bigger hit with a new man! You can bet your head I'm through! She'll get paid though! Oh, she'll get paid for it!"

"How?" laughed Ray.

It was a difficult question.

"You wait and see," responded the threatener feebly. "Just wait and see. She's wild about this Corliss, I tell you," he continued with renewed vehemence. "She's crazy about him; she's lost her head at last ——"

"You mean he's going to avenge you?"

"No, I don't; though he might if she decided to marry him."

"Do you know," said Ray slowly, glancing over his glass at his nervous companion, "it doesn't strike me that Mr. Valentine Corliss has much the air of a marrying man."

"He has the air to *me*," observed Mr. Trumble, "of a darned bad lot! But I have to hand it to him—he's a wizard. He's got something besides his good looks—a man that could get Cora Madison interested in business! In *oil!* Cora Madison! How do you suppose ——"

His companion began to laugh again.

"You don't really suppose he talked his oil business to her, do you, Trumble?"

"He must have. Else how could she ——"

"Oh, no! Cora herself never talks upon any subject but one; she never listens to any other either."

"Then how in thunder did he ——"

"If Cora asks you if you think it will rain," interrupted Vilas, "doesn't she really seem to be asking: 'Do you love me? How much?' Suppose Mr. Corliss is an expert in the same line. Of course he can talk about oil!"

"He strikes me," said Trumble, "as just about the slickest customer that ever hit this town. I like Richard Lindley, and I hope he'll see his fifty thousand dollars again. *I* wouldn't have given Corliss thirty cents."

"Why do you think he's a crook?"

"I don't say that," returned Trumble. "All I know about him is that he's done some of the finest work to get fifty thousand dollars put in his hands that I ever heard of. And all anybody knows about him is that he lived here seventeen years ago, and comes back claiming to know where there's oil in Italy. He shows some maps and papers and gets cablegrams signed Moliterno. Then he talks about selling the old Corliss house here, where the Madisons live, and putting the money into his oil company—he does that to sound plausible; but I have good reason to know that house was mortgaged to its full value within a month after his aunt left it to him! He'll not get a cent if it's sold—that's all! And he's got Cora Madison so crazy over him that she makes life a hell for poor old Lindley until he puts all he's saved into the bubble. The scheme may be all right. How do I know? There's no way to tell without going over there, and Corliss won't let anybody do that—oh, he's got a plausible excuse for it! But I'm sorry for Lindley; he's so crazy about Cora he's soft! And she's so crazy about Corliss *she's* soft! Well, I used to be crazy about her myself, but I'm not soft—I'm not the Lindley kind of loon, thank Heaven!"

"What kind are you, Trumble?" asked Ray mildly.

"Not your kind either," retorted the other, going to the door. "She cut me on the street the other day; she's quit speaking to me. If you've got any money why don't you take it over to the hotel and give it to Corliss? She might start speaking to *you* again. I'm going to lunch!" He slammed the door behind him.

Ray Vilas, left alone, elevated his heels to the sill and stared out of the window a long time at a graveled roof, which presented little of interest. He replenished his glass and his imagination frequently, the latter being so stirred that when—about three o'clock—he noticed the inroads he had made upon the bottle, tears of self-pity came to his eyes. "Poor little drunkard!" he said aloud. "Go ahead and do it. Isn't anything *you* won't do!" And, having washed his face at a basin in a corner, he set his hat slightly upon one side, picked up a walking-stick and departed jauntily and, to the outward eye, quite sober.

Mr. Valentine Corliss would be glad to see him, the clerk at the Richfield Hotel reported after sending up a card; and upon Ray's following the card Mr. Valentine Corliss in person confirmed the message with considerable amusement and a cordiality in which there was some mixture of the quizzical. He was the taller; and the robust manliness of his appearance, his splendid health and boxer's figure offered a sharp contrast to the superlatively lean tippler. Corliss was humorously aware of his advantage: his greeting seemed really to say, "Hello, my funny bug, here you are again!" though the words of his salutation were entirely courteous; and he followed it with a hospitable offer.

"No," said Vilas; "I won't drink with you." He spoke so gently that the form of his refusal, usually interpreted as truculent, escaped the other's notice. He also declined a cigar, apologetically asking permission to light one of his own cigarettes; then, as he sank into a velours-covered chair, apologized again for the particular attention he was bestowing upon the apartment, which he recognized as one of the *suites de luxe* of the hotel. "Parlor, bedroom and bath," he continued with a melancholy smile—"and Lachrimæ, and A Reading From Homer. Sometimes they have The Music Lesson, or Winter Scene, or A Neapolitan Fisher Lad instead of Lachrimæ; but they always have A Reading From Homer. When you opened the door a moment ago I had a very strong impression that something extraordinary would sometime happen to me in this room."

"Well," suggested Corliss, "you refused a drink in it."

"Even more wonderful than that," said Ray, glancing about the place curiously. "It may be a sense of something tragic that already has happened here—perhaps long ago, before your occupancy. It has a pathos."

"Most hotel rooms have had something happen in them," said Corliss lightly. "I believe the managers usually change the door numbers if what happens is especially unpleasant. Probably they change some of the rugs also."

"I feel ——" Ray paused, frowning. "I feel as if some one had killed himself here!"

"Then no doubt some of the rugs *have* been changed."

"No doubt." The caller laughed and waved his hand in dismissal of the topic. "Well, Mr. Corliss," he went on, shifting to a brisker tone, "I have come to make my fortune too. You are Midas. Am I of sufficient importance to be touched?"

Valentine Corliss gave him, sidelong, an almost imperceptibly brief glance of sharpest scrutiny—it was like the wink of a camera shutter—but laughed in the same instant.

"Which way do you mean that?"

"You have been quick," returned the visitor, repaying that glance with equal swiftness, "to seize upon the American idiom. I mean: How small a contribution would you be willing to receive toward your support!"

Corliss did not glance at him; instead, he looked interested in the smoke of his cigar.

"Contribution?" he repeated with no inflection whatever. "Toward my support!"

"I mean, of course, how small an investment in your oil company."

"Oh, anything, anything," returned the promoter with quick amiability.

"We feel we ought to sell all the stock we can."

"All the money you can get?"

"Precisely. It's really a colossal proposition, Mr. Vilas." Corliss spoke with brisk enthusiasm. "It's a perfectly certain enormous profit upon everything that goes in. Prince Moliterno cables me later investigations show that the oil-field is more than twice as large as we thought when I left Naples. He's on the ground now, buying up what he can secretly."

"I had an impression from Richard Lindley that the secret had been discovered."

"Oh, yes; but only by a few, and those are trying to keep it quiet from the others, of course."

"I see. Does your partner know of your success in raising a large investment?"

"You mean Lindley's? Certainly." Corliss waved his hand in light deprecation. "Of course that's something, but Moliterno would hardly be apt to think of it as very large! You see he's putting in about five times that much himself, and I've already turned over to him double it for myself. Still, it counts—certainly; and, of course, it will be a great thing for Lindley."

"I fear," Ray said hesitatingly, "you won't be much interested in my drop for your bucket. I have twelve hundred dollars in the world; and it is in the bank—I stopped there on my way here. To be exact, I have twelve hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty-one cents. My dear sir, will you allow me to purchase one thousand dollars' worth of stock? I will keep the two hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty-one cents to live on—I may need an egg while waiting for you to make me rich. Will you accept so small an investment?"

"Certainly," said Corliss, laughing. "Why not? You may as well profit by the chance as any one. I'll send you the stock certificate—we put them at par. I'm attending to that myself as our secretary, Mr. Madison, is unable to take up his duties."

Vilas took a checkbook and a fountain pen from his pocket.

"Oh, any time—any time!" said Corliss cheerfully.

"Now, I think," returned Vilas quietly. "How shall I make it out?"

"Oh, to me, I suppose," answered Corliss indifferently. "That will save a little trouble, and I can turn it over to Moliterno by cable. I'll give you a receipt ——"

"You need not mind that," said Ray.

"Of course the check itself is a receipt," remarked Corliss, tossing it carelessly upon his desk. "You'll have some handsome returns for that slip of paper, Mr. Vilas."

"In that blithe hope I came," said Ray airily. "I am confident of it. I have my own ways of divination, Mr. Corliss. I have gleams!" He rose as if to go, but stood looking thoughtfully about the apartment again. "Singular impression!" he murmured. "Not exactly as if I'd seen it in a dream; and yet—and yet ——"

"You have symptoms of clairvoyance at times, I take it." The conscious, smooth superiority of the dexterous man playing with an inconsequent opponent resounded in this speech, clear as the humming of a struck bell; and Vilas shot him a single open glance of fire from hectic eyes. For that instant the frailer buck trumpeted challenge.

(Continued on Page 49)

"I Believe I Could Have Anything in the World if I Tried for It!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1913

Farmers' Interest

THE Census indicates about three billion dollars as the amount of farm mortgages outstanding. Probably the average interest paid by farmers on this indebtedness is somewhere between six and seven per cent—but nearer to the former figure than to the latter.

According to the Census report, over seventy per cent of the total farm-mortgage indebtedness of the country is in the Middle Atlantic, East North Central and West North Central groups of states; and in those states borrowers probably pay less than six per cent on farm loans in more cases than they pay over six. Add Oklahoma and Texas, and you have eighty per cent of all farm mortgages; and in Oklahoma and Texas loans are often made at six per cent. In semi-arid belts of the mountain states, to be sure, loans are made at eight and ten per cent; but those states altogether furnish hardly over three per cent of the total of farm mortgages.

President Taft, in his letter to the governors, said eight and a half per cent was the average interest rate paid by farmers. The Secretary of Agriculture says: "Substantially no statistics of rates of interest paid by farmers have been collected in this country since the Census of 1890."

The trouble seems to be that, in guessing at the average rate paid by farmers, the highest rate and the lowest rate are taken and an average struck between the two; but the highest rates affect a very small proportion of the total bulk of loans. Probably the average rate on mortgage loans is between six and seven per cent. What it may be on personal loans nobody really knows.

Where the Fight Begins

AMONG other good works, the Russell Sage Foundation is fighting loan sharks. To that end it has prepared a motion-picture film portraying the experience of a clerk who fell into the hands of a cutthroat lender. In the Foundation's circular describing this film the story begins as follows:

"A clerk, on account of the illness of his child, finds himself in great need of money. He happens to see in the morning paper the alluring advertisement of a loan company, offering confidential loans without security at low rates. He goes to the loan company," and so on.

Of course he sees the alluring advertisement in the morning paper. In the same morning paper he might have found alluring advertisements of quack medicine, consisting mostly of whisky and opium, but guaranteed to cure the little patient at only a dollar and a half for the large bottle and a dollar for the small. If this clerk were convinced that his child's health required change of climate he could find in his morning paper alluring advertisements of fake land agents, offering a fine little farm at merely nominal figures on monthly payments. Or he could discover alluring advertisements of swindling investment concerns that would rob him much more thoroughly than the usurer.

This stricture no longer applies to all morning—or evening—papers. Some of them will no longer go into hand-and-glove partnership with daylight robbers of the poor and ignorant by selling advertising space to them; but a good many others still act as touts for swindlers. Glance over the advertisements in your own morning paper. If they include the bait of loan sharks, quacks and fake investments gauge its editorial pretensions accordingly.

The Nation's Santa Claus

RECENT announcement that Mr. Carnegie had, within the year, transferred one hundred million dollars to the Carnegie Corporation, for benevolent purposes, was occasion for publishing a revised list of the ironmaster's benefactions. The total is one hundred and eighty-three millions. There are fifty millions in libraries scattered over the country, each bearing the name and usually containing the portrait of the donor; twenty millions for the excellent Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, through the vast halls of which one may usually walk in that complete solitude that is so appropriate for the contemplation of great works of art; some twenty millions for education in Great Britain, where probably it will do much good; another twenty millions for colleges in the United States and Canada; seven and a quarter millions for hero funds; twenty-one millions for the really admirable and useful Teachers' Foundation, one of the best of whose activities consists in pointedly criticising colleges that Mr. Carnegie and other multimillionaires are so prodigally endowing. There are four millions for church organs; also four millions for a Relief Fund for Steelworkers—that is, for those whose labor created the one hundred and eighty-three millions!

It is a fine thing that intelligent men of vast wealth, like Mr. Carnegie, cannot keep their money with a good conscience.

In obedience to the moral sense of these times they give much of it away; but as a rule their giving is no more for the highest interests of society than their accumulating was. Their money is derived mainly from the half-helpless mass at the bottom of society. They apply it mainly for uplifting at the top!

Making a Constitution

IN TENNESSEE a resolution for a constitutional amendment must be passed by a two-thirds majority in both houses of the legislature at two consecutive sessions before it can be submitted to the people.

That was the old style. All our older constitutions—state and Federal—were framed in pious terror of the "unthinking mob." The framers were so certain of their own wisdom, and so incurably suspicious of everybody else's wisdom, that one of their primary objects was to make any amendment of the constitution as difficult as possible.

Following Ohio's contagious example, Tennessee is now moving for a revision of her organic law. In Illinois an agitation to the same end is springing up. Undoubtedly other old states in which there is an effective progressive leaven will strive either for wholesale revision through a convention or for important amendments.

Every constitution a generation old, that has not been changed in important particulars, certainly needs amendment; for not only have there been important changes in social conditions but this day's social thought is decidedly different from that of a generation ago.

Constitutions will be revised—and we hope the basic error of the old ones will be avoided. The old framers were sure they had the last word to say, and put it into the organic law.

Some new framers think they have the last word to say, and would put it into the organic law also. No details should go into a constitution, for details change from day to day. Make the constitution as broad and general as possible, leaving details to the statutes.

The Life-Insurance Agent

WE HAVE been hearing from the life-insurance agent in large numbers ever since we published a very innocent editorial on Wisconsin's scheme to furnish life insurance at cost—that is, with no commissions to agents.

The agent's commission, writes President Peabody, of the Mutual Life, amounts to less than half of the first year's premium; and, though "the state of Wisconsin may furnish insurance at cost, the cost will be higher than in the best mutual companies. What may be saved in agents' commissions will be more than offset in other directions. Fixed charges—salaries, rents, and so on—are relatively higher the smaller the company. The Wisconsin enterprise is merely a small company, conducted by the state, which guarantees nothing. For more than forty years the British government has conducted an industrial insurance business through the post-office, with every postmaster and mail carrier authorized to receive applications, but not upon commission.

"The government has less insurance in force today than a single industrial company will write in a year. New Zealand transacts life-insurance business, but the Australian Mutual Provident writes more business in New Zealand, and at lower net cost, than the government itself."

The point we attempted to make was that we pay the life-insurance agent for persuading us to do something that we know perfectly well we ought to do. President Peabody's foreign illustrations go to confirm our opinion that a large majority of men will still wait for the agent—and pay him for arguing them into doing what they already know to be for their best interests.

The Weak Heart

AN INTERESTING British report suggests that science has prolonged the lives of very young city folks, but not of the middle-aged. A series of tables compiled from reports of the Register-General and covering seventy years shows that for males between five and ten years of age the deathrate has declined sixty-four per cent, while for those between forty-five and fifty-five years of age it has declined only three per cent—and for the next decade there is an actual increase of mortality. For both men and women between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five there is no decrease in the deathrate. Doctor Newsholme finds that for both men and women in this period of middle life diseases of the heart and blood-vessels were registered as the causes of about one-third of the total deaths.

Apparently, then, for those who reach middle life in fairly good physical condition the heart is the chief source of danger. Fortunately everybody knows that excessive use of intoxicants and tobacco and coffee weaken the heart.

At this season, when New Year's vows are falling like leaves of autumn, we abstain from urging anybody to stop drinking or smoking or overindulgence in coffee. Go ahead if you think your heart will stand it!

Restricting Immigration

PROBABLY the time has come to restrict immigration by applying a literary test; but, of late, immigration has been a much smaller factor in affecting population than many people suppose. Figures for 1912 are not yet made up; but we received apparently over a million and a quarter aliens, against nine hundred thousand in 1911 and a million and a quarter in 1910. These are large figures; but of late years the outflow—aliens returning home—has been very large also. In the last fiscal year the net gain in population by immigration was only four hundred thousand, and the year before that only five hundred thousand. In the calendar year just closed about five hundred thousand aliens went back home. In 1908, it will be remembered, the outflow was actually larger than the inflow, and we lost population by the homeward movement of immigrants.

In five years our net gain has been about two and a half millions; so that the average annual increase of population by immigration has amounted to about one-half of one per cent—by no means an alarmingly large admixture of aliens. Immigration from 1840 to 1850, and from 1850 to 1860, and from 1880 to 1890, amounted to more than ten per cent of the total population at the beginning of each period. Relatively it was twice as great as the immigration of the last five years.

The outflow is one factor that balances immigration. If times grow dull and employment becomes uncertain, or if the immigrant is uninspired by a desire for American citizenship, he now goes back home.

Conservation Leaning Backward

THE national forests contain about one-fifth of the standing timber of the country, but furnish only one-eightieth of the annual cut. The amount that could be cut from them each year without exceeding the gain by growth is over six billion feet. A large part of the stand of national forest timber is now ripe for the ax; so the sooner it is cut the greater will be the production of new timber by growth and the less the waste through decay.

The foregoing is taken from the recent annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. It shows what a poor business man Uncle Sam is.

To be sure, the law provides that timber from national forests may be sold to homesteaders and settlers in the vicinity for their own use at actual cost; also that it may be sold for the market under conditions very carefully prescribed, with a view to preventing monopolization. But under these carefully prescribed conditions the Government succeeded in selling last year only one-tenth of the ripe product it had on hand—product that deteriorates the more the longer it stands.

The country uses roughly forty billion feet of lumber a year. Lumber prices have been steadily advancing for a dozen years. At the same time the country produces in its own public forests six billion feet of timber a year and cuts only a tenth of it—letting the rest stand and deteriorate. If that is not bad business where will you find any? It would take Morgan perhaps half a day to devise practicable means of getting that ripe—and decaying—timber to a market that is hungry for it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Man Who Made France Sit Up and Take Notice

The French for Hearst

THERE are two great yellow journalists in France and any number of journalists who are yellow. There is a distinction that may not be so apparent as it is real. However, a French journalist is a French journalist—and that about covers the case.

When it comes to yellow journalists, though, with the objective in its proper place of "qualification," Paris has a couple who are wonders in their way. They do stunts in front of and in that Matin office on the Boulevard that our primest yellows have never had the nerve to tackle—stunts in the shape of self-exploitation and advertisement; and the way that paper recommends itself makes even Mr. Hearst seem modest!

However, M. Lauzanne, the director of the Matin, can go until another time. He isn't the pioneer of the lot, anyhow, and is not half so interesting as M. Jean Dupuy who is the boy who showed them all the way, and who has a chance—a chance of being elected president of France at the election they are holding this month. He is a candidate, and he has a French reputation of getting what he goes after. He may not get the presidency, but he will try to get it; and of all the candidates he is most worthy of celebration, for he is less like a Frenchman than any Frenchman of your acquaintance or mine.

Paris editors are mysterious personages. They set a mark themselves, showing their own estimate of their importance; and they conduct their affairs to give the impression that the degree of importance they have attached to themselves is the real degree. There isn't an editor in France who will not admit calmly that he is the most essential prop of the government, and that he makes and unmakes ministries at his pleasure—except, of course, the royalist editors of the Bonapartist and other sheets, who cannot make ministries, but who can unmake them, as they will inform you in great detail.

It is as hard to see the editor of a big Paris paper as it is to see the most secluded personage in any European country, unless you happen to know the favorite cafés of the editors, where they may be seen on occasion by the simple expedient of sitting down and buying a *café au lait*, price forty centimes. That seems a reasonably small price for the privilege of gazing at these government shifters; and some of them frequent places where it can be done for thirty centimes—which, I take it, is dirt cheap. If proper negotiations are conducted it may cost you forty centimes additional for the refreshment of the great editor; but that rarely happens. No great editor can afford to have a mere foreigner buy a *café au lait* for him. He allows the members of his staff to do that out of their wages.

How a Tipstaff Became an Editor

OF COURSE there are exceptions to this. There is M. Hebrard, for example—really the most important editor in France, who runs the Temps. He goes to a café where *café au lait* costs seventy-five centimes, being quite a toff; but the proposition is equalized by the fact that some of the great editors of Paris go to no cafés at all, because they haven't the price—nor their staffs—and there you are! You see, papers are born and papers die in Paris with great frequency. A brilliant idealist starts one, having no collateral, to any extent, beyond his ideals. Naturally the printer refuses to take ideals in payment for ink and paper; and thus many a wonderful exponent of public opinion expires after a few issues—when, if the printer had been properly appreciative, it might have become another Petit Parisien.

This brings us round again to the pioneer yellow journalist of France, M. Jean Dupuy, owner and director of the Petit Parisien, which claims—probably justly—that it has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world newspaper! The men at the office say they circulate fifteen hundred thousand copies every day, and they undoubtedly do. Inasmuch as circulation is the true and only test of the abilities of an editor, the Petit Parisien is a great newspaper, and the proprietor thereof, M. Jean Dupuy, is a great editor.

Also, he is a remarkable editor. There is no record, so far as I can discover, that he ever wrote an editorial article, ever wrote a news story or a paragraph. He has delivered some speeches; but they say he never wrote one in his life. Nor has he bothered with the work of editing in the accepted sense. The province of M. Jean Dupuy is to have ideas, and his transcendent abilities lie in the skill he has in selecting men to carry those ideas out. Why need he bother to write? He can hire men to write—and does. He tells them what to write; and if they do not write what he wants he very soon gets others who will. At the office of the Petit Parisien they are so scared of M. Jean they shiver apprehensively when you ask about his characteristics. You see, M. Jean has a system. He knows his limitations, and he purposely keeps under cover so those shortcomings may not be apparent to the rank and file. When he makes a speech he sees to it that none of his brilliant speech writers waste any of their brilliancy on it. He demands a plain, matter-of-fact statement—dull even for a Frenchman; for he has capitalized his early reputation for shrewd hardheadedness and common sense. No oratorical flubdub for M. Jean. He aspires to be considered a safe, solid, even stolid, man.

He got that reputation early in life. He was born in 1844, and got his education at the common schools. At about eighteen he began to "pick up" law, and he gathered enough of it to become a *huissier*, an attaché of the sheriff's office who serves writs and other legal papers—a sort of deputy sheriff. If a *huissier* is a hustler he can do a little law practicing on the side, and that is what Dupuy did. He cultivated the reputation of being level-headed. He left the ordinary French enthusiasms and explosions for others. He was the safe and sane young *huissier* of his community. He had common sense for sale, and he sold a lot of it combined with his knowledge of law.

The newspapers of Paris in the early eighties were curious affairs. Mostly they were very literary, very dull, carrying long political articles and dissertations on art, and so forth, printing only an occasional news paragraph. The Petit Journal was the exception. It ran continued fiction stories—shockers, with a thrill at the end of each installment—and had a lively boulevard article or two each day. Dupuy, coming from the lower middle class himself, decided that the lower middle class, being most numerous, would be the best asset for a newspaper; and he bought the Petit Parisien in 1886, a paper that, up to the time he got it, was typically French. He wasn't a writer—nor was he an editor. He knew what he wanted, however, and he knew what his proposed constituency wanted. He looked round and hired men to carry out his ideas.

Then he proceeded to make the Petit Journal, with its continued fiction and its lively *feuilleton* or two, and its theatrical critiques, and its gossip of the boulevards, look like a tract! Where the Petit Journal had one shock to an installment of its fiction, Dupuy ordered seven. He cut loose on the editorials and slashed right and left in big type, and with italics and quarts of squawks. He "played up" crime and scandal, and featured blood-and-thunder stories. Also, he put news—almost an unknown commodity in the Paris press—in his paper, and was the first editor to give much space to foreign affairs. He was the original yellow journalist of France.

He was immediately successful. The circulation of the Petit Parisien began to jump. Dupuy proved himself a circulation genius. He said, when he began, that there would not be a corner in France where his paper could not be bought at an exact moment each day; and to accomplish this he prints scores of editions and rushes them out to all parts of the Republic. One of his pet schemes is his flying brigade—a company of about thirty bicyclists, who are captained and officered and uniformed. When the circulation of the Petit Parisien begins to drop in any locality the bicycle brigade appears, distributes large quantities of the paper, which for the time pays particular attention, in a news and feature way, to the locality that is lagging, and jumps his circulation right back again. This bicycle brigade is always in going order. Dupuy, a man of tremendous energy, directs all that end of his paper, as well as the editorial policy. When he reached fifteen hundred thousand circulation he came out of his shell far enough to give his staff a champagne supper. That was the first time the majority of the men who work for him had ever seen him.

With such a lever as his paper, he began to do things in politics. In 1911 he was elected to the Senate from the Hautes-Pyrénées District. He moved into the Senate and began to move it as he moved his paper. It was soon discovered he was able to get things done, because he knew how to do things and how to get others to do things, which is an equally valuable attribute. When the present ministry was formed he was made Minister of Public Works, and that isn't so bad for a man who went into politics only a few years ago! Now he has his mind set on the presidency. He may not get it, but the informed politicians of France say he has a fair chance. The obstacle is that he has so long cultivated the heavy, stolid, common-sense idea of himself that a good many people think he is too much like the present president Fallières.

The country wants a president who can sparkle a bit and be saucy. Fallières has made no hit with his farmer ways—except among the farmers.

Still, it will be interesting to watch Dupuy. He has that fifteen hundred thousand daily circulation, you know—and he has a way of getting what he goes after!

Pressing His Luck

AN ENGLISH bookmaker was approached by a colleague who sought some advice.

A bettor on the races had paid the man who wanted the advice twenty-five pounds on a wager, and next day, in a fit of absent-mindedness, had paid the bet a second time.

"What shall I do?" asked the distressed bookie.

"Awsk him for it again!" advised the other.

A Last Resort

A NEW YORK reporter was sent to Lakewood, New Jersey, once upon a time to get an interview with John D. Rockefeller.

He spent two pleasant weeks at Lakewood, but returned without the interview.

His managing editor and his city editor called him in, and the managing editor said:

"What did you do down there?"

"Why," the reporter replied, "I exhausted every effort to get an audience with Mr. Rockefeller, but I was not successful."

"But what did you do specifically?"

"I sent in my card, tried to get at him when he was golfing, and used various other expedients; but I couldn't reach him."

"Is that all you did?"

"No, sir. As a last resort I hid myself in the shrubbery on the lawn and made a noise like a dividend; but even then he refused to come out!"

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You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a $100 or $200 instrument—any Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home will play every record in the Victor catalog, and will give you almost as perfect music as the Victrola XVI, the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

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Open needle valves slightly (you needn't remove gasoline. Priming enough to clear channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.
See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain.

Solve Cold Weather Starting Problems

They start any motor—no matter how cold its cylinders—on the first quarter turn.

It's harder to start a motor this winter than it was last; everyone knows that.

Some form of priming is absolutely necessary with the lower test gasoline.

Cold cylinders "kill" the lean mixture from a carburetor. It won't rise to the spark.

Champion Priming Plugs envelop the firing points with a rich gas; ignition is certain on the coldest, rawest days.

They do what ordinary priming cups can't do; produce the gas and the spark together.

Look at the picture and you'll see that the gasoline is not freed till it reaches the plug's base. This brings it right where it is needed.

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THE GIRL WITH THE RED FEATHER

(Continued from Page 11)

and hurried him over and between unseen obstacles. There seemed to be no method of locomotion to which he was not urged—climbing, crawling, running, edging in between seeming Gibraltars of lumber. From a low pile she leaped to a higher, and on up until they were thirty feet above the ground; then it seemed to amuse her to jump from pile to pile until they reached earth again. Running over uneven lumber piles in the dark, handicapped by an absurd ulster, does not make for ease, grace or security—and wet lumber has a disagreeable habit of being slippery.

They trotted across an open space and crept under a shingle shed.

"Good place to rest," panted Nellie—and he dropped down beside her on some loose bundles. The rain fell monotonously upon the low roof of their shelter.

"That's a pretty picture," said the girl dreamily.

Burgess, breathing like a husky bellows, marveled at her. What had interested her was the flashing of electric lamps from the tops of the lumber piles, where the pursuers had formed a semicircle and were closing in on the spot where the quarry had disappeared. They were leaping from stack to stack, shooting their lamps ahead.

"The lights dancing round that way are certainly picturesque," observed Burgess. "Whistler would have done a charming nocturne of this. I doubt whether those fellows know what a charm they impart to the mystical, moist night. The moving pictures ought to have this. What's our next move?" he asked, mopping his wet face with his handkerchief.

"I've got to get Bob out of the office and then take a long jump. And right here's a good time for you to skedaddle. You can drop into the alley back of this shed and walk home."

"Thanks—but nothing like that! I've got to see you married and safely off. I'd never dare look Gordon in the face if I didn't."

"I thought you were like that," she said gently, and his heart bounded at her praise. She stole away into the shadows, and he stared off at the dancing lights where the police continued their search.

Far away the banker saw the aura of the city, and he experienced again a sensation of protest and rebellion. He wondered whether this was the feeling of the hunted man—the man who is tracked and driven and shot at! He, Webster G. Burgess, had been the target of a bullet; and, contrary to every rule of the life in which he had been reared, he was elated to have been the mark for a detective's gun. He knew that he should feel humiliated—that he owed it to himself, to his wife waiting for him at home, to his friends, to society itself, to walk out and free himself of the odium that would attach to a man of his standing who had run with the hare when his place by all the canons was with the hounds. And then, too, this low-browed criminal was not the man for a girl like Nellie to marry—he could not free himself of that feeling.

As he pondered thus she stole back to his hiding-place. The ease, lightness and deftness with which she moved amazed him; he had not known she was near until he heard Drake's heavier step beside her.

"Bob's here, all right. We must march again," she said.

She explained her plan and the three started off briskly, reached a fence—the world seemed to be a tangle of fences!—and dropped over into a coalyard. Burgess was well muddled again, but Nellie never hesitated. It had grown colder; heavier clouds had drifted across the heavens and snow began to fall. They reached the farther bound of the coalyard safely; and as they were about to climb out a dog yelped and rushed at them.

"I forgot about that dog! Over, quick! The watchman for this yard is probably over there playing with the police, or else he's hiding himself," said Nellie.

This proved to be the most formidable fence of the series for Burgess, and his companions got him over with difficulty just as the dog snapped at his legs. They landed in a tangle of ice-covered weeds and lay still a moment. Bob was in bad humor, and kept muttering and cursing.

"Chuck it, Bob!" said Nellie softly.

They were soon jumping across the railroad switches and could see the canal's long vistas stretching toward the city, marked by a succession of well-lighted bridges.

"They'll pinch us here! Nellie, you little fool, if you hadn't locked me in that office I'd 'a' been out o' this!"

He swore under his breath and Burgess cordially hated him for swearing at the girl. But, beyond doubt, the pursuers had caught the scent and were crossing the coalyard. They heard plainly the sounds of men running and shouting. Bob seized Nellie and there was a sharp tussle.

"For God's sake, trust me, Bob! Take this; don't let him have it!" And she thrust a revolver into Burgess' hand. "Better be caught than that! Mind the bank here and keep close together. Good dog he's eating the cops!" And she laughed her delicious mirthful laugh as the dog in the coalyard attacked his later visitors. A pistol banged and the dog barked no more.

The three were now on the ice of the canal, spreading out to distribute their weight. The day had been warm enough to soften the ice and it cracked ominously as the trio sped along. Half a dozen bridges were plainly in sight toward the city and Burgess got his bearings again. Four blocks away was his motor and the big car was worth making a break for at any hazard. They stopped under the second bridge and could hear the enemy charging over the tracks and out upon the ice. A patrol wagon clanged on a bridge beyond the coalyard and a whistle blew.

A sergeant began bawling orders and half a dozen men were sent to reconnoiter the canal. As they advanced they swept the banks with their electric lamps and conferred with scouts flung along the shores. The snow fell steadily.

"We can't hold this much longer," said Nellie; and as she spoke there was a wild shout from the party advancing over the ice. The lamps of several policemen shot wildly into the sky and there were lusty bawls for help.

"A bunch of fat cops getting their feet wet!" chuckled the girl, hurrying on.

They gained a third bridge safely, Nellie frequently admonishing Bob to stick close to her. It was clear enough to Burgess that Drake wanted to be rid of him and the girl and take charge of his own destiny. Burgess had fallen behind and was feeling his way under the low bridge; Nellie was ahead, and the two men were for the moment flung together.

"Gi' me my gun! I ain't goin' to be pinched this trip. Gi' me the gun!"

"Keep quiet; we're all in the same boat!" panted Burgess, whose one hundred and seventy pounds, as registered on the club scales that very day after luncheon, had warned him that he was growing pulpy.

The rails on the bank began to hum, and a switch engine, picking up cars in the neighboring yards, puffed along the bank. Burgess felt himself caught suddenly round the neck and was thrown violently on his back. He struggled to free himself, but Bob gripped his throat with one hand and snatched the revolver from his pocket with the other. It was all over in a minute. The rattle of the train drowned the sound of the attack, and when Nellie ran back to urge them on Burgess was just getting on his feet and Bob had vanished.

"I couldn't stop him—he grabbed the gun and ran," Burgess explained. "He must have jumped on that train."

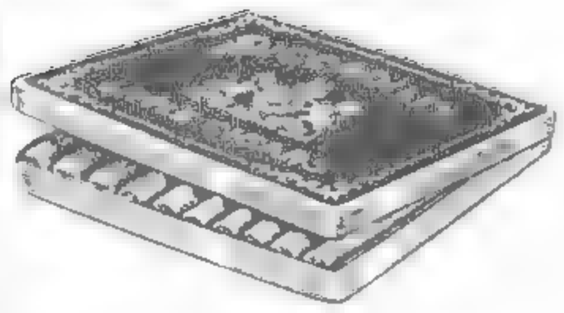
"Poor Bob!" She sighed deeply; a sob broke from her. Her arms went round Burgess' neck. "Poor Bob! Poor old Bob!"

The locomotive bell clanged remotely. It was very still, and Mr. Webster G. Burgess, president of the White River National Bank, stood there under a canal bridge with the arms of a sobbing girl round his neck! Under all the circumstances it was wholly indefensible, and the absurdity of it was not lost upon him. Drake had bolted, and all this scramble with the ex-convict and his sweetheart had come to naught.

"He'll get away; he was desperate and he didn't trust me. He didn't even wait for the money Gordon sent me!"

"Oh!"—she faltered, and her breath was warm on his cheek—"that wasn't Drake!"

"It wasn't Drake?" Burgess blurted. "Not Drake?"



Short Talks on Short Smokes

No. 4

by

W. H. O'BRIEN

SEVERAL weeks ago I published in *The Saturday Evening Post* an announcement telling of the origin of Piccadilly Little Cigars.

At the close of this announcement, I invited any man whose dealer did not carry Piccadilly to send me ten cents for a post-paid box of ten.

Hundreds of men answered my advertisement. They were bankers, lawyers, business men, railroad men, men in all walks of life and from all parts of the country.

I have followed up these inquiries and have received enough answers from them to be able to say that every one of these test cases was highly pleased with Piccadilly.

I think I am safe in saying that 999 men out of every thousand who try Piccadilly will become permanent smokers of this little cigar. I say this for two reasons: First, because I know that Piccadilly contains the highest quality it is possible to put into a little cigar; second, my knowledge of its quality and my belief in its ability to please are being justified daily by the many new friends Piccadilly is making. The secret of

PICCADILLY
LITTLE CIGARS

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W. H. O'Brien

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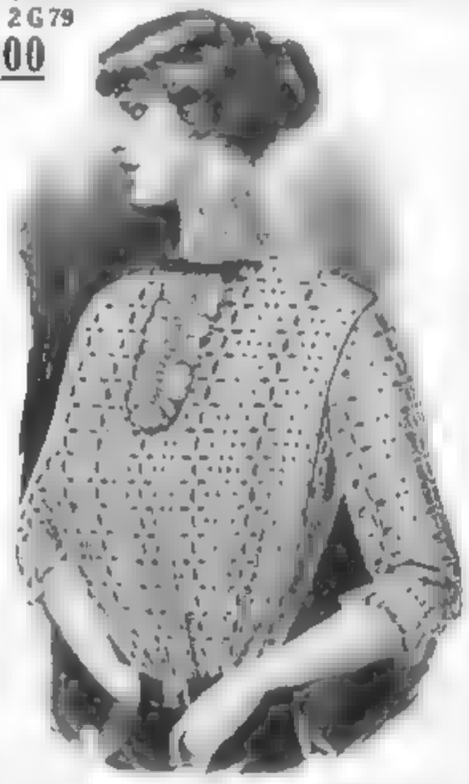

2G79. A Smart Blouse [illegible] of fine lawn in shade of rose of Cluny [illegible] white piping on edge, and the dainty short sleeves, which are of embroidery to match body of waist, end in a chic cuff effect of Cluny lace insertion, with a dotted Val lace ruffle. The jabot which trims front of waist [illegible]. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Price, Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $1.00

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"No; it was Bob, my stepbrother. He got into trouble in Kentucky and came here to hide, and I was trying to help him; and I'll miss Robert—and you've spoiled your clothes—and they shot at you!"

"It was poor shooting," said Burgess critically as the wet red feather brushed his nose; "but we've got to clear out of this or we'll be in the patrol wagon in a minute!"

It was his turn now to take the initiative. His first serious duty was to become a decent, law-abiding citizen again, and he meant to effect the change as quickly as possible. He began discreetly by unclasping the girl's arms.

"Stop crying, Nellie—you did the best you could for Bob; and now we'll get out of this and tackle Drake's case. When that wagon that's coming has crossed this bridge we'll stroll over to Senate Avenue, where my car's waiting, and beat it."

IV

THE policemen had been pried out of the ice and the search continued, though the snap seemed to have gone out of it. The scouting party had scattered among the grim factories along the railway tracks. Bob had presumably been borne out of the zone of danger and there was nothing more to be done for him.

They waited to make sure they were not watched and then crawled up the bank into Vevay Street. The rapidly falling snow infolded them protectingly. Now that life had grown more tranquil Burgess became conscious that the scratch above his left ear had not ceased tingling. It was with real emotion that Webster G. Burgess reflected that he had escaped death by a hair's breadth. He meant to analyze that emotion later at his leisure. The grazing of his head by that bullet marked the high moment of his life; the memory of it would forever be the chief asset among all his experiences. There was a wet line down his cheek to his shirt collar that he had supposed to be perspiration; but his handkerchief now told another story. He turned up the collar of his buttonless ulster to hide any tell-tale marks of his sins and knocked his battered cap into shape. Glancing down at Nellie, he saw that the red feather had not lost its jauntiness, and she tripped along placidly, as though nothing unusual had happened; but as they passed opposite the Murdock house, where a lone policeman patrolled the walk, her hand tightened on his arm and he heard her saying, as though to herself:

"Goodby, house! Goodby, dad and mother! I'll never be back any more."

Burgess quickly shut the door of the tonneau upon Nellie; he had cranked the machine and was drawing on the chauffeur's gauntlets, which he had found in the driver's seat, when the druggist ran out and accosted him.

"Hello, Miller! Seen anything of my chauffeur?"

"I guess he's out with the police," the man answered excitedly; "they've been chasing a bad man over there somewhere. Two or three people have been shot. There was a woman mixed up in the scrimmage, but she got away."

"Yes; it was a big fight—a whole gang of toughs! I took a short dash with the police myself, and fell over a dead man and scratched my ear. No, thanks; I'll fix it up later. By-the-way, when my man turns up you might tell him to come home—if that harmonizes with his own convenience." He stepped into the car. "Oh, has the plumber fixed that drain for you yet? Well, the agent ought to look after such things. Call me up in a day or two if he doesn't attend to it."

It was rather cheering, on the whole, to be in the open again, and he lingered, relishing his freedom, his immunity from molestation. The very brick building before which he stood gave him a sense of security; he was a reputable citizen and property owner—not to be trifled with by detectives and policemen. A newspaper reporter whom he knew jumped from a passing street car, recognized him and asked excitedly where the bodies had been taken.

"They're stacked up like cordwood," answered Burgess, "over in the lumber-yard. Some of the cops went crazy and are swimming in the canal. Young lady—guest of my wife—and I came over to look after a sick family, and ran into the show. I joined the hunt for a while, but it wasn't any good. You'll find the survivors camped along the canal bank waiting for reënforcements."

He lighted a cigarette, jumped in and drove the car toward home for half a dozen

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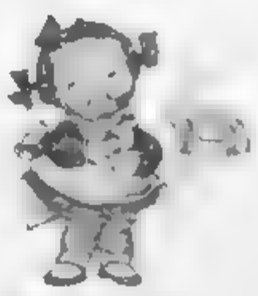

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blocks—then lowered the speed so that he could speak to the girl. He was half sorry the adventure was over; but there yet remained his obligation to do what he could for Drake—if that person could be found.

"You must let me go now," said Nellie earnestly; "the police will wake up and begin looking for me, and you've had trouble enough. And it was rotten for me to work you to help get Bob off! You'd better have stayed in the house; but I knew you would help—and I was afraid Bob would kill somebody. Please let me out right here!"

Her hand was on the latch.

"Oh, never in this world! I have no intention of letting the police take you—you haven't done anything but try to help your brother, like the fine girl you are; and that's all over. Where's Drake?"

Her gravity passed away instantly and her laugh greeted his ears again. He was running the car slowly along a curb, his head bent to hear.

"Listen! Robert telephoned just as I was leaving the office. I told him to keep away from the house. When I saw you in the bank I knew Bob was here, but I thought he'd be out of the way; but he wouldn't go until dark, and I would have telephoned you but I was afraid. I really meant to tell you at the house that Robert wasn't there and wouldn't be there; but Bob was so ugly I made you go with us, because I wanted your help. I thought if they nailed us you would pull Bob through. And now you don't really mind—do you?" she concluded tearfully.

"Well, what about Drake? If he's still ——"

She bent closer and he heard her murmurous laugh again.

"I told Robert I'd meet him at the courthouse—by the steps nearest the police station—at seven o'clock. That's the safest place I could think of."

Burgess nodded and the machine leaped forward.

"We've got ten minutes to keep that date, Nellie. But I'm going to be mighty late for dinner!"

V

AS NELLIE jumped from the car at the courthouse a young man stepped out of the shadows instantly. Only a few words passed between them. Burgess opened the door for them and touched his hat as he helped them into the machine. He slammed the door upon them, took his seat and snapped on the electric bulb in the tonneau. Glancing round when he had started the car, Burgess saw that Drake had clasped Nellie's hand; and there was a resolute light in the young man's eyes—his face had the convict's pallor, but he looked sound and vigorous. On the whole, Robert Drake fulfilled the expectations roused by Gordon's letter—he was neatly dressed, and his voice and manner bespoke the gentleman. One or two questions put by the banker he answered reassuringly. He had reached the city at five o'clock and had not been interfered with in any way.

As they rolled down Washington Street a patrol wagon passed them, moving slowly toward the police station. Burgess fancied there was dejection in the deliberate course of the wagon homeward, and he grinned to himself; but when he looked round Nellie's face was turned away from the street toward the courthouse clock, to which she had drawn Drake's attention as the wagon passed.

"Are you and Nellie going to be married? That's the first question."

"Yes, sir; it's all on the square. There's a lawyer here who got me out of a scrape once and helped me get the license. If you'll take us to a minister—that's all we want."

"Oh, the minister will be easy!"

"Now," he said as they reached his home, "come along with me and do exactly what I tell you. And don't be scared!"

The evening had been full of surprises, but he meant now to cap the series of climaxes that had mounted so rapidly with another that should give perfect symmetry to the greatest day of his life. They entered the house through a basement door and gained the second floor by the back stairs. Nora, his wife's maid, came from one of the rooms and he gave her some orders.

"This is Miss Murdock. She's just come in from a long journey and I wish you would help her touch up a bit. Go into Mrs. Burgess' room and give her anything she needs. She has lost her bag, and has to be off again in half an hour; so fix up a suitcase for her—you'll know how. It will be all right with Mrs. Burgess. How far's the dinner got? Just had salad? All right. Come with me, Drake."

In his own dressing room he measured the young man with his eye. Mindful of Gordon's injunction that Drake might be picked up by the police, he went into the guest room, tumbled over the effects of the Bishop of Shoshone and threw out a worn sackcoat, a clerical waistcoat and trousers, and handed them to his guest.

Webster G. Burgess prided himself on being able to dress in ten minutes; in fifteen on this occasion he not only refreshed himself with a shower but tended his bruises and fitted a strip of invisible plaster to the bullet scratch above his ear. His doffed business suit and ulster he flung into the laundry basket in the bathroom; then he went into the guest room to speak to Drake.

"It was bully of you to stand by Nellie in her trouble!" said Drake with feeling. "I guess you came near getting pinched."

"Oh, it was nothing," remarked Burgess, shooting his cuffs with the air of a gentleman to whom a brush with cops is only part of the day's work.

"Nellie told me about it, coming up in the machine. I guess you're a good sport, all right."

Webster G. Burgess was conscious of the ex-convict's admiration; he was not only aware that Drake regarded him admiringly but he found that he was gratified by the approbation of this man who had cracked safes and served time for it.

"Nellie is a great girl!" said Burgess, to change the subject. "I believe you mean to be good to her. You're a mighty lucky boy to have a girl like that ready to stand by you! Here's some money Gordon asked me to give you. And here's something for Nellie, a check—one thousand—Saxby will cash it for you at New Orleans. Please tell your wife tomorrow that it's my wife's little wedding gift, in token of Nellie's kindness in keeping me out of jail. Now where's that marriage license? Good! There's a bishop in this house who will marry you; we'll go down and pull it off in a jiffy. Then you can have a nibble of supper and we'll take you to the station. There's a train for the South at eight-twenty."

Nellie was waiting in the hall when they went out. Nora had dressed her hair, and bestowed upon her a clean collar and a pair of white gloves. She had exchanged her shabby, wet tan shoes for a new pair Mrs. Burgess had imported from New York. The mud acquired in the scramble through the lumber-yard had been carefully scraped from her skirt. Voices were heard below.

"They've just come in from dinner," said the maid. "Shall I tell Bridget to keep something for you?"

"Yes—something for three, to be on the table in fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Webster G. Burgess always maintains that nothing her husband may do can shock her. When her husband had not appeared at seven she explained to her guest that he had been detained by an unexpected meeting of a clearing-house committee, it being no harder to lie to a bishop than to any one else when a long-suffering woman is driven to it. She was discussing with the Bishop of Shoshone the outrageously feeble support of missionaries in the foreign field when she heard steps on the broad stair that led down to the ample hall. A second later her husband appeared at the door with a young woman on his arm—a young woman who wore a hat with a red feather. This picture had hardly limned itself upon her acute intelligence before she saw, just behind her husband and the strange girl, a broad-shouldered clergyman who bore himself quite as though accustomed to appearing unannounced in strange houses.

The banker stepped forward, shook hands with the bishop cordially, and carried off the introductions breezily.

"Sorry to be late, Gertie; but you know how it is!" Whereas, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Burgess did not know at all how it was. "Bishop, these young people wish to be married. Their time is short, as they have a train to make. Just how they come to be here is a long story, and it will have to wait. If you see anything familiar in Mr. Drake's clothes please don't be distressed; I've always intended doing something for your new cathedral, and you shall have a check and the price of a new suit early in the morning. And, Gertie"—he looked at his watch—"if you will find a prayerbook we can proceed to business."

Mrs. Burgess always marveled at her husband's plausibility, and now she had fresh proof of it. She blinked as he addressed

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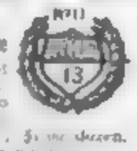

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Those who have tried this new table beverage are enthusiastic about it.

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"The sample of Instant Postum received. I liked it so well, I divided with my best neighbor, and we both placed an order with our grocer. It is so good and easy to make. Could I say more?"

"I started to use Instant Postum last September and am using it continually. I find it most palatable, and heartily recommend it to everyone. After once using, the "reason" will be soon found."

"Instant Postum is in constant use on our table. I find it, as an after-dinner beverage, simply delightful, and the results are so different."

"I like it because I can fix it myself in a few minutes. I slept so well last night after using Instant Postum."

"Instant Postum is the quickest and best for family use. I hope it will become a favorite in other families as it has in mine."

You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful hot drink by ordering a tin from your grocer.

100-cup tin, 50c.
50-cup tin, 30c.

Or if you desire to try before buying **send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.**

"There's a Reason"

Postum [illegible]
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

the girl as Nellie; but this was just like Web Burgess!

The Bishop of Shoshone, having married cowboys and Indians in all manner of circumstances in his rough diocese, calmly began the service.

At the supper table they were all very merry except Nellie, whose face, carefully watched by Mrs. Burgess, grew very grave at times—and once her eyes filled with tears; her young bridegroom spoke hardly at all. Burgess and the bishop, however, talked cheerfully of old times together, and they rose finally amid the laughter evoked by one of the bishop's stories. Burgess said he thought it would be nice if they all went to the station to give the young people a good sendoff for their long journey; and afterward they could run into a concert, for which he had tickets, and hear Sembrich sing.

"After a busy day," he remarked, meeting Nellie's eyes at one of her tearful moments, "there's nothing like a little music to quiet the nerves—and this has been the greatest day of my life!"

The president of the White River National Bank was late in reaching his desk the next morning. When he crossed the lobby he limped slightly; and his stenographer, in placing the mail before him, noticed a strip of plaster over his left ear. His "Good morning!" was very cheery and he plunged into work with his usual energy.

He had dictated a telegram confirming a bond deal that would net him fifty thousand dollars, when his name was spoken by a familiar voice. Swinging round to the railing with calculated deliberation, he addressed his visitor in the casual tone established by their intimacy:

"Hello, Hill—looking for me?"

"Nope; not yet!"

Both men grinned as their eyes met.

"Has the charming Miss Murdock been in this morning?" asked the detective, glancing toward the tellers' cages.

"Haven't seen her yet. Hope you're not interested in her."

"Only in what you might call an artistic sense; I think we agreed yesterday that she's rather pleasing to the jaded eyesight. See the papers?"

"What's in the papers?" asked the banker, feeling absently for a report a clerk had laid on his desk.

"Oh, a nice little muss out on Vevay Street last night! The cops made a mess of it of course. Old Murdock's son Bob shot a constable in Kentucky and broke for the home plate to get some money, and I'd had a wire to look out for him when I was in here yesterday. He handled some very clever phony money in this district a while back. I went out to Vevay Street to take a look at him—and found the police had beat me to it! The cash Nellie drew yesterday was for him."

"Of course you got him!"

"No," said Hill; "he made a getaway, all right. It was rather funny though ——"

"How funny?"

"The chase he gave us. You don't mean you haven't heard about it!"

Burgess clasped his hands behind his head and yawned.

"I've told you repeatedly, Hill, that I don't read criminal news. It would spoil the fun of hearing you explain your own failures."

"Well, I won't bore you with this. I only want you to understand that it was the police who made pi of it. But I can't deny those Murdocks do interest me a good deal."

He bent his keen eyes upon the banker for a second and grinned. Burgess returned the grin.

"I've got to speak before the Civic League on our municipal government tomorrow night, and I'll throw in something about the general incompetence of our police force—it's undoubtedly rotten!"

The detective lingered.

"By-the-way, I nearly over'ooked this. Seems to be a silver card-case, with your name neatly engraved on the little tickets inside. I picked it up on the ice last night when I was skating over on the canal. I'm going to keep one of the cards as a souvenir."

"Perfectly welcome, Tom. You'd better try one of these cigars."

Hill chose a cigar with care from the extended box and lighted it. Burgess swung round to his desk, turned over some letters, and then looked up as though surprised to find the detective still there.

"Looking for me, Tom?"

"No; not yet!"

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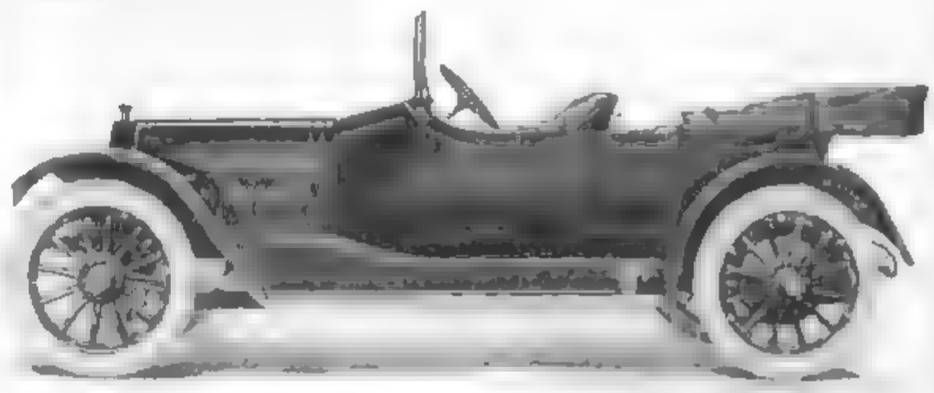

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2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	4 x 6 in.	132-in.	1,850
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LIBERTY

(Concluded from Page 15)

through the glasses they made out the Blue Streak, prancing at the head of a band of fifteen mares that had surely been the harem of the dead sorrel a few days before.

"We'll just live in the hope that the winter will be so hard he'll have to come down to the valley," Rube Terrill added, when he had come back and reported to the impatient man who had been dangling his feet from the roof of the Terrill ranch house and sweeping the trails with a glass.

"You don't understand," Abner Temple told him. "I want my horse right now."

"Why, man, it would take five parties of mustangers to do any good at all in mountains like those; and even then they might not succeed in getting near the stallion."

Abner Temple got out his checkbook.

"How much will it cost for six parties?" he wanted to know.

The most the next month did was to convince a number of expert mustangers that they had never found any horse quite so hard to get even a glimpse of before. When they would find his waterhole and hide men all round it he would get the scent and go dry like a camel until he found another spring that had nothing more hateful than a coyote smell within a mile of it. Some of the stallion's familiar trails led through narrow defiles, yet when pursued he refused to take these trails with an obstinacy that could not be explained. Only a human brain, the mustangers supposed, could figure the blockade or the loops they always had set at the far end of the defiles.

No man ever got near enough to throw a rope at the bounding, jumping leader, but the men made the eyes of some of his band turn green with terror. They hit on an idea. They would reach the Blue Streak through his family. If they could manage it he should be made a widower fifteen times. After much sweating and swearing and the ruining of many good saddle animals, they had taken nine of the mares. Then the Blue Streak took his six remaining wives and vanished. When the men had no trace of the horse for a week they came back to the Terrill ranch to rest.

The pursuit did not stop, though—it merely shifted.

A Message From Roki, the Piute

The next news of the stallion came to Rube Terrill from the Wind River country, a hundred miles away. The outlaw had taken the remnant of his family to the most difficult mountains in Nevada, and the strange range would be as hard for him as for those who came after him. The Wind River Mountains are in benches. A high and almost inaccessible plateau may be as level as a hayloft floor, and there may be no more ways of coming down than of getting up—just one. The wild horses that belong to these mountains can never be started toward certain of the high plateaus, because they know as well as any man—as well as old Roki himself—that there is only one narrow way in and out and that, if they allow themselves to be driven up there, they'll never come down except in a bridle.

The map of these benches he carried in his head was the chief medicine of Roki, a Piute who had lived in the country all his life and could tell you, with never a mistake, where any trail you happened to be on would lead to if you kept along it at breakneck speed for ten miles. It was straight into the heart of Roki's country that the Blue Streak led his six mares. Roki sent the news across half a dozen mountain ranges to Rube Terrill, with this message: "Better you come to Wind River Mountains for your blueblack devil horse; I have him in hair ropes when you get here. Better you bring much money."

In Roki's country there is a mountain that stands up out of the floor of a valley just as they say Gibraltar stands up out of the Mediterranean Sea. This mountain might be a petrified lion if crouching lions ever had sides that were straight up and down granite walls a quarter of a mile high. It's easy enough to get on this mountain. All you have to do is to find the lion's tail and follow right along up it; but to get down you'll have to travel the tail again, unless you happen to be an eagle or a linnet or a flying fish.

Roki and his three Indians kept the Blue Streak and his band going day after day and never gave them any peace. They tried to force the old leader into many a pocket that they knew and he did not; but something seemed to tell the stallion where he must not go. Sometimes he broke away from the trail they planned for him by sliding down steep places and by leaping. The Indians saw jumping that was a new one on them.

"He has hell jumps of evil spirit," Roki put it.

Because wise old Roki never tried to force him to go that way, the Blue Streak scrambled down from another course one still afternoon, when the mountains were like steel in the steady glare of the autumn sun, and led his six mares—yellow, bay and sorrel—up a winding little path that fell away at both sides as straight as a stone would fall. The Blue Streak was heading up the lion's tail.

For the first time in all the days of pursuit Roki and his men walked their horses along the footprints of their prize. There was no hurry. When they got up the tail the stallion and his mares stood out in the middle of the flat waiting for them. The Blue Streak was a quarter of a mile from the tip of the lion's nose and couldn't see whether there was a nice flower-strewn path leading down at that end or not, but something told him all he wanted to know.

The Leap From the Lion's Ear

The lion has only one ear. That one juts off on a level with his head. It is about a hundred yards long and twenty yards at the widest. Where the ear joins the head the width is twenty feet. Two of Roki's men sat in their saddles and blocked the tail. Roki made a gesture with each hand and a man galloped forward along each edge of the plateau. Roki himself rode straight up the spine.

The Blue Streak snorted and began to dance along backward. He was giving ground because there was nothing else for him to do, but he never took his eyes off the three Indians who were closing in. They worked him up to the lion's head and then, as the two riders following the edge came near to each other and Roki came forward, the stallion swung round suddenly and led his mares out on the lion's ear.

Old Roki had taken down his rope and made sure the hondo was running free. Now he began to swing the loop and touched his horse with his heel. The pony started forward. At the moment the blueblack stallion threw his head so far back that it almost touched his plume of a tail, whirled like lightning and ran toward his mares. He did not stop when he reached them and they shrank apart to give him a path. With increasing speed the Blue Streak went down the ear.

Roki did not follow. He dropped his loop, clung to the pommel of his saddle and there burst out of his mouth the awful shriek that probably the primitive man has always uttered when he has found himself in the presence of the thing he could not believe.

Rube Terrill heard that shriek—Rube Terrill, who was loping along the valley trail, wondering what he should find when he reached the Indian camp. The shriek seemed to float down to him and he looked up. It was raining horses. Even when he saw the Blue Streak in the sky, with his white feet spread far out from his shining black body and his mane and tail turned into plumes of glory that seemed a mile high, Rube Terrill knew that the horse he was hunting was now coming back to him even as he had come to him once before—without the aid of any man's hand—but this time he was bringing along his band of mares.

While Rube looked and suffered agonies because he wasn't primitive enough to get it out the way the Indian did, he was recalled to himself by one explosion and then another and another and others, so close that it would have been hard to count how many. By-and-by he realized that the explosions were the blowing to nothing of living things striking with great force. Even then the funny thought uppermost in his mind was that the explosions were familiar, that he had heard such before, that he had heard them on the Fourth of July; they were like cannonshots—like cannonshots roaring and crackling and echoing in the glorious name of freedom.

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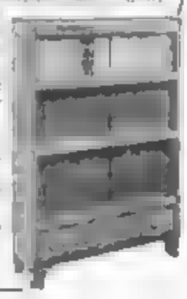

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COMPO-BOARD walls and ceilings are ideal from every standpoint.

Strength. They have actually held buildings together in California earthquakes.

Durability. In houses lined with Compo-Board twelve to thirteen years ago, they are still in good condition.

Fire Resisting. They will hold a fire in check long after a plaster wall would crumble.

Cold and Heat Resisting. They are absolutely air tight; Compo-Board walls as far North as Alaska are known to keep homes comfortable.

Damp Proof. Thousands of homes are always dry and sanitary. Moisture cannot penetrate Compo Board.

Beauty. Their smooth surface is easily and artistically decorated by any method; you don't have to panel Compo-Board walls, unless you desire.

Economy. Cheaper than lath and plaster or sub-stantial walls in the long run.

Free Sample and Booklets Tell the Whole Story—tell the unique construction of Compo-Board that gives it all these advantages, give letters from hundreds of users as evidence of these claims, tell of the many other uses of Compo Board besides a wall lining. Write for this interesting matter. It's worth while.

Compo Board is made in strips four feet wide and one to eighteen feet long by dealers in most every town.

Furniture, incubator, novelty and other manufacturers have found Compo-Board the ideal material for many purposes.

Northwestern Compo-Board Company

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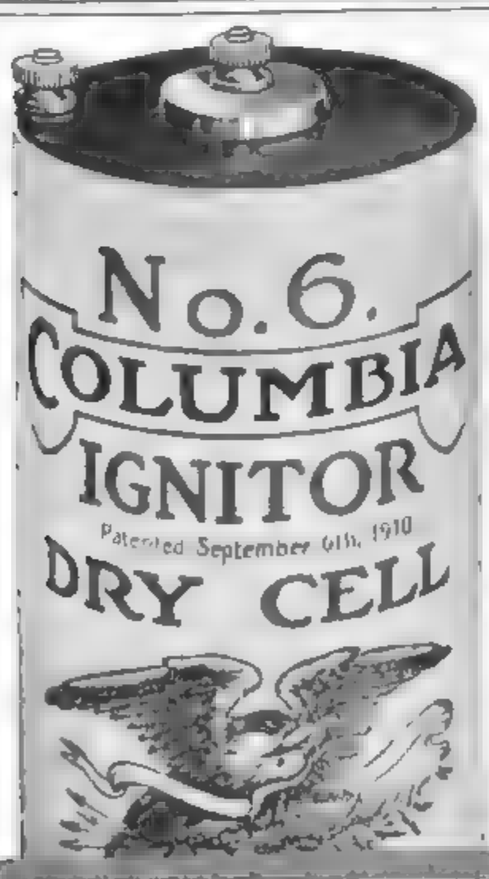
The reader of this advertisement is a trifle reduced size section illustration of Compo Board



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Nine factories in U. S. and Canada.

ON THE UPGRADE

(Concluded from Page 13)

On my next trip through this region I called on the dealer and told him frankly that I feared he was getting in deep with poor-paying customers. By injecting some compliments at the same time I took the edge off my mission.

To my surprise he opened his books and showed me one of the worst credit situations I had ever seen—he had more than two thousand dollars out on bad accounts, which, considering the volume of his business, was alarming. And now he welcomed my interference; he wanted advice.

On my return to New York I took the matter up with the head of my house and we agreed that the man's only salvation was to turn his business into a strictly cash concern. This he did, with our counsel and aid. He pulled through and today has a highly profitable store. He is one of our best and strongest customers in that territory.

Well, it was this sort of thing that finally got me into a rumpus with the sales manager—my superior, remember. The thing came to a showdown one day in a rather spectacular manner.

A telegram had come in that morning from one of our salesmen addressed to me, and the sales manager thought it should have been sent to him. For a long time he had been short with me and now he came out into the open.

"Burns," he said, "you are doing rather too much bossing in this establishment! Now I want to know whether our salesmen are under me or under you. I have no objection to your passing on the credits, under my direction, but I do object to your assuming full control of our sales force. It's about the limit when our men wire you for instructions and ignore me. You've been fostering this thing long enough!"

The Result of the Showdown

Now I had not deliberately gone about interfering with his authority, though his complaint was partly based on fact. It was true his work and mine had come into conflict unavoidably and we had not worked harmoniously. I had seen for a good while that something was going to drop. Just what it would be I could not say. If it chanced to be my own scalp—well and good! I had been offered two credit jobs within the year.

"Well," said I, "I am quite willing to see the matter settled for good. I am getting tired myself of having my efforts for this house neutralized at every opportunity by the sales department proper, which ought to be willing to dovetail into the credit office. I am interested only in the growth of this firm, and whether the telegrams come to me or to you makes no difference personally. If you and I can't work together one of us had better quit."

"The one who quits will be you!" he shouted at me; then he went to the president of the company with a very loud roar.

I heard no more about the affair until late that afternoon. I had about made up my mind to quit before the big boss could get a chance to fire me, when the latter himself came to my desk.

"Mr. Burns," he said, "I wish you'd come out to dinner with me tonight. There are important matters I'd like to talk over."

Out at his house a few hours later we made ourselves comfortable over our cigars.

"I've been thinking for some time," said he, "that the credit department of our business, as you have built it up, logically ranks the sales manager's office. I am going to make it so in reality. You have made it much more than a mere credit office, Burns. Your ingenuity has given your work a sweep that really deals with the development of our business itself. Since you came to us we have discovered that we never really knew our customers before, nor did we understand just how and why a business may be made to grow. You have searched out the secret wires of success. You are bigger than the sales manager and I want you to take full supervision in a broad way of all our sales operations."

So the sales manager was fired without much ado and went out on the road for another house. I am glad to say that he profited by his lesson and today he holds an excellent position as sales manager for a large concern.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth article in a series by Edward Mott Woolley. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

So easy to play the

Baldwin Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

and, through the pedaling, secure all the effects of hand-playing

PEDALING the Manualo is practically the same as beating time. For instance, in a march you pedal—one—two—one-two—on the accented beats just as if you were marching. You do not have to pedal between beats because of the great power of the Manualo bellows. You do not tire yourself at any time because the Manualo's short, *rounded* air passages, *vertical* valve discs and *air tight* joints eliminate friction, resistance and lost motion.

The pedaling is so easy and natural that it becomes *instinctive*. You have none of the sensations of operating a machine. You are not conscious of muscular exertion. You feel no restraint. Therefore, the natural tendency which we all have to express musical feeling through the feet is given full sway.

Before you realize it you are accenting a beat here, a beat there; [illegible] greater force in certain passages, you are pedaling lightly, dreamily in others. In a word, you find yourself expressing your musical wishes to the Manualo through the pedaling just as the pianist expresses himself through the fingering.

And how the Manualo does respond! Your accent here and there secures an immediate reply from the particular note you wish to bring out just as if you had hit that note with the finger. Your forceful pedaling brings forth instantly just the degree of increased volume to satisfy your musical feeling just as if you were playing forcefully by hand. Your light pedaling is reflected at once in soft, murmuring music realizing your dreams as surely as if you were a great pianist.

Every light and shade sent to the pedals from your musical feeling, no matter how subtle or strong, is expressed instantly in the music. Your slightest wish is a command. You can ask for nothing which the Manualo will not give you. You cannot expect too much of it. It never disappoints.

All of which means that you play the Manualo as directly as the pianist plays the piano. The Manualo is under your delicate sensitive control. The music is yours just as much as the pianist's music is his. You enjoy the artist's sensations of *playing* a musical instrument. And your audience enjoys the pleasure of hearing music as full of life and individuality as if a virtuoso were playing by hand.

REMEMBER that the Manualo is NOT a detached piano player nor a player-action installed in a piano. It is a complete, distinctive instrument—a player-piano built as a player-piano from end to end. No other piano player or player piano is a Manualo. You should have our book giving complete details and illustrations. **Send the coupon today.**

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NAME

ADDRESS

ASK WOMEN WHAT AILS READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENTS

THE Women's ready-to-wear business is in the position today of men's clothing fifteen years ago:—on the threshold of a marvelous development. Only the possibilities of women's wear are vastly greater.

About one retail merchant in a hundred is taking the right steps to profit by the conditions.

It is a strange fact, perhaps a limitation of nature, that most men are without vision or foresight: so blinded by routine and detail that they are never conscious of a thing until after it has happened.

Then the many wonder why the few are successful. We get about what we prepare for.

The Trouble is in Bad Selling Methods

THE demand for women's ready-to-wear dresses, suits, coats and wraps is increasing everywhere. You can almost see it grow from hour to hour.

The style makers and the manufacturers are in advance of retail methods and facilities.

Ask any woman. She will tell you where the trouble lies. She faces with discouragement the task of buying what she wants in the retail store.

She knows the garments she desires are made. They are probably concealed somewhere in her dealer's stock—but his selling methods do not permit her to see them.

The first indication of a right attitude towards a buyer is the open-handed desire to serve—a willingness to show goods and a wish to sell.

In the average women's wear department the dealer locks up his stock and defies his customers to take any of it away from him. The dry-goods man shows himself a merchant until he gets to his cloak and suit department: and there his selling sense seems to leave him.

Nothing Can Stop the Progress of Women's Ready Apparel

THE women's wear business is going right ahead. Bad selling methods may hinder for a time, but they cannot stop it. The trade belongs naturally to the dry-goods merchant. Where he is not awake to its needs and possibilities, then it finds other channels.

In some towns it is being taken up by the Clothier, the Haberdasher, or the ready-to-wear Specialty Store.

The dry-goods man can have it if he wants it and will give up his stiff-necked policy of carrying his goods in a stock-room, or in a dark wall cabinet behind closed doors.

It is curious how some women's wear merchants and department managers cling to the stock-room method of handling their goods in face of the fact that it spoils sales and drives women out of the store.

They will give a dozen reasons for sticking to the old system—not one of which will stand the test of practical selling experience as demonstrated every day in the most successful stores.

The New Way Merchant Puts His Assortment of Cloaks and Suits on View. He Makes Shopping a Pleasure Instead of a Task—and He Gets the Trade

When they do realize that a change is necessary, they want to compromise on a half-hearted plan, such as wooden wall cabinets with glass doors or some other device for strangling the buying spirit, where the goods hang in "touch me not" compartments—about as comforting to possible purchasers as the sign of "fresh paint" in a ladies' café.

Dark Room Methods Belong to The Past

WHY doesn't the merchant bring his stock out in the open? Why waste his customer's time and try her patience by holding the goods back—putting her on the defensive—subjecting her to the painful process of asking for each garment and seeing only one at a time?

It must be because he doesn't trust her common sense. He shows confidence in her in other departments. Is it because he isn't used to selling Women's ready garments as he is other goods?

Is he afraid either of his goods or his customer? There is a lacking of confidence somewhere, and that is a bad thing for business.

This is shown by the fact that as soon as he treats his cloaks and suits as he does other merchandise—brings them out, puts them on view, gives his customers a chance to get close to them—then his sales increase, his business grows, his patrons are satisfied.

The advantage of the New Way method is not open to argument. It has been settled beyond question. It is being demonstrated every day in every store equipped with New Way Crystal Wardrobes.

For you, Madam, the only question is, When will you get the advantage of it—when will your dealer show the enterprise and the faith in you to keep all his dresses, coats, suits and wraps in plain view—where you can see what you're buying, get at the thing you want more directly, and not have to look at so many things that you don't want? It saves your time, it saves nerves, it makes your shopping a pleasure instead of a task.

You Will Soon See a New Way Store in Your Home Town

IT should interest you as a buyer and wearer of women's ready apparel to find the New Way merchant in your locality.

If there is not one near you now—there will be, and that very shortly.. If not your home dry-goods or department store, then some specialty shop that is more progressive.

New Way methods are appearing in stores all over this country as fast as merchants can install New Way Crystal Wardrobes.

These merchants are getting the trade—and they deserve it, because they are putting service to the consumer on the plane where it belongs.

Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Boston, Portland

SOMETHING ON THE SIDE

(Continued from Page 6)

"Everybody talks that way nowadays, Mr. Sammet," Pinsker protested—"Republicans, Democrats, everybody—and they don't mean nothing by it. No, Mr. Sammet, you are making a big mistake already. I ain't no Socialist at all. I'm a—a—Republican, Mr. Sammet."

"Me too," Leon said. "So you should come with me and I'll introduce you to our foreman, Mr. Rosinoff, and you and him could compare notes."

Thus, when that afternoon Leon Sammet left his place of business he had hired Aaron Pinsker as assistant foreman at twenty-five dollars a week; and the next morning he stopped in at the Planet Drygoods Store to acquaint B. Dannenblum with that circumstance.

Moreover, Sammet and Rosinoff had consulted to such good purpose with Pinsker that Leon was in a position to demonstrate some interesting differences in prices between Potash & Perlmutter's and Sammet Brothers' lines; and he at once proceeded with a confident air to B. Dannenblum's private office.

"Well, Mr. Dannenblum," he said when he had been shown in by the office boy, "I hired the feller."

After he had made this statement he discovered that Dannenblum was not alone in his office.

"Excuse me," he added hastily. "I hope I ain't butting in here."

"Not at all, Mr. Sammet," B. Dannenblum replied. "That's my intended son-in-law, Murray B. Pinower."

Pinower rose and bestowed on Leon the warm and lingering handclasp of political fellowship.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Sammet," he said; and he managed to impart such a ring of cordiality to his accents that, as a reflex, he experienced the same inward glow of satisfaction, tempered with disgust, attending the kissing of a constituent's baby.

"Don't mention it!" Leon rejoined. "I was just saying, Mr. Pinower, that I got the card and I immediately went to work and hired the feller."

"What feller?" Dannenblum asked so suddenly that, for the minute, Leon could not remember the name of his new assistant foreman. He therefore searched in his pockets and produced the card that Pinsker had brought him.

Dannenblum read it over, with a puzzled frown.

"I couldn't understand it at all, Mr. Sammet," he declared. "Me and Murray didn't tell Shimko he should send any one to your place."

"Let's see it!" Pinower said, stretching out his hand. "Why," he said after reading it, "that's that Socialist, Pinsker! Mannie Seif must have got rid of him by sending him over to Mr. Sammet. He used to work at Potash & Perlmutter's, Mr. Sammet—didn't he?"

"That's right," Leon agreed; "but he ain't no more a Socialist as you are."

"But Potash himself said they wouldn't want to hire him as foreman on account he's a regular rank socialistic feller," Dannenblum broke in.

"And a Socialist spellbinder at that," Pinower added.

"A spellbinder he may be," Leon said, "because he could talk away like a regular *Melammed* already; *aber* a Socialist he ain't, Mr. Pinower, on account I'm very strict that way."

"Why, what's the matter with Socialists?" Pinower asked. "They've got a right to work for a living—haven't they?"

"Sure, they have," Leon agreed; "but not as a foreman, Mr. Pinower. As an operator, yes—because if a feller is an operator you couldn't expect otherwise as he should feel sore and go to work and be a Socialist. I was a Socialist myself when I was an operator, Mr. Pinower; *aber* a foreman is already on the boss's side, understand me, and he must got to think like a boss. So you could take it from me, Mr. Pinower, I made it my business to find it out already; and Aaron Pinsker is a Republican—not a Socialist."

Dannenblum turned to his prospective son-in-law.

"Well, in that case, Murray," he said, "might you could get the feller to speak for us up here? You need a feller like that to talk to them greenhorns over round Southern Boulevard there."

"Need him!" Pinower exclaimed. "Well, I should say we do need him! Do you think he would do it for us, Mr. Sammet?"

"What d'ye mean think he would do it, Mr. Pinower?" Sammet retorted. "Pinsker would sooner make speeches as eat, Mr. Pinower; and, besides, all I got to do is to tell the feller, understand me, and you could bet your life he will do it!"

While he was speaking his eyes roved about B. Dannenblum's office and took in the various sample models of waists and coats that were scattered about, until they rested on a dress form in the corner that bore a three-quarter-length corduroy coat.

"And, by jinks!" Sammet exclaimed, rising to his feet, "just to show you what a smart feller that Pinsker is, Mr. Dannenblum, there on that form over there is a three-quarter-style corduroy coat, understand me, which is like the one Potash & Perlmutter sells to retail at thirty-five dollars. Am I right or wrong?"

Dannenblum nodded.

"That is a Potash & Perlmutter coat, Sammet," he said.

"Well," Sammet proceeded. "Pinsker gives me from memory figures about the cost of that coat, Mr. Dannenblum, which I could make up the same identical garment in every respect so it should retail at thirty dollars. That's what for a smart feller Pinsker is!"

Dannenblum had risen from his seat while Sammet was talking and had examined carefully the corduroy coat.

"*Schmooes*, you could make such a garment to retail for thirty dollars, Sammet!" he exclaimed.

"For that matter, you could retail it for thirty-five too," Sammet retorted. "Your customers wouldn't kick none, Mr. Dannenblum; because this here garment which I am making up, understand me, is the same identical thing as you got it here. If you don't believe me, Mr. Dannenblum, you should come downtown to my place *mit* Mr. Pinower here this afternoon yet, and I would show you one of them garments which I got cut out and basted yesterday afternoon already. It'll be finished today."

"What d'ye say, Murray?" Dannenblum asked. "D'ye want to go down and see this feller Pinsker, *oder* not?"

"Certainly I do!" Murray declared. "We'll be there at two o'clock, Mr. Sammet."

At that hour Leon's statements concerning Pinsker were amply confirmed, for one day as assistant foreman at twenty-five dollars a week had materially altered the former operator's view.

"Yes, Mr. Pinower," he admitted when the candidate for judicial honors had taxed him with holding socialistic opinions, "I used to was a Socialist; *aber* what the workingman wouldn't do for himself, understand me, Socialism couldn't do for him. You take some of them operators inside there, Mr. Pinower, and, honestly, the way they fool away their time they would defeat the aims of any system of government."

"I don't want to enter into a discussion of Socialism, Pinsker," Pinower said. "What I want to know is, will you speak for us Republicans up in the Bronix?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Pinsker replied. "I ain't so stuck on the principles of the Republican party neither."

"Who asks you what you are stuck on, Pinsker?" Leon interrupted. "When Mr. Dannenblum and Mr. Pinower wants you you should speak for 'em, Pinsker, they could be Prohibitioners even—what is it your business? An assistant foreman shouldn't got so much to say for himself, Pinsker."

"*Aber*, Mr. Sammet," Aaron protested, "to tell you the honest truth, I don't exactly know what the Republican party stands for at all."

"'Tain't necessary at all you should know," Sammet retorted. "A big-mouth feller like you could say something for 'em anyway."

"All you have to do is to make a good socialistic speech, Pinsker," the candidate advised, "and relate it to the planks in the platform of the Republican party."

"And how would I do that?" Pinsker demanded.

"Why, whenever you would naturally say 'Socialist' *oder* 'Socialist party,' understand me, just say 'Republican' *oder* 'Republican party,'" Sammet suggested; and Murray B. Pinower nodded his head.

"Two Souls With A Single Thought"

"How to look my best?" That is the thought of almost every man or woman when preparing for an evening's engagement. To look your best and happiest of an evening, try this receipt.

Bring home from downtown one unhappy face,—tired, drawn and soiled. Before a relentless mirror place that face. Work or worry, and dust or grime have treated it harshly, you will agree. But now watch for the transformation. On each moistened cheek apply a pinch of Pompeian Massage Cream.

POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

Massage vigorously. Into the pores the cream goes; out it comes, darkened and dirt-laden, and—

Presto! You are transformed. Your skin looks clear and clean, for Pompeian has brought out the hidden pore-dirt. The massage with Pompeian has also given you a natural healthy glow, because the mild friction of the rubbing in and rubbing out process has stimulated your sluggish circulation and brought the rosy blood to the surface. No ordinary cream can do this.

Moreover, your face feels refreshed and you will note that the tired lines are subdued, because the invigorating Pompeian massage has relaxed the tightened muscles of your face wonderfully.

Now you are ready for the evening's engagement, happy and confident that you look your best, and not pale, sallow and worn. Try this receipt and you'll join the great army of Pompeian users who don't worry how they look. They know. They use Pompeian Massage Cream. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

WARNING!

You can't be too careful what you put on your face. Stick to a safe standard massage cream. Do you realize why an imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c, 75c and $1.

Get Trial Jar

Sent for 6c (coin or stamps). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it but have delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your good looks. Clip coupon now.

Cut off, sign and send. Stamps accepted but coin preferred.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.,
49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 6c (coin or stamps) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

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This New Correspondence Bond Can Be Used For Catalogs—Anything Illustrated With Black or Colored Halftones

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Now comes the invention of Tokyo Bond—a crisp bankish, bondish, loft-dried paper which can be run in full size sheets at high speed on the offset press, or on a regular press.

It does not hold up the press by warping, buckling, creasing, wrinkling or stretching crooked. Hence it does not slur the type or ruin the cuts. It is as stubbornly flat as other bonds are stubbornly against being flat.

You can use bond paper now, you business men, for your desk catalogs, booklets, art pictures, pictorial letterheads, announcements, labels, stocks, bonds, etc.

You can afford bond paper now because this aristocratic looking Tokyo Bond is medium priced enough for carload runs and you need to use only half the weight of regular booklet and catalog paper; thus saving on postage too.

Instead of a frail, tender catalog, you will have a tough bond paper that will stand wear and abuse (see picture above).

Every printer knows that bond paper is the business man's favorite paper, favorite by a unanimous, deafening chorus of "ayes"—just as electricity is his favorite light—and now the printer too is going to vote "aye," and let you have your way.

He knows why ordinary bond papers make trouble. He knows why Tokyo Bond prints flat, smooth and straight. It is not disguised to look flat by hot finishing rolls. He knows that Tokyo is built so stubbornly flat that the fastest press cylinder can't stretch it into a kink, crease, or V-shaped ripple.

He does not need the offset press to give you elaborate rule work, close register color work, and flat tints.

SEND FOR "THE DISCOVERY OF TOKYO BOND"

a booklet explaining Tokyo Bond, and how it earns profits for printer, lithographer and consumer. The whole book is printed in multi-colored pictorial halftones on Tokyo Bond.

TEST THE NEW TOKYO BOND AT OUR EXPENSE

We will send enough Tokyo Bond to your printer or lithographer for 10M impressions, or more, up to a carload. Any regular size from 8½ x 11 to 28 x 38. The paper will be shipped direct from the mill, but billed by our nearest distributor.

Run this Tokyo Bond on a regular job. If you do not say it is the greatest bond paper you ever put on the press, send us your honest criticism, and we will refund the money you paid for the paper.

Have your printer or lithographer get it in the house immediately and run it on your next regular job.

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Boston—[illegible] Company
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MCE

"That's the very idea!" he declared. "We'll expect you to report at my headquarters on Ammerman Avenue at eight o'clock sharp."

"And now, Mr. Dannenblum," Sammet said with a satisfied grin, "I want to show you that three-quarter-length corduroy coat."

IV

"I COULDN'T understand it at all," Abe said gloomily to Morris as they sat in their office one week after the hiring of Emanuel Seif. "Dannenblum don't come near us at all, Mawruss. You would think the feller would at least telephone to see how Seif gets on with us as foreman."

"Foreman!" Morris exclaimed, looking at a bill he held in his hand. "He ain't no foreman, Abe—he's a salesman! Two rubber mats, eighteen yards jute runner, ten pairs short plush curtains for sample racks, two bentwood chairs—total eighty dollars and fifty cents. The Shimko Furniture Company makes a good thing out of us, Abe!"

Abe shrugged his shoulders and grinned sheepishly.

"We needed all them things, Mawruss," he said.

"And we would of went on needing 'em!" Morris retorted. "Furthermore, Abe, I wouldn't say nothing, *aber* Seif ain't been thirty minutes in the shop the whole morning, understand me; and everybody is fooling away their time in there."

"The feller couldn't be in two places to oncet, Mawruss," Abe said. "He couldn't be in the showroom and the shop also at the same time—ain't it?"

"What has a foreman got to do in the showroom, Abe?" Morris demanded. "Who asks him he should go in the showroom?"

"I did," Abe said.

"You did!"

"Sure!" Abe replied with an elaborate attempt at an offhand manner. "Otherwise how could he measure the floor?"

"Measure the floor!" Morris exclaimed. "What does he got to measure the floor for?"

Abe cleared his throat and lit a cigar with trembling fingers.

"For the rugs," he said; and Morris sat down heavily in the nearest chair.

"The rugs!" he repeated hoarsely. "What rugs?"

"The rugs you was talking to me about, Mawruss," Abe replied calmly. "The Oriental rugs, Mawruss, you says we should get for the showroom floor."

Morris stared at his partner for the better part of two minutes.

"I says we should get Oriental rugs!" he said in a hollow tone. "When did I say such a thing, Abe?"

Abe blew a great cloud of smoke and shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, Mawruss," he began, "if you couldn't remember from one week to the other, understand me, you shouldn't blame me; because you says to me last week, Mawruss, other concerns is got Oriental rugs in their showrooms, understand me—and they don't lose any business by it neither."

A wave of recollection came over Morris and he began to grow red in the face.

"Furthermore, Mawruss," Abe continued, "if we would be partners together in business, Mawruss, and one partner couldn't rely on the other partner's word when he says something, understand me, it's no longer a partnership at all."

For a moment Morris choked incoherently.

"*Aber* all I says, Abe," he burst out at last, "was ——"

"I don't care what you says," Abe interrupted. "The showroom floor looks terrible, Mawruss. We ain't doing business on East Broadway, understand me, and we must got to put on a good front like any other up-to-date concern, Mawruss, if we would want to hold our customers."

He took up a morning paper as a sign that the discussion was closed, while Morris rose abruptly from his chair.

"If you got idees to hold customers *mit* Oriental rugs, Abe," he rejoined with a withering look at his partner, "you should inquire might the Shimko Furniture Company carries a line of moving-picture machines maybe!" He started to leave the office and paused on the threshold for a parting shot. "*Oder* we could go to work and get up a cabaret show here every afternoon from two to four, Abe!" he said, and strode off toward the rear of the loft.

He was just in time to witness the efforts of Emanuel Seif, the elevator man and a truck-driver as they struggled to extricate from the freight elevator a long pole on which were rolled two rugs. For more than five minutes he watched them in silence or, rather, in as much silence as the presence of the truck-driver permitted—until he could stand it no longer.

"If you think we would pay for them rugs after you are getting 'em all chewed up in that elevator, Seif," he said, "you are mistaken that's all."

"Them rugs is genwine Gorovan carpets, Mr. Perlmutter," Seif panted. "They are so strong, Mr. Perlmutter, you couldn't cut 'em *mit* a razor hardly."

For two minutes they tugged and strained at the pole to the accompaniment of a lurid chanting from the truckman, until finally, at the climax of a particularly blasphemous crescendo, something gave way in the side of the elevator, and Morris fell backward to the floor with the end of the pole in the pit of his stomach.

"Yes, Mr. Perlmutter," Seif said after Morris had struggled unassisted to his feet, "some concerns even would call them Gorovan carpets Sarouks, understand me, and charge fifty dollars extra apiece." He shifted the pole to his shoulder. "But me and Shimko never misrepresent nothing!" he declared; and before Morris had recovered enough breath to express adequately all that he felt, the truckman and Seif were unrolling the rugs in the showroom.

"Pretty rich effect—ain't it, Mr. Perlmutter?" Seif said as Morris entered. "It looks like a difference place here already."

Morris had gone to the showroom prepared to administer as chastening and humiliating a rebuke as ever passed between employer and foreman; but at the sight of the rugs his resolution deserted him.

"What did you say they was called?" he asked hoarsely.

"Gorovans," Seif replied as he straightened out the rugs and drew up the blinds. "Elegant—ain't they?"

Morris regarded them from various angles with his head on one side, each time with heightened appreciation of their beauty.

"Two ain't hardly enough for a big showroom like this," he said at last.

"That's what I thought myself," Seif replied. "To get the right effect already, you should ought to get another rug over by the window there."

He coughed deferentially behind his hand while Morris gazed again at the fascinating colors.

"Might you would bring another over here on trial maybe?" Morris suggested.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Perlmutter," Seif said with an apologetic smile, "me and Shimko ain't got any too much capital, understand me; and since we got to pay cash for these here rugs, Mr. Perlmutter, naturally it leaves us a little short."

He stooped and lifted a corner of one rug and shook it out in the brilliant sunlight.

"Like a piece of jewelry already!" he exclaimed. "Ain't it?"

Morris nodded.

"How much did you say we owe you for them rugs?" he asked.

"Four hundred dollars they are, Mr. Perlmutter," Seif replied; and inwardly he cringed to receive the torrent of profanity with which he expected Morris would greet this information; but he was agreeably surprised, for Morris only nodded again.

"It's pretty high, Seif," he said; "but I guess we could give you a check for it today, and tomorrow morning you could send down another one."

Seif inclined his head, and then he searched in his waistcoat pocket and produced a fountain pen, which he handed to Morris.

"What's this?" Morris asked.

"While the truckman is still here," Seif replied, "if you could give me the check, Mr. Perlmutter, I could send it up to Shimko, and he would see about getting another one."

"The bookkeeper draws the checks here, Seif," Morris said; "and if you are in such a hurry like all that I would get it for you right now."

On the way to the bookkeeper's desk Morris passed the firm's office, where Abe still lingered over the morning paper; and even after the check was drawn and signed, and Morris was bearing it to the waiting Seif, Abe did not look up. Indeed, it was not until the truckman had departed, and Morris had pulled down the shades of the showroom to protect the new rugs from the

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Don't blame the razor
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You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the *free caustic* to get in its work and made the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any razor will feel as though it were pulling the hair instead of cutting it.

Mennen's Shaving Cream

dispenses with the "rubbing in" with the fingers, and thoroughly softens the beard while the *lather* is worked up on the face. Reduces shaving to 2 operations — lathering and shaving — & the time saved

As it contains no free caustic there is no smarting, and you get a delightful, cool shave

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afternoon sun, that Abe at last appeared with the paper still clutched in his hand.

"*Nu*, Abe, what d'ye think of it?" Morris exclaimed.

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"It looks pretty *schlecht*, Mawruss," he said. "I couldn't understand it at all!"

His eyes were glued to the paper he held in his hand, and he did not even glance at the rugs.

"There's some dirty deal here, Mawruss," he said as he handed the paper to his partner and indicated with his thumb a two-column advertisement that read as follows:

PLANET DRYGOODS COMPANY

B. DANNENBLUM, Proprietor

AMMERMAN AVENUE 242D STREET

READ THIS ANNOUNCEMENT FOR INFORMATION

OF

IMPORTANT SALES
FOR PRE-ELECTION WEEK

In the Bronx's Biggest and Brightest Shopping Emporium!

Open Evenings Until After Election

WOMEN'S OUTER APPAREL DEPARTMENT

THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH CORDUROY COATS—
VALUE $50 AT $35

Then followed a list of garments, including particulars of several models in Potash & Perlmutter's line they had expected to sell to B. Dannenblum; and as Morris returned the paper to his partner his face was pale and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Go up there and see the feller, Abe!" he said. "Might he would be only selling the one sample garment we sent him."

"And how about the widewale serge *mit* the Robespierre collar, Mawruss?" Abe suggested. "We didn't send him no sample garment of that, Mawruss. Some one in the place here is stealing our ideas, Mawruss, and I am going right up to Dannenblum's place and find out where he got them widewale serges."

"Right away you couldn't go, Abe," Morris said. "It is half past four now and you wouldn't get there till pretty near six. The paper says they would be open there evenings; so wait till after supper, Abe, and I would go up there with you."

At a quarter to nine that evening Abe and Morris descended the steps of the elevated railroad at Two Hundred and Forty-second Street, and were proceeding rapidly toward the premises of the Planet Drygoods Store when, at the corner of Ammerman Avenue, the way was blocked by a huge mob which surged round a flag-decorated truck.

"Fellow citizens and fellow Republicans," bellowed the chairman of the meeting as Abe and Morris approached the outskirts of the throng, "the next speaker I am going to introduce to you is one who in one short week has got a reputation for eloquence in this here assembly district second to none, not barring Bourke Cockran or any of them fellows."

"*Wunderbar* politics!" Abe hissed to Morris as they elbowed their way toward the electric lights that hung in front of Dannenblum's store.

"I take great pleasure in introducing to you," the voice continued when Abe and Morris had reached a point directly opposite the tail of the truck, "Mister Aaron Pinsker, who will address you on the ——"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in a burst of cheers and whistling, and the stragglers on the skirts of the crowd edged forward, sweeping Abe and Morris with them, so they were barely ten feet from their late operator when he rose to his feet.

"Well, what d'ye think for the nerve of that sucker!" Abe exclaimed to Morris as the ex-operator lifted his hand in a gesture for silence so impressive that Morris felt vaguely that he was in a place of worship. Even Abe ceased his struggles to escape the crowd and listened attentively to the opening sentences of Pinsker's speech which, agreeably to Pinower's suggestion, presented the aims of the Republican party with respect to the American workingman in a manner that would have astonished, if not delighted, the framers of the party platform.

"Come on, Abe!" Morris said at last. "Dannenblum would be going home soon."

Abe shook his head dolefully.

"No, he wouldn't," he said. "Look on the truck there."

For Universal Use!

1913 Models

The *Indian* Motocycle

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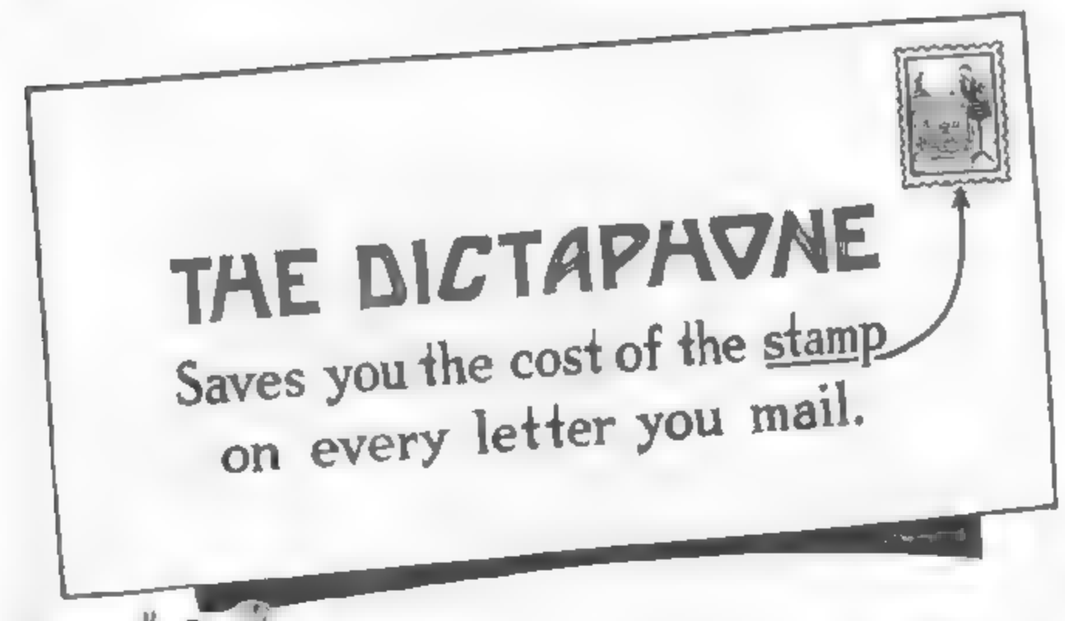

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Then it was that Morris noticed behind the chairman the portly figure of B. Dannenblum, who was seated on a plank laid from side to side of the truck, while beside him, nursing one knee in an attitude of rapt attention, sat Leon Sammet.

Almost immediately afterward Dannenblum recognized Abe and Morris in the crowd, and after a whispered consultation with Leon they climbed down over the wheel of the truck and disappeared into the neighboring café. It was at this juncture that a familiar voice sounded in Abe's ear.

"Well, Mr. Potash," said Emanuel Seif, for it was none other than he, "what d'ye think of your old operator as a political speaker?"

"He's got a big mouth," Abe replied sourly, "like lots of other fellers, Seif."

"But he's got big idees too, Mr. Potash," Seif insisted. "The feller is a born spellbinder, Mr. Potash, and no one would of discovered him if it hadn't been for me."

"What d'ye mean if it hadn't been for you?" Morris asked.

"Why, you see," Seif explained proudly, "when you hired me, Mr. Perlmutter, and you didn't want to stultify yourself I mean you didn't want to tell Pinsker you couldn't use him as foreman, understand me—I give Pinsker a card."

"Sure, I know," Abe commented. "You told us that before."

"But I didn't told you who the card was to," Seif rejoined and he paused impressively.

"I suppose it was to President Taft, ain't it?" Abe asked satirically.

"No, sir," Seif replied. "It was to Sammet Brothers."

"Sammet Brothers!" Abe and Morris exclaimed with one breath; and Morris began slowly to nod his head in a manner that implied "I see it all now."

"Yes, Mr. Potash," Seif went on in the tones of an actor showing his press notices, "I gave him a card to Sammet Brothers, understand me, because I knew they wanted an assistant foreman."

"So, Seif," Abe said, "you are the one which got the feller over to Sammet Brothers'!"

"I am just telling you I did," Seif continued, "which on the card I says that it would be a favor to Dannenblum and Murray B. Pinower; and——"

Here Abe could stand it no longer and he clutched Morris by the arm.

"Come, Mawruss," he said, "before I do this feller an injury!"

V

THE following morning Emanuel Seif was dismissed after an interview that left Abe hoarse for the remainder of the day; and this event ushered in a week of savage recrimination, during which foreman, rugs, Socialism, Leon Sammet and B. Dannenblum were discussed so freely and unconventionally that by the morning after election day Abe and Morris were again sustaining comparatively friendly relations. Hence Abe was able to force a melancholy smile as he handed Morris the morning paper, where, on the fourth page, sandwiched in between miscellaneous news items, were the returns of the election for municipal offices.

"What d'ye think for the *Mazzel* of that feller Pinower, Mawruss?" he said. "He gets elected by fifty-five votes!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"I dismissed that matter from my mind already," he declared. "What is *sorbet* is *sorbet*, Abe."

As he spoke there alighted from the elevator a portly and familiar figure, who comported himself with so melancholy an air that Abe and Morris did not at first recognize what ought to have been the triumphant and carefree father-in-law of a municipal-court-judge-elect; but at length Dannenblum spoke and Abe and Morris gasped in chorus.

"Well, boys," he said in husky tones, "I guess you heard the news?"

"We read the papers like anybody else, Mr. Dannenblum," Abe said as the proprietor of the Planet Drygoods Store sank into a chair.

"Fifty-five votes done it," he announced, "and I bet yer Pinsker swung over about a couple of hundred already."

"That's what Sammet says, I suppose," Abe commented.

"Sammet says Pinsker didn't got nothing to do with it at all," Dannenblum declared; "but you couldn't believe a word that sucker says at all." Morris raised his eyebrows involuntarily. "A feller which would go to work and try to unload on me a lot of *Machshovos* like them three-quarter-length corduroy coats, Abe, and then claim they was up to your sample, understand me," Dannenblum went on, "ain't no judge of nothing! What does he know about how many votes Pinsker swings? I says he swung over a couple of hundred, and I ought to know, understand me, because, first and last, that campaign of Pinower's costs me three thousand dollars, and I ain't got no note or nothing to show for it."

Abe and Morris exchanged astonished looks, but neither of them could think of anything to say, and Dannenblum continued his jeremiad.

"It all went out in dribs and drabs, understand me," he said, "and all along I could see I was making a big fool of myself; but of course I got confidence in the feller that we had an understanding it would be all on account of the dowry, considering my daughter was engaged to the feller."

"Was engaged to the feller!" Morris exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Dannenblum declared. "Was engaged—*aber* no longer. Last night, after the election returns comes in, Pinower comes to me and he says, when a drygoods merchant like me is getting a judge for a son-in-law, understand me, the least to be considered is fifteen thousand dollars; which one thing leads to another, y'understand—and now the whole thing is off!"

Morris and Abe were too genuinely shocked to express their sympathy before Dannenblum gained a fresh start.

"He's a political accident, Abe—that's all!" he continued. "Fifty-five votes is nothing; and if it wouldn't of been that Sammet comes to us and practically forces that feller Pinsker on us, understand me, it never would of happened at all. I told that *Rosher*, Sammet, this morning yet, he should take them corduroys away from my place and never let me see his face again in my store!"

"The widewale serges *mit* Robespierre collars also?" Abe asked, while Morris produced the cigars.

"That was only a bluff, Abe," Dannenblum replied. "I advertised them goods in advance of delivery, understand me; and Pinsker got so busy spellbinding that they couldn't turn 'em out at all."

Dannenblum puffed away in silence for a minute and his eyes sought the floor.

"Where did you got the rugs, boys?" he asked sadly, and Abe snorted his indignation.

"That *Rosher*, Seif, sells 'em to us," he said.

"They're genwine caravans," Morris added with ill-assumed modesty. "Some people would even call 'em—I forget what the name is—so fine they are."

For the first time that morning a faint smile appeared on Dannenblum's face as he stooped down to finger the rugs.

"How much did you pay for 'em?" he inquired.

"Mr. Dannenblum," Abe said in agitated tones, suspecting the worst, "for Gawd's sakes, if we got stuck we got stuck, understand me; and it's anyhow better we should get our experience *mit* Seif than have a rank Socialist for a foreman like Pinsker."

Dannenblum wagged his head oracularly in a cloud of smoke.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys," he said, "as a Socialist I ain't sore at Pinsker at all. It's only when he turned to be a Republican that I got no use for him, y'understand, on account the Socialists is got some pretty good idees too."

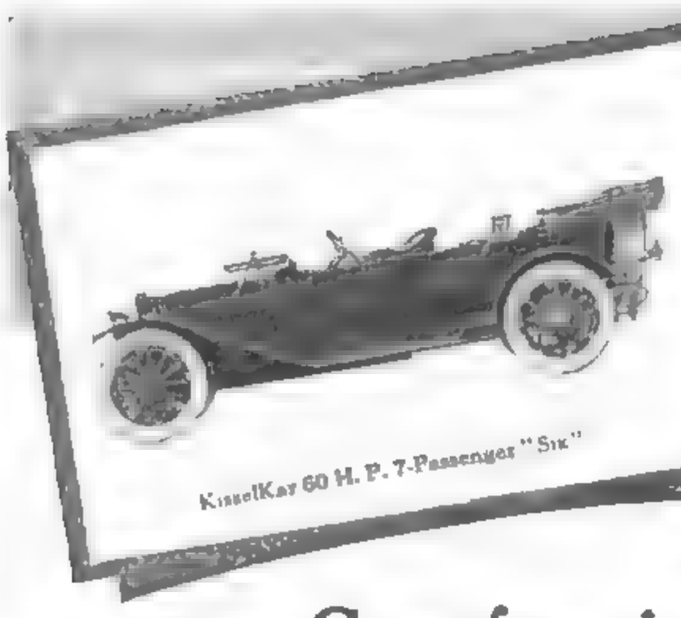
"What for idees do you mean?" Abe asked.

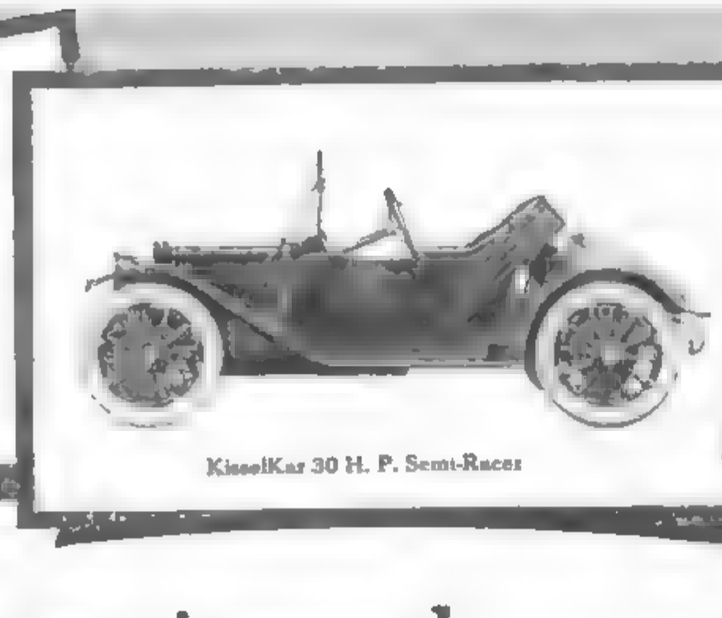
"One of 'em is the recall," Dannenblum replied, "which if I could spring a recall on that sucker Pinower, Abe, I would do it tomorrow, understand me—never mind it would cost me another three thousand yet!"

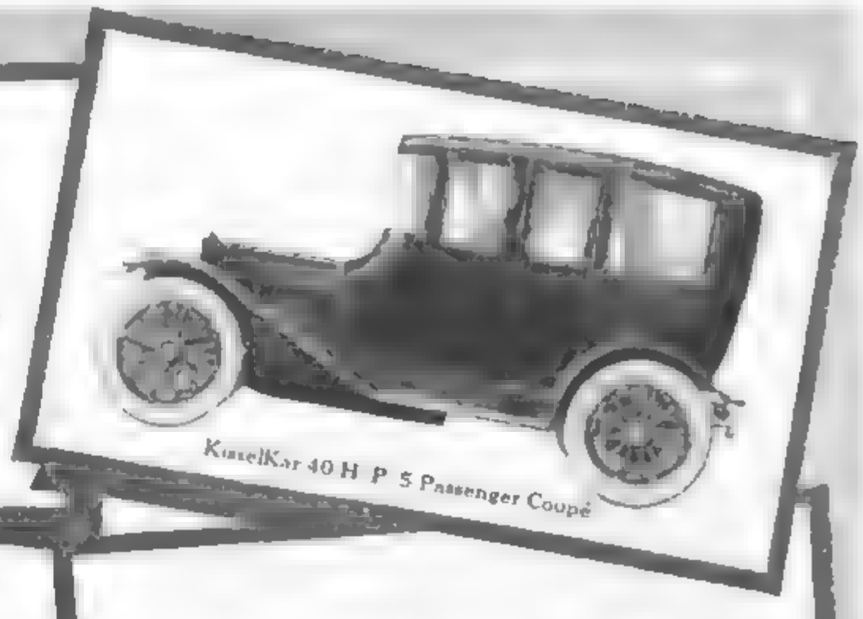
Abe rose to his feet and drew back the new plush curtains from a sample rack of corduroy coats.

"If you would excuse my saying so, Mr. Dannenblum," he said, "I should think your would got enough to do in your store, understand me, without you should go in for politics on the side."

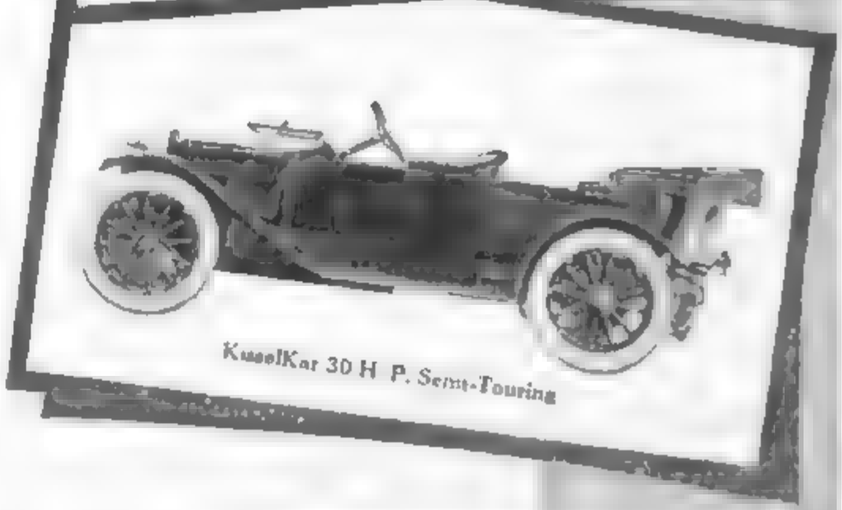
"On the side you couldn't go in for politics at all!" Dannenblum declared. "Politics is like stummick trouble, Abe—you got to devote all your time to it—and you forget about business entirely." He heaved a final bitter sigh. "So, go ahead, Abe," he concluded, "and show me them corduroy coats."


KisselKar 60 H. P. 7-Passenger "Six"


KisselKar 30 H. P. Semi-Racer


KisselKar 40 H. P. 5 Passenger Coupé

KisselKar 40 H. P. Semi-Touring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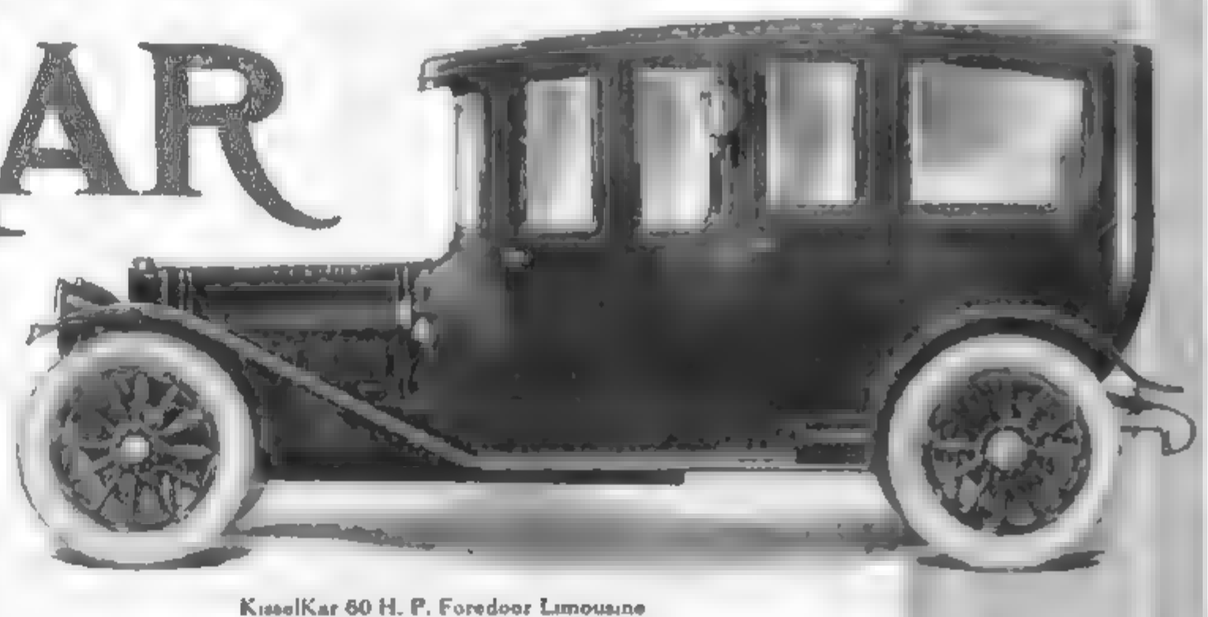
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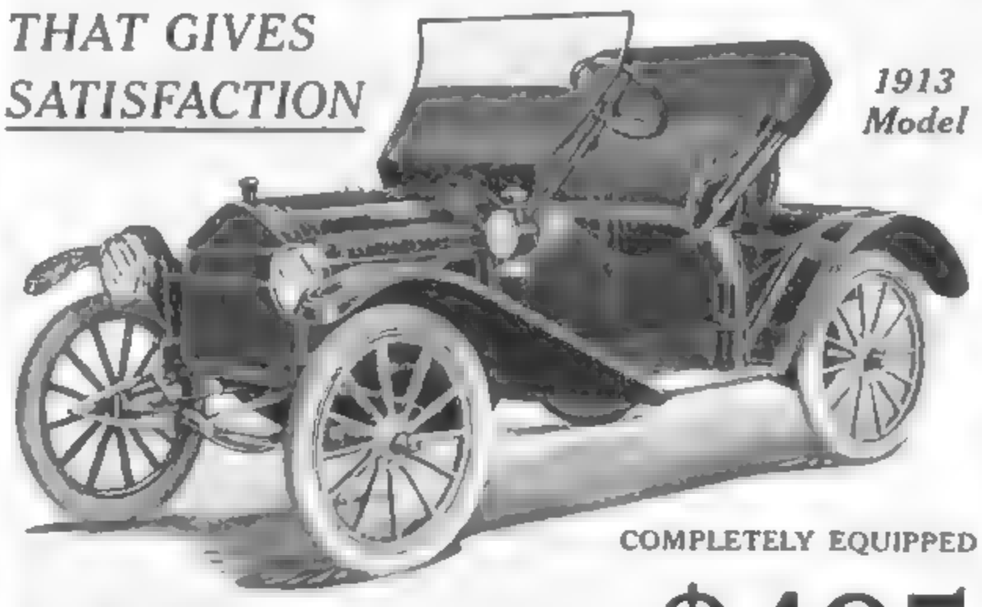

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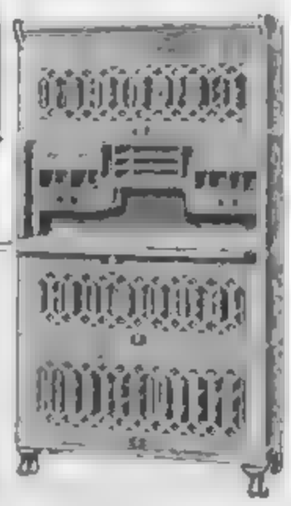

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 20

point to get acquainted with every farmer's wife in the neighborhood. She had them up to the house in groups, and dropped many a word of encouragement and gave many a bit of advice which came from a full experience.

"Billy," she said to me one night, "it's the deadly uninspired routine of their lives that's killing the women. They cook and sew and scrub without a single dream to help them along; and that's because the men don't dream. If you succeed in rousing the husbands and sons you'll bring the wives and mothers to life too."

"That's what we want to do," I said.

"It shows that it isn't lack of money that makes poverty, Billy," she said. "All these women have good homes and plenty to eat and wear; and yet—and yet I honestly believe they are poorer than our old friends of the tenements."

"We were never so poor in our lives as when we lived with plenty to eat and wear in the suburbs," I reminded her.

"That's just it," she nodded. "This is the same kind of poverty. It comes from the fact that for these women life ends with the end of each day. They die every time they crawl into bed at night. There is never anything for them to look forward to on the morrow."

"If we could only make them realize that this condition is largely their own fault ——"

"That wouldn't make any difference at all," she broke in. "We must change the conditions. Most of our misfortunes are largely our own fault, but that doesn't make them any the less misfortunes. It's another misfortune that our misfortunes are our own fault. I don't know but what that's the worst misfortune of all."

She was right. It doesn't do much good to blame people for their faults. We ourselves, after making public our experiences in the suburbs, received many hard letters from people who couldn't see anything in our plight but the well-deserved consequences of our own folly. If we hadn't done this or that, if we had done this or that, we were assured that we should have come out all right. To be sure! That applies to every human being who ever tried to live this life.

If we were all as wise as Solomon to start with, and lived up to all Solomon's precepts, then would come the millennium—but we aren't. We all have to learn and in the learning we make many mistakes. Then we make them again.

And the man who blames us and lets it go at that isn't our friend, and some day is going to make a mistake himself.

IX

I DON'T think a winter in our town ever passed more quickly or more pleasantly than this winter. The months flew by like weeks and the weeks like days. When the first warm melting days came in late April every one began to get impatient. It seemed as though the snow would never leave the ground, and many didn't wait for this before platting out their crops and digging up samples of soil to send to the agricultural school. Seeds were bought and tested, and farming tools brought out and put in order.

It's good to be in the country in the spring. It was my first experience and the change took place like a miracle. I saw trees that looked as dead as fenceposts start to life with the stirring sap; I saw little green grassblades appear among the brown waste of dead blades; I saw all manner of living things wake and creep out of their winter hiding-places, until the earth looked almost as though the resurrection trumpet had blown.

Spring means a great deal more to farmers than it does to city folks. She comes like a partner returning from a winter vacation, takes down the shutters, sweeps the store clean, and stands at the door ready for business. She comes with unlimited capital which is furnished every one for the asking. If men will have none of it, even then she does not stand idle, but for the sake of the housewives and the children proceeds on her own hook to make the world as beautiful as possible; sprinkles the trees with blossoms and perfume, scatters the ground with flowers, sweetens the air with song. You can't escape her bounty if you will. This year, however, she couldn't complain of lack of coöperation.

Hardly had the frost fairly left the ground when there was an unprecedented demand in our town for horses and plows. There were not enough to go round. I let Hadley go in order to take the many jobs offered him, but with every plow and horse in the neighborhood in use I saw much land that would be late for seed. If tangible evidence was needed of what the Pioneer Club had already accomplished it was in this state of affairs. There had been no difficulty the year before. One Sunday Holt and I scoured the surrounding towns for men and horses, and secured six teams on the promise of, at least, a week's work for each. The men were willing enough to come, even though in doing so they neglected their own work. It was the old story of their being willing for five dollars a day—cash in hand—to jeopardize a future ten. However, that was their own lookout and I quieted my conscience with the thought that if we made as good as we hoped to the influence of this experiment would spread to the neighboring towns. They were mighty curious as to what was going on.

"What's got into you people anyhow?" asked one man.

"We're getting ready for the planting," I said.

"Well, something must have happened to make you so all-fired busy down your way," one of them answered.

I told him about the Pioneer Club and the prizes that were being offered. The amount made his eyes stick out.

"Gee!" he answered. "Guess I'll have to move down your way."

"You're welcome," I said. "Come and bring your family."

We certainly did look like a busy community. Drive along the roads in any direction and you'd see acre after acre of upturned land. The smell of new earth was in the air and it was like tonic, even to the passer-by.

During this busy preparatory season Holt kept his law office open evenings and it came to be a sort of clubroom. I planned to stay down there every evening until eleven, and the two of us tried to straighten out the difficulties that arose. One of these was seeing to it that every man who showed himself to be in earnest had a proper supply of material with which to start his crop. We made arrangements with Moulton and with Gordon, the hardware man, to extend reasonable credit to every one, even in cases where credit had been withdrawn. Our argument that it was wiser to help a man get on his feet than to keep him down was sound on the face of it.

"These fellows mean business now," I said to Moulton; "and if we go on half as well as we've begun there won't be a man in this village who, within a couple of years, won't be on his feet. It's up to you to do your part. Their success is your success. Give them credit for everything but patent medicines, and you won't lose."

Though it was true that in doing this Moulton was choosing the lesser of two evils, I realized that it wasn't exactly fair, either, to force him and a few other merchants to bear the burden of financing these men without interest; but the small farmer is in a bad position. When a commercial business house needs money it can go to a bank and, upon a statement of its business and its rating, obtain money and credit on its signature. A small farmer has no business rating and can get money only upon a mortgage at six per cent, which is almost prohibitive. Of course the banks can't be blamed for treating individuals in this way, but it struck me that something might be done about this if ever we got the community, as a whole, firmly bound together. The combined security of all the land and business in the whole village ought to mean something to a bank.

Meanwhile I was not neglecting my own land. I realized there wasn't much use in preaching the profit of farming unless I at least made the attempt to demonstrate it on my own acres. Though on the one hand I was handicapped by lack of practical training, it struck me that this would make the experiment all the more interesting, as showing what could be done by a man who availed himself of the knowledge of others, which through the Government bureaus and the state agricultural school was freely offered to every one.

Before this series of lectures I don't believe any human being ever knew less about

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farming than I did. I hadn't spent even my vacations on a farm. I couldn't tell wheat in the field from oats. I didn't know anything about soils, about seeds, about fertilizers, about cultivation. My mind was a blank on the subject, which at least had the advantage of making me free of prejudices.

I don't mean to say, even after the superficial course of lectures to which I listened this winter, that I felt myself an authority on the subject. I didn't; but, on the other hand, everything that was said sounded so much like just plain common-sense that I didn't see why any fairly intelligent man couldn't put the theories into practice, especially when he had the agricultural school back of him ready and eager to give further advice.

Take, for example, the matter of orchards. I found on my place some seventy-five apple trees all cluttered up with dead limbs. It didn't require a farmer to realize that any tree was handicapped by such a burden. I took a saw and cut out all this dead wood and a little later, when the shoots had started, trimmed off all those that obviously were useless. Then, still following out instructions, I scraped the bark on the trunks and whitewashed them. This was no more than common-sense grooming, such as one would give livestock. Then I girdled the trunks with burlap to prevent insects from crawling up to the young leaves. After this I spaded up round the roots so that air and water and sunshine could get in. Until now the dead sod had matted down into a covering about as impervious to air and moisture as a rubber blanket.

Hadley, my hired man, watched me with cynical indifference. To him it seemed as foolish to bestow all this care upon gnarled old apple trees as it would to give the same attention to a fullgrown man that a woman bestows upon an infant. He believed that a tree would grow anyway, and was outside the province of farming.

"Only wastin' your time!" he said. "Them trees won't never do nothin'."

Perhaps not, but I felt more than repaid in seeing the orchard looking shipshape instead of like a neglected cemetery.

Earlier in the season I had taken samples from a five-acre strip of damp, low-lying land at the foot of the hill that was fairly well drained, and sent them to the school for analysis. I received a report advising me to plant potatoes there, and a formula for the best fertilizer to use. Here again it didn't take a man bred on a farm to carry out the simple instructions. I had the field plowed as soon as the frost was out of the ground, applied my fertilizer of acid phosphate, kainite and nitrate of soda—so many pounds to the acre—and harrowed it in. It didn't require even ordinary intelligence to have this done, or to purchase Early Norwood, New Queen and Green Mountain seed, and plant them in rows three feet apart and in sets fifteen inches apart. Hadley and I did the work—work that any day-laborer was capable of doing. I reserved a small strip for the planting of Early Horn carrots, Market Model parsnips, Edmand's beets and Early Milan turnips. These names didn't mean anything to me and I didn't care if they didn't. Before the end of the season, however, I wished I had reserved an even larger strip for these things. I never ate such vegetables in my life.

I plowed up about an acre back of the barn for the garden and emptied upon this the manure from the cowbarn, working it in well. Then I harrowed the ground until it was pulverized almost as fine as dust. According to the professor, not half enough time is devoted by the average New England farmer to the preparing of his soil for his seed. Oftentimes he is content with plowing and a single harrowing. I noticed that Dardoni and Tony, however, knew enough by instinct to work their soil thoroughly. They depended a great deal on hand labor, because, for one reason, they could secure help cheap. Newcomers were glad enough to work for them for the experience and the chance it gave them to look round for places of their own. However the result was the same, and they did their work thoroughly. I planted about one-fourth of this garden to peas in successive sowings. Here was another simple and obvious advantage which I found my neighbors up to this time had neglected. They sowed perhaps an early and late crop of peas and corn, but it never occurred to them to sow three or four, and many of them didn't even sow two. When peas and corn were ripe every one had peas and corn,

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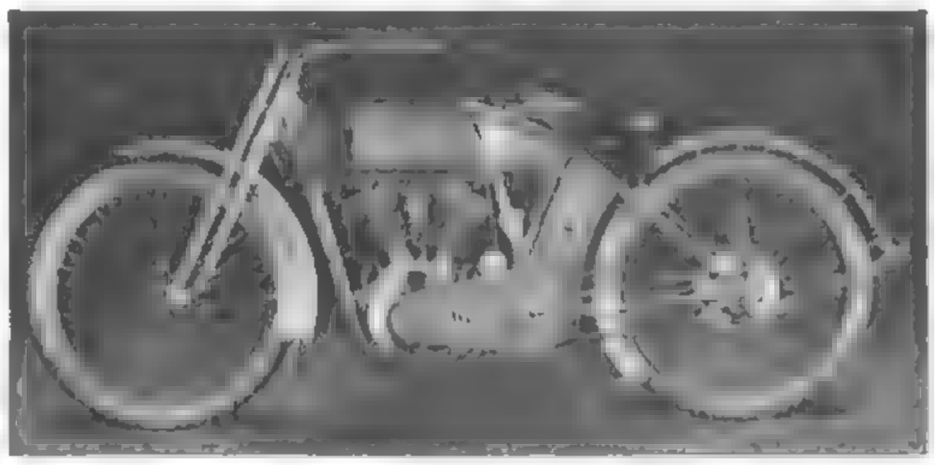

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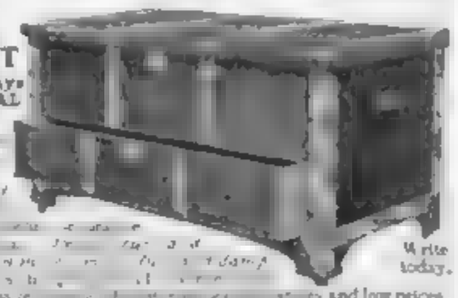

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but in the intervals no one except Dardoni and his fellows had them at all. They were therefore either scarce or a drug on the market. Under advice I used Suttons, with a few Dwarf Champions.

Another quarter of the garden I planted to beans—some string-beans—Plentifuls and Valentines—some wax and lima beans and a large patch of white pea-beans for winter.

Another quarter of the plot I put into sweet corn, using for the early varieties Early Cory and Peep o' Day, for medium earlies Crosby, and for late corn Country Gentleman. Among these I put in a few squash seeds, Crooknecks and Hubbards.

The last quarter I used for cucumbers, cabbages, tomatoes and small stuff, such as lettuce, peppergrass, radishes, Swiss chard and beets.

Now to get all this done within the space of a few weeks required hard work. I was up at half past four and in the field by half past five. With an hour out at noon I was at it steadily until six o'clock. Then I ate supper and was in bed by eight-thirty, so dog-tired I could hardly get undressed; and yet I woke up at daylight the next morning completely rested and eager to be at it again. This is the kind of hard work that leaves no after effects. I continued to employ Hadley, but without boasting I honestly believe I accomplished each day four times as much as he did. I didn't do this by unusual exertion, but merely by keeping steadily at it and planning the work in a businesslike way. In my thought I kept one step ahead of my hands, but he was always one step behind and had to wait for his head to catch up with him.

I never felt more alert in body and mind than I did this spring. I was used to physical labor, but I found myself responding with even greater vigor than I had when I was younger and digging for the subway as a day-laborer. For one thing I had none of the mental strain with which I was burdened then. Of course I was in a far better position financially and everything was going well with my own. Dick was making good and the kiddies were as rosy and plump as autumn apples. Ruth, too, was happier than I had ever seen her; so that, though I took this new work seriously, it was with a light-hearted seriousness that added to the zest of life.

Meanwhile we were holding a meeting of the Pioneers every two weeks in order that interest might not flag and to discuss any difficulties that arose. These gatherings were informal and, as time went on, had the effect of binding us together into one big family. Sometimes I spoke, and sometimes Holt spoke, and twice we had a man down from the school. So far as it was possible we tried to prod up their pride. We told them that as descendants of the people who founded this nation they had a certain responsibility of blood. They were still the backbone of this nation, but this inheritance didn't amount to anything unless they lived up to it. We tried to impress them with the fact that other pioneers were coming in—and they saw this for themselves—and that if they meant to retain their title and position it must be by proving themselves worthy. We avoided carefully anything that might stir up class hatred.

"The race is open to all," said Holt. "It's right that it should be. You wouldn't have much of a horserace if you allowed only your own horses to enter—horses of which you were sure. Your victory wouldn't mean anything. It would be like betting with yourself. It's only in the free-for-all that you get a real race and a real victory. You've made a good start, and now all you've got to do is to sit tight and drive hard."

Holt had a catchy way of talking and always succeeded in putting the crowd into good humor, and also in throwing a glamour of romance over everything. We couldn't have had a better man.

Nevertheless, as I said, the greatest good of these meetings came from the community idea that was fostered. Meeting here week after week for a common purpose, we began to feel friendly and intimate with one another. Farmers are naturally an independent lot; and the worse farmers they are, the more independent they are apt to be. Lack of success, instead of humbling them, makes them even cockier, as it does with people in any walk of life who have any backbone. They found plenty of excuse for their failure outside themselves. Newspapers, muckraking magazine articles and politicians furnished them with arguments enough, explaining how they were being robbed and abused.

These things sink in deep among farmers when they sink in at all, because they have time to think them over and digest them; but they sink into them as individuals and not as a body.

The result is that not only do they become suspicious of the outside world, but suspicious of one another. It makes them even more pronounced separate units. Up to a certain point this is not only a good thing, but the best possible thing. It has preserved their individuality. Organization after organization has tried to herd them together and reduce them to a mere class, so as to drive them in one direction for their own selfish ends, but happily without result. They won't be driven. Even the organizations that have had a less sordid interest in the task have failed to hold them together for any length of time—which, in my opinion, has saved them from being swallowed up.

This independence, however, is carried to extremes in the smaller communities, and it was so in our town. It turned out that every man was suspicious of his neighbor. Though all were engaged in the same work and had many interests in common, every man felt himself a competitor, not with the outside world but with his nearest neighbor. They wouldn't pull together on anything.

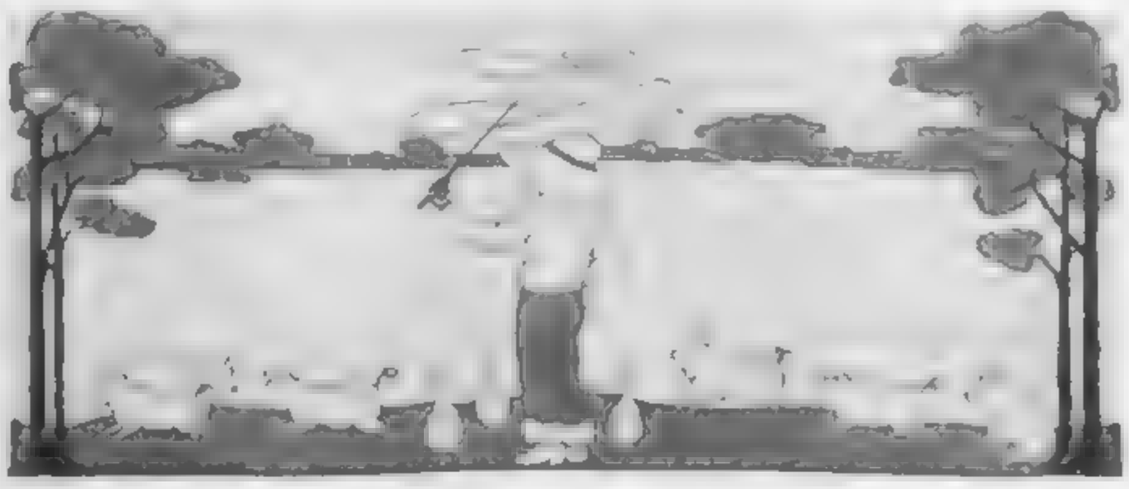
We didn't overcome this feeling in a minute, but we did accomplish a lot toward it even during this first summer. In a way this prize system might be expected to increase individual competition, but even to the end of winning the prizes we forced all to work together, which more than made up.

It wasn't long before we all realized we had opened up a field even larger than any of us had dreamed. When we saw almost two hundred acres spring to life as a result of our initial effort; as we saw front dooryards blossom with flower gardens and back dooryards become alive with truck gardens; as we saw orchard after orchard, which before had been about as sightly as a patch of dead hemlocks, step forth trim and neat and full, not of dead hopes but of big promise; as we noted the absence of village loafers and grocery-store hangers-on—we caught an inkling of what a power we had set in motion.

And the joy of it was in the realization that this was no new and imported power, but native energy that all the while had been here latent. These acres were now waking up—this labor that had been lying idle. It represented thousands of dollars when aroused and only so many cents when dormant.

A man couldn't have come in here and bought this plant—houses, barns, fields, stock, men—for much less than a million dollars at any time; and yet once it hadn't been worth to those who possessed it what it was taxed. Quick with life, as it was now, it was coming to its own.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE FARMER'S WORST ENEMY

(Continued from Page 17)

the little brown man is a master. Tomatoes are packed in three layers. If you, as a retail buyer, want to find out whether you are buying an honest pack dig straight for the third layer. If it is not uniform all the way through, the first layer will be fancy, the second medium and the third miserable. Lettuce is handled the same way by the unscrupulous grower. Celery is tied in bunches—the fine stuff on the outside and the pitted, rotten or frostbitten hearts in the center. There is less chance to play these tricks with what we call bunch stuff than with any other garden truck. When you get your tender little carrots tied in a bunch you can see every carrot in the bunch, but when they come in a sack—well, the center of it is generally worth investigating."

"Are many growers dishonest?" I asked.

"So many of them are crooked that you come to hate the sight of trousers; you get to be ashamed that you're a man. The fact is it is an understood thing that we never accept a grower's pack for anything. I've tried to reduce the thing to a percentage and have come to the conclusion that, as a general rule, what you buy as first-class contains about thirty-five per cent of second-grade or worthless stuff. It makes me tired. Why can't they see that they're losing money by that sort of thing, even if they get away with it part of the time? But we generally catch them at it; so in a majority of cases it simply means a doubled expense in sorting and handling on their part and an increased expense on our part in the matter of inspection."

The Honesty of the Chinese

"The Chinese seem to appreciate the logic of this situation better than almost any other class of growers on the Coast. They realize that a rigidly honest pack means a premium in price and the other advantages that come to a man who has the complete confidence of those with whom he is dealing. There isn't any surer way to a fancy price, a sure market and a line of patrons who will go the limit for you than is to be found in a rigidly honest pack. There is plenty of demand for all grades of produce grown from the soil. One consumer wants fancy, another seconds, and another is looking for bargains in thirds. The grower who mixes these grades in one package is simply failing to recognize the way in which the consumer demands that his produce shall be put up. In other words he's making the dealers and everybody all along down the line a lot of unnecessary work, and all because he wants to get the advantage of those to whom he sells. Naturally, if he insists on doing business that way, those who buy of him are going to make him pay for the useless trouble he causes—pay for it in a reduced price. The sharpest, shrewdest business trick any farmer or grower can turn is to produce the best stuff and then put it upon the market in the most acceptable and most rigidly standardized form possible! Next to doing that himself, the brightest game he can play is to get his neighbors to do the same thing.

"When a whole community can get the big markets of the country to say, 'If it comes from that place it's all right,' then the biggest kind of asset has been created.

"Farmers in general, or Jap farmers in particular, haven't any monopoly on this tendency. Not all Jap farmers are crooked, by any means, and it would be absurd to call farmers a dishonest class. In every business on earth you can find men who will work harder to get one crooked dollar than to make ten straight ones. In some businesses men of this bent seem to thrive better than in others; but there isn't any business on earth where that sort of thing is so misplaced, shortsighted and fatal as in farming—or one in which the opposite course is so shrewd, profitable and efficient."

The business wisdom of a pack that is above reproach needs no brighter illustration than is furnished by most of the products of California. No state in the Union has a higher standard of grading and packing citrus and many other fruits than California, and many have much lower standards. On the other hand certain other semi-tropical sections of this country produce competing fruit and garden delicacies admittedly finer in texture and higher in

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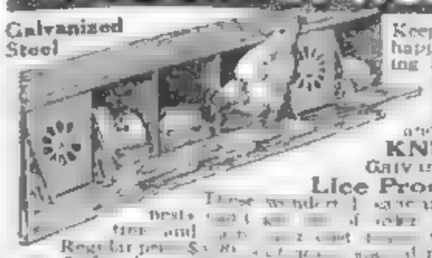

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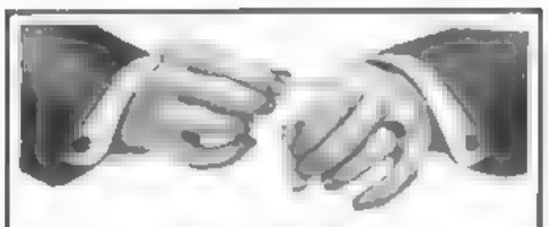

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flavor than the average of that product grown in California. This point is readily conceded by the Eastern dealers generally, and I have found several loyal Californians who frankly made this admission. As a rule, however, California tops the market both in average price and in quantity. Why? Because honesty of pack there has become standardized—scientifically standardized!

The leaders of the industry there have come to recognize the necessity of making honesty automatic. They saw that what they needed to make California top the markets of the East was a "horizontal honesty"—of the sort that made the name of California on a package a guaranty that its contents were true to name and grade; that when you bought a box of California fruit you could know to a moral certainty what you were buying without looking underneath the top layer. Oregon, Washington and Idaho set the same pace in the apple industry.

The big business lesson the growers of America may learn from California is this: Rigid honesty of pack is the cleverest trick that can be turned by any grower; intentional honesty of pack is only an elemental step in the building of a reputation for a right pack—expert, scientific honesty is the only brand that can create and maintain a standard which will bring the premium of top price in every market month after month and year after year. In other words the personal equation should be as carefully eliminated in grading fruit for the big market as in judging animals at a stock show. For an exhibitor to act as judge of his own stock at a competitive exhibition would be regarded as a rank absurdity. On the same principle comparatively little California fruit—especially citrus fruit—is packed by the man who grew it. There the principle that a grower is disqualified for the task of grading and packing his own product is broadly recognized, and in the case of several kinds of products it is almost universally enforced.

The Professional Packer

Florida, Texas and other competing states are awakening to the soundness of this principle; but as yet they have not reached a tension of organization among their growers sufficient to insure the general application of this principle. In some particular lines they are making decided progress, but they have still a long way to go before they will attain that degree of scientific, horizontal honesty of pack that will enable them to compete with California in the big markets of the world.

That soil and climate give these states certain advantages in special lines of production will hardly be disputed by any unprejudiced consumer; but these advantages will count for comparatively little in net returns in competition with their progressive competitor of the Pacific Slope until the business end of their operations becomes equally well standardized—and that standard as jealously and as scientifically maintained.

How is this horizontal honesty to be enforced? By legislative statute? Certainly right legislation, well enforced, will do much in this direction.

Moreover, an increasing recognition of the fact that few growers are qualified to grade and pack their own product has brought into being the modern expert packer. This new efficiency engineer in the agricultural field realizes that his chief professional asset is his reputation in the open market for putting up a pack that is scientifically, commercially and morally right. Generally this expert operates under his own name or brands, and handles the packing and marketing on a percentage basis. In a word he furnishes the expert skill and the scientific honesty for the grower. His reputation for a right pack is his capital in the open market, and he is generally farsighted enough to maintain that asset unimpaired, in spite of the tricks and the pleadings of individual growers who seek for an advantage over their neighbors.

For those who have not the moral fiber or the business shrewdness to hold up their packs to a rigid standard, the professional packer is undoubtedly a valuable aid; but hired honesty can, of course, never take the place of individual honesty—and the great body of honest farmers of the country will continue to suffer for the sins of the unscrupulous farmer until adequate laws governing the grading and packing of the farmers' products are passed and enforced!

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TRADE

(Concluded from Page 7)

large estates maintained by the Federal Government in the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia, and Leavenworth, Kansas, but those are sporting risks that must be figured on as a part of the game in certain lines of commercial endeavor.

I would like to be the Floorwalker Beautiful in a great department store and direct persons looking for bargains to the counters where the most expensive commodities are sold. I would like to be a real-estate agent with that power of persuasion which enables any good real-estate agent to take a homeseeker to one of those sea-level additions down along the Jersey coast and unload on him a bungalow that is guaranteed to have running water in every room—whenever the tide is up. I would like to be an auctioneer and make strangers fight with one another to buy articles they do not need and will have no use for; but with my weakness I could never be an auctioneer. I should bid in everything that I put up.

A person with the knack can sell me whatever he chooses whether I have the money to pay for it or not. Just as soon as the proposition is set forth I pass off into a state of coma during which it is possible to unload almost anything on me. At such a time you could sell me tickets of admission to an earthquake or reserved seats for an eclipse of the moon. Afterward, when it is too late, I am apt to regret it, but I am not cured. I believe I am one of a large class in this country. If there were not a great many of us our great captains of finance—our Carnegies and our Rockefellers, our Morgans and our Fricks—could never have done so well in business as they have done. They had to have the raw material on which to work. We are the raw material—we are very raw!

Only here the other day I went into a store with a view to buying a rolled-plate watch-chain that I had seen in the show window advertised at two-ninety-eight or some such sum. I told the salesman behind the counter what I wanted.

He gave me one look and read my secret. Then he said to me firmly: "No, you do not want one of those watch-chains. They are meant to loop across the front of the waistcoat, and if a man is inclined to be—ahem!—stout, a watch-chain like that directs attention to his figure. What you want is one of those neat gold fobs at thirty-eight-fifty."

Never a Seller, Always Sold

Now that was a perfectly bogus argument. You might just as well advance the theory that a bowlegged man should not wear trousers because they will direct attention to his legs. Afterward I thought of this comparison, but at the moment I had no rejoinder handy. My brain got in a sort of fuzzy state, and before I got my reasoning faculties back he was affixing the fob to me and I was paying them the thirty-eight-fifty. It's always that way with me when I invade the crowded marts of trade. As I said before, I was not born to be a seller; I was born to be sold. And I am!

I had my chance once to embrace a commercial career with all its promise of substantial rewards, but my constitutional infirmity was against me. I lasted for a brief season only. The incident came up in this way: There was a man in our town who had made a success as a life-insurance agent. Persons who crossed his path were not plain persons to him—they were either good risks or else they were poor prospects. And he never asked a man how his family was—he would ask him how his loved ones were. He was constantly urging somebody to provide for his loved ones, using those words. He looked me over one day and told me he thought, with a little training, I ought to be able to sell life insurance on commission.

I was young and optimistic and, besides, I was out of a job; so, against the inner warnings of my better and truer self, I hearkened to the voice of the tempter. I told him with a falsely assumed air of jaunty confidence that I thought so too.

He lent me a set of mortality statistics to study. They seemed to me to be gloomy, not to say morbid, reading matter, but I studied them until all I could think of was the dreadful uncertainty of existence. Then he let me have a lot of insurance literature and some tables of comparisons to read, and by the time I was through with them my mind was a surging and uncharted sea of figures sloshing round, but my preceptor seemed amply satisfied with the results. He said I was to be equipped to go forth and do business. However, as a beginner, my new boss would start me, he said, on an easy prospect.

"You go out and see old man Zogbottom, the brewer," he said. "He wants some insurance. I've been working on him until he's ripe enough to fall. All you've got to do is to go out to his house and pick him. I'll wait here for you until you get back with his pelt."

I went; but I was feeling more and more like a forlorn hope at every step and when I arrived at Mr. Zogbottom's I knew I was the same as a lost cause. He was just going in to his supper and, being a hospitable soul, he invited me in too. I didn't want any supper. I was so full of stage fright there wasn't room anywhere inside for an appetite—but I went. After supper we sat round and smoked and talked. Once or twice the conversation threatened to drift round to life insurance, but by masterly efforts I steered it off again. Finally the blow fell. It was getting on toward bedtime and old Mr. Zogbottom, who was polite, had been inhaling his yawns for quite some time.

Writers Who Make Fortunes

"I've enjoyed your visit," he said, "and I don't want to hurry you off or anything like that—but was there anything in particular that you wanted to see me about?"

I saw he had me cornered. I had to come out in the open now. I was desperate.

"Mr. Zogbottom," I said, "you don't want any life insurance—do you?"

He said "No." If he had said "Yes" I don't know what I would have done; but he merely looked at me somewhat curiously and said "No."

It took a tremendous load off my mind. I thanked him and said good night; and as I came away I was feeling almost lighthearted once more.

I went back and reported to my new employer that he was wrong about thinking old Mr. Zogbottom wanted insurance, because I had just had it direct from Zogbottom himself that he didn't want any. He seemed surprised.

He wanted to know what I had said and what Zogbottom had said. As nearly as I could recall, I told him. He got up and put on his hat.

"You stay right here!" he said to me. "Don't stir out, because the authorities might get you and lock you up some place where I couldn't see you without a permit. I'm sorry I haven't anything to give you to play with while I'm gone, but you try to amuse yourself the best you can and I'll be back in a little while. I'm now going out to sign up old Zogbottom for that insurance he's been wanting."

"He's gone to bed," I said.

"Don't worry," he said; "I'll get him up!"

He did too. He got him up and signed him up, and in twenty minutes he was back with an application for a ten-thousand-dollar policy in his pocket. Then he said to me:

"I was wrong and I wish to acknowledge it. I am not one of those persons who try to cover up their mistakes. You were not cut out to sell insurance. You may yet succeed in some other line of endeavor, but not in life insurance. Give up this dream of being a successful insurance agent and turn your mind in other directions. It ought not to be hard to turn a mind like yours.

"It is now getting late and you had better go. In crossing the street try to avoid being run over. The house where you live is two blocks up the street in the middle of the block. It is a white house and you should have no trouble finding it. If you do have any trouble ask a policeman. A policeman is a man in a blue coat with brass buttons on it. Do not confuse him with a motorman. A motorman rides on a street car, but a policeman wears a badge. Good night."

That was practically my only experience in the world of trade. Had it turned out differently I might now be the kind of writer who makes a fortune by his writing—I refer to one who writes insurance.

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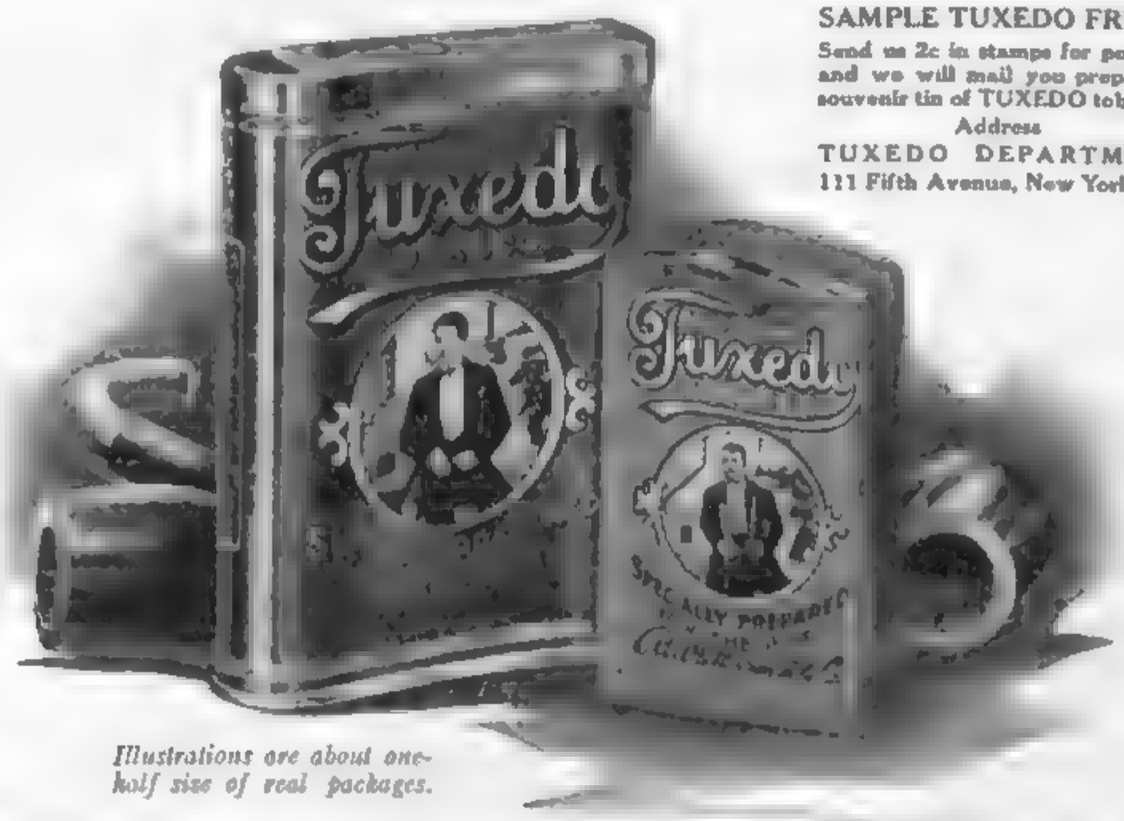

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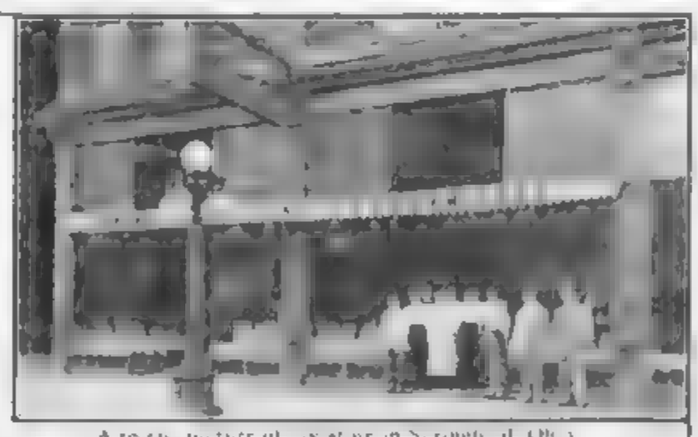

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It Looks Safe!

Here is a situation that calls for careful study. Only perfect execution of a difficult shot can save the game for him. It's tough to be left safe when the balls are so well scattered, but this is a situation typical of the uncertainty of Pool or Billiards. The fascination of these great games is in their endless variety, the emergencies which test all the skill of hand, eye and brain. Play them in your own home. You can have a

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and play while you are saving for it. No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or to take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each table.

Burrowes Tables are used in home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table, whatever size, is scientifically accurate to proportions to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices are from $15 up, on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

E. T. BURROWES CO., 815 Center St., Portland, Me.

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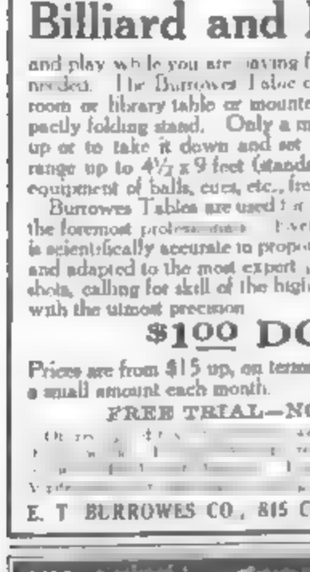

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Guaranteed Fit, Color and Wear

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Saves your money; saves your fuel and your work. I am making a special 1913 Factory price on 10,000

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BREHM BROS. Dept. 16. ERIE, PA.

THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 23)

Corliss—broad-shouldered, supple of waist, graceful and strong—smiled down negligently; yet the very air between the two men seemed charged with an invisible explosive. Ray laughed quickly, as in undisturbed good nature; then, flourishing his stick, turned toward the door.

"Oh, no; it isn't clairvoyance—no more than when I told you that your only real interest is women." He paused, his hand upon the doorknob. "I'm a quaint mixture however; perhaps I should be handled with care."

"Very good of you," laughed Corliss "this warning. The afternoon I had the pleasure of meeting you I think I remember your implying that you were a mere marionette."

"A haggard harlequin!" snapped Vilas, waving his hand to a mirror across the room. "Don't I look it?" And the phrase fitted him with tragic accuracy. "You see what a merry wedding guest I'll be! I invite you to join me on the nuptial eve."

"Thanks! Who's getting married? When the nuptial eve?"

Ray opened the door and, turning, rolled his eyes fantastically.

"Haven't you heard?" he cried. "When Hecate marries John Barleycorn!" He bowed low. "Mr. Midas, adieu!"

Corliss stood in the doorway and watched him walk down the long hall to the elevator. There Ray turned and waved his hand, the other responding with a gayety which was not assumed—Vilas might be insane or drunk, or both, but the signature upon his check was unassailable.

Corliss closed the door and began to pace his apartment thoughtfully. His expression manifested a peculiar phenomenon. In company or upon the street, or when he talked with men, the open look and frank eyes of this stalwart young man were disarming and his most winning assets. But now as he paced alone in his apartment, now that he was not upon exhibition, now when there was no eye to behold him and there was no reason to dissimulate or veil a single thought or feeling, his look was anything but open; the last trace of frankness disappeared; the muscles at mouth and eyes shifted; lines and planes intermingled and altered subtly—there was a moment of misty transformation and the face of another man emerged. It showed resourcefulness and a flawlessly complete hardness. It was the face of a man unmistructed in mercy; it was a shrewd and planning face—keen, alert, elaborately perceptive. But beyond all it was the face of a man perpetually on guard.

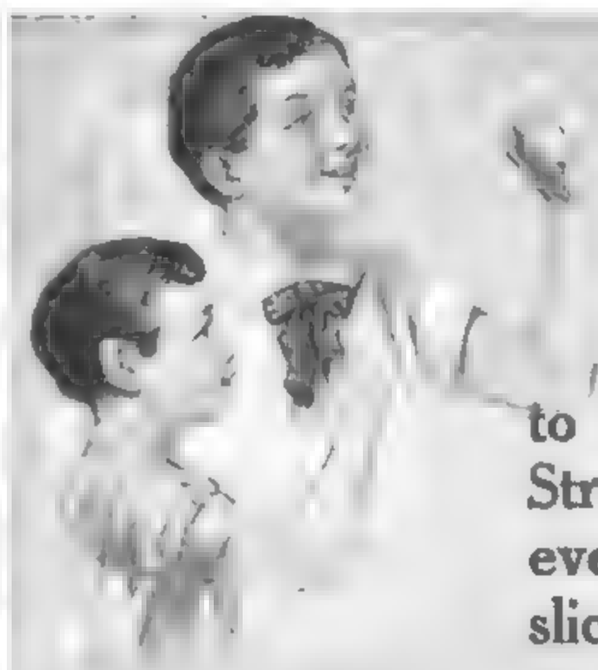
He had the air of debating a question, his hands in his pockets, his handsome forehead lined with a temporary indecision. His sentry go extended the length of his two rooms, and each time he came back into his bedroom his glance fell consideringly upon a steamer trunk of the largest size at the foot of his bed. The trunk was partially packed, as if for departure. And, indeed, it was the question of departure which he was debating.

He was a man of varied dexterities, and he had one faculty of high value which had often saved him, had never betrayed him—it was intuitive and equal to a sixth sense; he always knew when it was time to go. An inner voice warned him; he trusted to it and obeyed it. And it had spoken now, and there was his trunk half packed in answer. But he had stopped midway in his packing, because he had never yet failed to make a clean sweep where there was the slightest chance for one; he hated to leave a big job before it was completely finished—and Mr. Wade Trumble had refused to invest in the oil-fields of Basilicata.

Corliss paused beside the trunk, stood a moment immersed in thought, then nodded decisively and, turning to a dressing table, began to place some silver-mounted brushes and bottles in a leather traveling case.

There was a knock at the door. He frowned, set down what he had in his hands, went to the door and opened it to find Mr. Pryor, that plain citizen, awaiting entrance.

Corliss remained motionless in an arrested attitude, his hand upon the knob of the opened door. His position did not alter; he became almost unnaturally still, a rigidity which seemed to increase. Then he looked quickly behind him, over his shoulder and back again, with a swift movement of the head.



Boys and Girls

to be Healthy and Strong, should eat—every day—six full slices of Good Bread and Butter.

"Good Bread" means bread made from clean, strong, glutinous flour. It is the gluten in flour which builds up the body, makes muscle and supplies energy. For good bread, use

The Guaranteed Flour

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made from the choicest selection of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota—the richest bread wheats grown. It makes the most nourishing bread—bread that is sweet-tasting with crisp, tender crust.

And OCCIDENT Bread keeps fresh and of good flavor longer than other bread, because OCCIDENT Flour is absolutely clean. Not all flour is absolutely clean. You can tell clean flour by the length of time the bread keeps fresh and good.

Every Sack of OCCIDENT is Guaranteed to please you better than any other flour or your money paid back. Costs only a few cents more than other flour and goes further. Test it for all baking.

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Hang Your Pictures weighing up to 100 lbs. the correct and artistic way by using invisible supports, thus eliminating the unsightly picture wire. You will improve the appearance of your home

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Glass heads, needle points. For small pictures, calendars, draperies, etc. Two sizes, 10c. half dozen.

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[illegible] steel points, scientifically constructed [illegible] for any [illegible] point. For heavy pictures, bad nails, etc. Will not disfigure plaster walls. Easily put up. Two sizes, 15c. half dozen and 10c quarter dozen.

At [illegible] Department [illegible]

Or at MOORE PUSH PIN CO., 1178 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ten-Pinnet, the new automatic ten-pin alley, is sweeping the country, and men in the business are turning over their capital so fast that they don't need to worry about the cost of living. Ten-Pinnet is the newest, quietest automatic bowling alley in existence—the *real* and only automatic *ten-pin* alley. It has an unlimited number of combination shots. Something new occurs in almost every game. Earning capacity from 75 cents to $1.50 per hour per alley. Receipts nearly all profit, except room rent. No special foundations required, no helpers to set pins and return balls. The game is very fast and exciting. Only $150 capital required to make a start. We will sell only one person in your locality. We [illegible] proposition, which guarantees the success of the business in your locality or purchase money, less receipts, will be refunded. This is your *real* opportunity. Grasp it now—and make big money. Write us today. (48)

Send for "Profit Facts" Today

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The only paper makers in the world making bond papers exclusively

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Also makers of "The Stationery of a Gentleman"—Old Hampshire Bond in boxes with envelopes for personal correspondence

"No," said Pryor at that. "I don't want you. I just thought I'd have two minutes' talk with you. All right?"

"All right," said Corliss quietly. "Come in." He turned carelessly and walked away from the door, keeping between his guest and the desk. When he reached the desk he turned again and leaned against it, his back to it, but in the action of turning his hand had swept a sheet of notepaper over Ray Vilas' check—a too conspicuous oblong of pale blue. Pryor had come in and closed the door.

"I don't know," he began, regarding the other through his glasses with steady eyes, "that I'm going to interfere with you at all, Corliss. I just happened to strike you—I wasn't looking for you. I'm on vacation, visiting my married daughter who lives here, and I don't want to mix in if I can help it."

Corliss laughed easily.

"There's nothing for you to mix in. You couldn't if you wanted to."

"Well, I hope that's true," said Pryor with an air of indulgence curiously like that of a teacher with a pupil who promises improvement. "I do indeed. There isn't anybody I'd like to see turn straight more than you. You're educated and cultured and refined, and smarter than all hell. It would be a big thing! That's one reason I'm taking the trouble to talk to you."

"I told you I wasn't doing anything," said Corliss with a petulance as oddly like that of a pupil as the other's indulgence was like that of a tutor. "This is my own town; I own property here and I came here to sell it. I can prove it by half a minute's telephoning. Where do you come in?"

"Easy! Easy!" said Pryor soothingly. "I've just told you I don't want to come in at all."

"Then what do you want?"

"I came to tell you just one thing—to go easy up there at Mr. Madison's house."

Corliss laughed contemptuously.

"It's *my* house. I own it. That's the property I came here to sell."

"Oh, I know," responded Pryor. "That part of it's all right. But I've seen you several times with that young lady, and you looked pretty thick to me. You know you haven't got any business doing such things, Corliss. I know your record from Budapest to Copenhagen, and ——"

"See here, my friend," said the younger man angrily, "you may be a tiptop spotter for the Government when it comes to running down some poor old lady that's bought a string of pearls in the Rue de la Paix ——"

"I've been in the service twenty-eight years," remarked Pryor mildly.

"All right," said the other with a gesture of impatience—"and you got me once all right. Well, that's over—isn't it? Have I tried anything since?"

"Not in that line," said Pryor.

"Well, what business have you with any other line?" demanded Corliss angrily. "Who made *you* general supervisor of public morals? I want to know ——"

"Now what's the use of your getting excited? I'm just here to tell you that I'm going to keep an eye on you. I don't know many people here and I haven't taken any particular pains to look you up. For all I know you're only here to sell your house, as you say. But I know old man Madison a little, and I kind of took a fancy to him; he's a mighty nice old man and he's got a nice family. He's sick and it won't do to trouble him; but—honest, Corliss—if you don't slack off in that neighborhood a little I'll have to have a talk with the young lady herself."

A derisory light showed in the younger man's eyes as he inquired softly:

"That all, Mr. Pryor?"

"No. Don't try anything on out here—not in *any* of your lines."

"I don't mean to."

"That's right. Sell your house and clear out. You'll find it healthy." Pryor went to the door. "So far as I can see," he observed ruminatively, "you haven't brought any of that Moliterno crowd you used to work with over to this side with you."

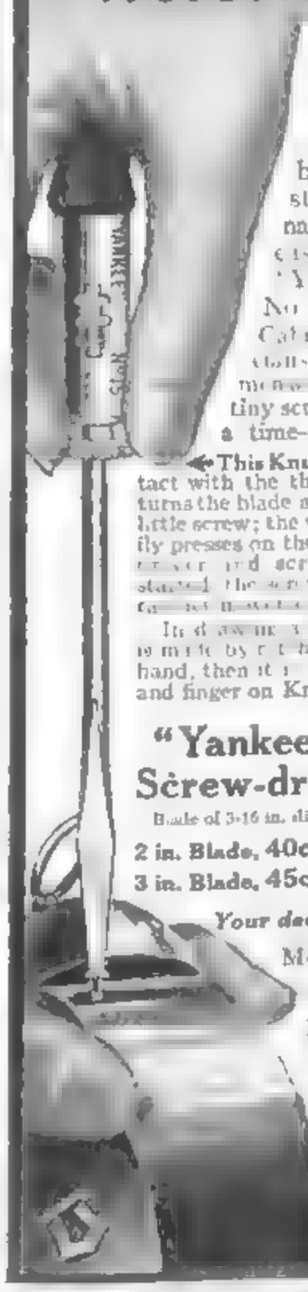
"I haven't seen Moliterno for two years," said Corliss sharply.

"Well, I've said my say." Pryor gave him a last word as he went out: "You keep away from that little girl!"

"Ass!" exclaimed Corliss as the door closed. He exhaled a deep breath sharply and broke into a laugh. Then he turned and began to throw the things out of his trunk.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"YANKEE" TOOLS Make Better Mechanics



Pestiferous little screws, that are like "all botheration" to get started with the ordinary screw-driver are easily managed with "YANKEE" Tool No. 15 as illustrated. Cabinet makers, electricians, camera men and many others have to work with tiny screws, for these No. 15 is a time- and trouble saver.

This Knurled Washer, in contact with the thumb and forefinger, turns the blade and starts the wobbly little screw; the while the hand steadily presses on the handle, holding the screw and screw straight. Thus started the screw is driven home by continued pressure of the handle.

In drawing a tiny screw the start is made by pulling with the whole hand, then it is run out with thumb and finger on Knurled Washer.

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 15

Blade of 3-16 in. diameter, in four lengths:

2 in. Blade, 40c 4 in. Blade, 50c
3 in. Blade, 45c 8 in. Blade, 55c

Your dealer can supply you

Mechanics and householders—Write for "YANKEE Tool Book" Automobilists—Write for "YANKEE Tools in the Garage."

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
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$7.55 Buys World's Champion 140-Egg Incubator

We ship from Racine. Double cases all over, best copper tank, nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-Chick hot-water [illegible]

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FOR 1913 IS READY

Larger and better than ever. Several splendid new varieties. For 64 years the leading authority on Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. You need it before you decide what kinds to plant.

Send for your copy today. It is free.

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Write today for our Book. Know the profit and satisfaction in growing your own apples and other fruit. We tell you how. Tell you what to select and how to plant. Cut their prices in two. Our stock is [illegible] and guaranteed true to name. Write for this trustworthy book today.

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Box 663, Culver Road, Rochester, N. Y.

KENTUCKY LAWN GRASS SEED

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Produces the beautiful, velvety lawns for which [illegible] are famous. Will not grow [illegible] your [illegible] 4 to bag, covering 7,000 sq. ft. $2 [illegible] 9 lbs. $2, 14 lbs. $3. Order today. Interesting folder free upon request.

BLUE GRASS SEED CO. Station A
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48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very economical. Eggs and stock at low prices. Am now giving [illegible] for large free Nineteenth Annual Poultry Book.

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Money In Poultry and Squabs Start small; Grow BIG. Foy's Big Book tells how. Describes World's largest pure bred poultry farm, gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed free.

F. FOY, Box 4, Des Moines, Iowa

WANTED high grade salesmen to sell the improved Clipless Paper Fasteners, hand and stand machines.

CLIPLESS PAPER FASTENER COMPANY, Newton, Iowa.

SELL STORIES 2c. TO 5c. A WORD STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL

MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 67, Indianapolis

IF YOU NEED MONEY

THOUSANDS of people added to limited incomes last year by acting as the subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in their leisure hours.

Many of them earned more in this way than through their regular salaries.

We want a representative in every town in the country to look after our subscription business. For this work we pay a salary and commission. You can give as much time as you like to the work; your earnings will be just as large as you choose to make them.

If you are interested, let us hear from you. You will not be obligated in any way by writing.

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WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., 931 Market Street, Philadelphia
(Originators of the Fancy Hat Band business)

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To get our new 1913 catalogue, **"Everything for the Garden"** (204 pages, 800 engravings devoted to vegetables and flowers), send us **ten cents** in stamps, naming this weekly, and we will, *send you free* our famous **50c Henderson Collection** of **Flower and Vegetable Seeds**, [illegible] and we will send our new booklet "Garden Guidance and Record" [illegible] comprehensive booklet of cultural directions and general garden information.

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IF YOU ARE WILLING to devote some of your leisure hours to acting as the local subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post* we will pay you liberally for your work.

Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penna.

Coming Features

In Every High-Grade Car

Note all these features listed at the side.

Most designers agree that high-grade cars must soon adopt them all. Many have done so already.

The four forward speeds are now employed in 318 foreign makes.

Costly cars, all the world over, are coming to wider tires.

Center control and left-side drive are this year found in most high-priced cars. So with electric lights.

14-inch cushions must come. So must big springs and big brakes. And driving parts, to stand the strain, must have 50 per cent over-capacity.

Motor car bodies, to stand washing and weather, must have 22 coats, as ours have.

W. H. Cameron Knows

The Michigan "40" is built by W. H. Cameron, whose cars are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He has built 100,000 cars.

If any man knows the motor car future, that man is W. H. Cameron.

The records show that for 15 years he has seen what was coming far in advance, and has always seen aright.

The latest Michigan "40" embodies every feature which Cameron thinks must come.

Next Year You'll Want Them

This year's cars, lacking some of these features, may pass as up-to-date.

But the cars which are leading, both here and abroad, already show that these new things are coming. We go further than some in comfort, finish and luxury. But in mechanical features we have no innovations. We are simply keeping pace with the latest practice in the leading shops of the world.

Next year these features, which seem new in the Michigan, will be in general vogue. And a high-grade car without them will be distinctly out of date.

The War-Time Price

This year there's a war among Forties, with 72 makers competing.

For three years past, motor car buyers have been coming to Forties in an overwhelming way. And 72 factories in this country alone now seek to supply this demand.

Prices on Forties have fallen immensely, because of this fierce competition. And every maker is seeking in some way to outdo other makers.

As a result, some of the greatest values ever known in this industry may be found in the "40" class.

But the Michigan "40" outbids every rival. The slightest comparison shows this. What other make offers you anything like this for $1,585?

All Nations Agree

Experts have come here from 11 foreign countries to see this new Michigan model.

They have bought hundreds of these cars to be sold in competition with the finest European makes.

American dealers, who know the whole market, have placed with us orders totalling $16,000,000.

All because they have nowhere found a car which compares with the Michigan at the Michigan's price.

Now we invite you to make a comparison—you men who want power, comfort, luxury and room. You who want the coming features. You who seek an underprice.

Judge if this car doesn't offer you more than the price can buy anywhere else.

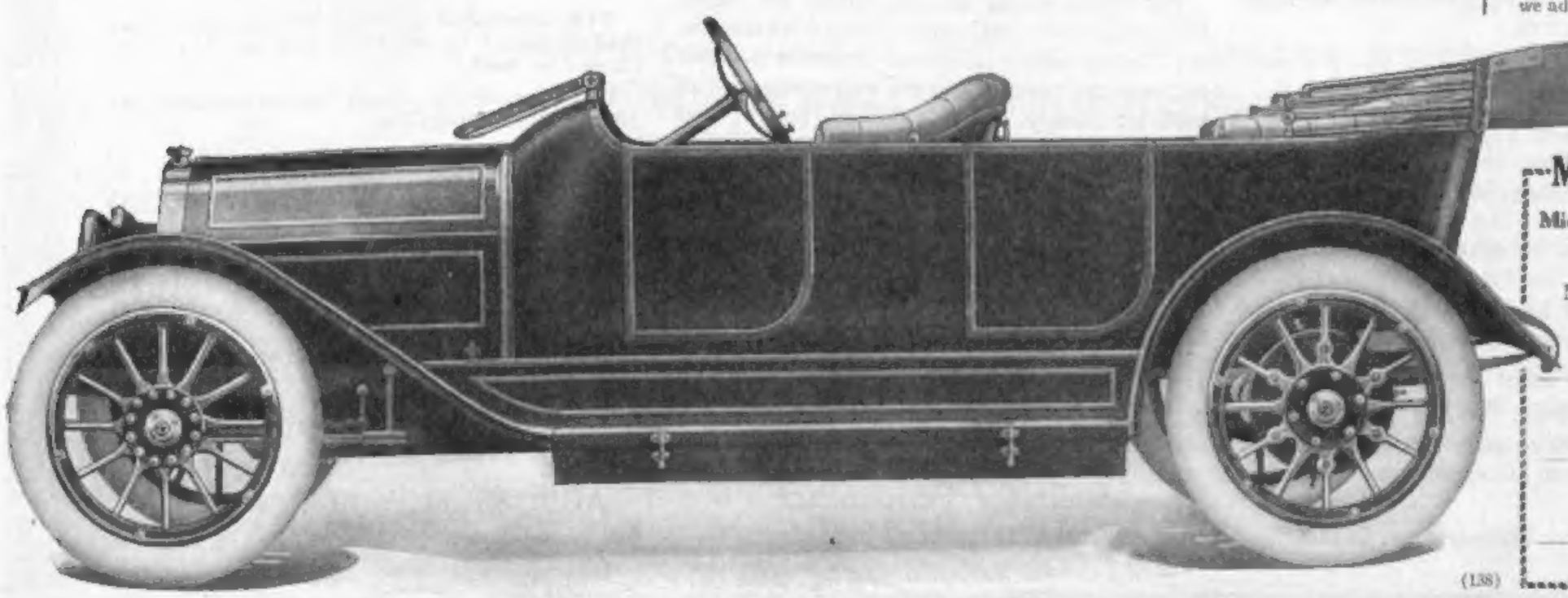
Judge if these new features are not worth the having. Judge if men in the future are not bound to demand them.

Send this coupon for our catalog and name of nearest dealer. Then go see the car.

Mail it before you forget.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



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Michigan "40" $1,585

Special Features

Four forward speeds, as used today on all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any equal-weight car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left-side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Long-stroke motor.

Brake drums, 16 x 2½ inches, making them extra efficient.

Springs 2½ inches wide—50 inches long in the rear.

Shortsville wheels, with 1⅝-inch spokes—12 to each wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim.

Steering post adjustable. Also brake and clutch pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

Straight-line body, with 22 coats, designed by John A. Campbell.

14-inch Turkish cushions. More depth and comfort, we believe, than in any other car.

Nickel mountings.

Electric headlights, extra powerful—12½ inches in diameter.

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined to any angle.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope.

Electric horn.

$50.00 Speedometer—4-inch face.

Over-capacity averaging 50 per cent. Each driving part sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Foot rail, robe rail, rear tire irons, tool chest completely equipped, under running board, out of way.

Self-Starter

Men differ so about self-starters that we adopt no type as regular equipment.

Either a gas starter, or an unfailing electric starter, will be added at moderate extra price. The car has a dynamo lighting system.

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Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog.

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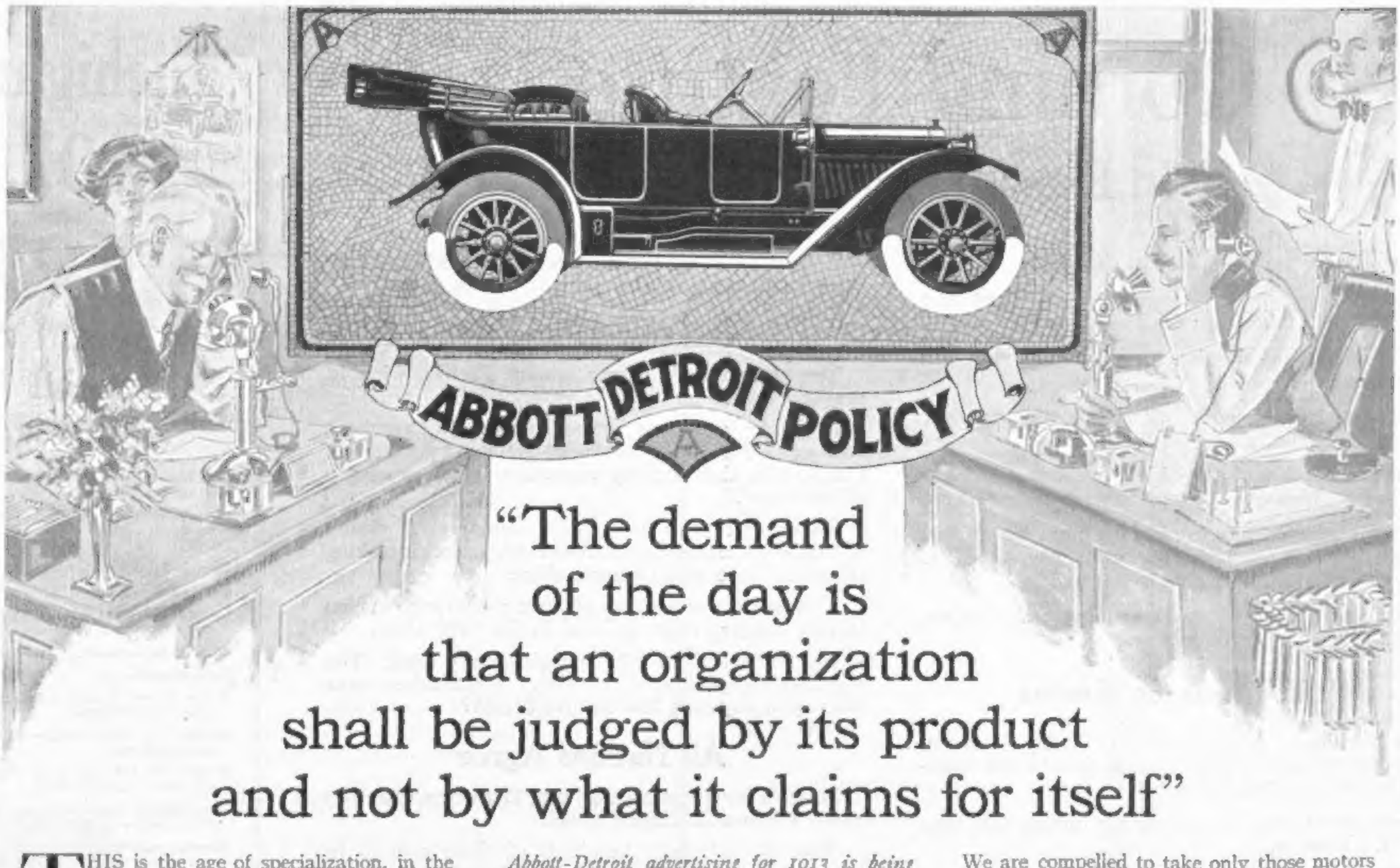

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself"

THIS is the age of specialization, in the manufacture of motor cars as in everything else.

Early makers of motor cars thought it necessary to make all parts of their cars in their own plants. Many successful ones no longer do so.

While it is true, of course, that some automobile companies still make most of the parts of their cars in their own plants, we find it more advisable to save the enormous overhead expense, which very frequently runs into appalling figures.

The almost overnight changes in methods of manufacture and in materials are causing such enormous depreciations in machinery and tools, that it is extremely difficult for this type of manufacturer to keep up with the times.

Some mechanical operations that required a day to perform one year ago, are now accomplished in 3½ minutes. Machines which two years ago were limited to an output of seven parts a day will now, owing to improved methods, turn out three hundred.

Great Progress

Never in the history of manufacture have there been such rapid strides made in efficiency and production. Therefore, it behooves the purchaser before he buys a car, to consider well the types of manufacturing plants operated by the various makers.

What two years ago might have been considered ideal practice is antiquated today.

Successful firms must be in a position to change quickly, easily—at a moment's notice.

They must be free to adopt new methods and new materials, free to incorporate new ideas and suggestions.

The Abbott Motor Company can do this.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the seventh of the series. The eighth will appear in The Saturday Evening Post February 15, Collier's Weekly February 8, Life February 20. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

Continental Motors—Why

We have demonstrated that our policy of buying motors and many of our other important parts from **specialists** has enabled us to give the public a **better product** for **less money.**

For instance, our motors, which are manufactured by the Continental Motor Manufacturing Company after our own design and under our personal supervision, are **unquestionably of superior quality.** This is due to the fact that the Continental Motor Manufacturing Company has made a **specialty of manufacturing automobile gasoline motors for many years.**

Their methods and machinery are **particularly adapted to motor manufacture.**

Their men have been trained to do this one thing and do it well.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

We are compelled to take only those motors which are entirely satisfactory.

Every motor must be **right** before we accept it, and thus we get the **very cream** of the **product.**

Purchaser Gets Benefit

This same policy of giving the purchaser the best we can for the money has been carried out throughout the entire car.

The quality is there. It only remains for you to satisfy yourself regarding its value.

Therefore, call at our sales rooms and let us show you the cars that have been produced under such a policy: The new 1913 Abbott-Detroits—**the best cars in the world at the price**—"Built for Permanence" and "Guaranteed for Life."

Remember—

Electric Self-Starter
Electric Lighting
Standard Equipment
on all Models

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what is claimed for itself."

This is our slogan. Apply it when inspecting the 1913 Abbott-Detroit Cars.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
601 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

Snider's Tomato Catsup

is a superior table condiment. It is delicious, wholesome and pleasing to the taste. We have thousands of customers who have used our catsup exclusively for a quarter of a century. They are still our customers and are loud in their praise of its merits.

Mothers need not hesitate to allow their little ones to partake freely of SNIDER'S CATSUP. It is strictly pure and wholesome and in reasonable quantities will be beneficial to them.

You will find SNIDER'S CATSUP very useful in making your brown gravies; for adding to your soups just before removing from the stove; on your hot or cold meats; for your oyster cocktails, with the addition of a teaspoonful of finely grated horseradish, and a few drops of lemon juice for each person to be served.

The good housewife knows thousands of other ways that SNIDER'S CATSUP can be used to advantage.

"It's the Process"

The Columbia "Grand"

The Last Word in Instruments of Music

Price $500

The Columbia "Grand" is the result of our definite intention to produce, once and for all, the one musical instrument that must be accepted without question as the incomparable ideal. In musical possibilities, in design, and in equipment the Columbia "Grand" reaches a point where comparison with "talking-machines" ceases to be possible.

It is operated by electric current; it stops automatically at the end of each record without adjustment or attention; it is equipped with Columbia tone-control shutters — as are all Columbia Grafonolas. All exposed metal parts are heavily plated with 18-karat gold, and the instrument is electrically illuminated under the lid. A tone chamber built like a 'cello gives it a tone never before attained, and it will play the records made by every great artist, *without a single exception.*

The Book of the Columbia "Grand" is now in the hands of every dealer who sells the highest grade of musical instruments. Ask your dealer for a copy and then *hear* the instrument. If necessary, write to us direct for the Book.

Columbia instruments *now* range from $17.50 to $500; catalogs on request.

Columbia Double-Disc Records are interchangeable on any disc "talking machine"; catalogs on request.

Columbia "Eclipse"—$20

Columbia "Regal"—$40

Columbia Grafonola "Mignonette"—$100

Columbia Grafonola "Nonpareil"—$150

Columbia Grafonola "Colonial"—$150

Columbia "Favorite"—$50

Columbia Grafonola "Regent"—$200

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